

SPECIAL MIDSUMMER SHORT STORY NUMBER. Tells of Four Invalid's Wheel Chairs given by COMFORT. Read new special premium offers within and begin working up subscription clubs now.

COMFORT

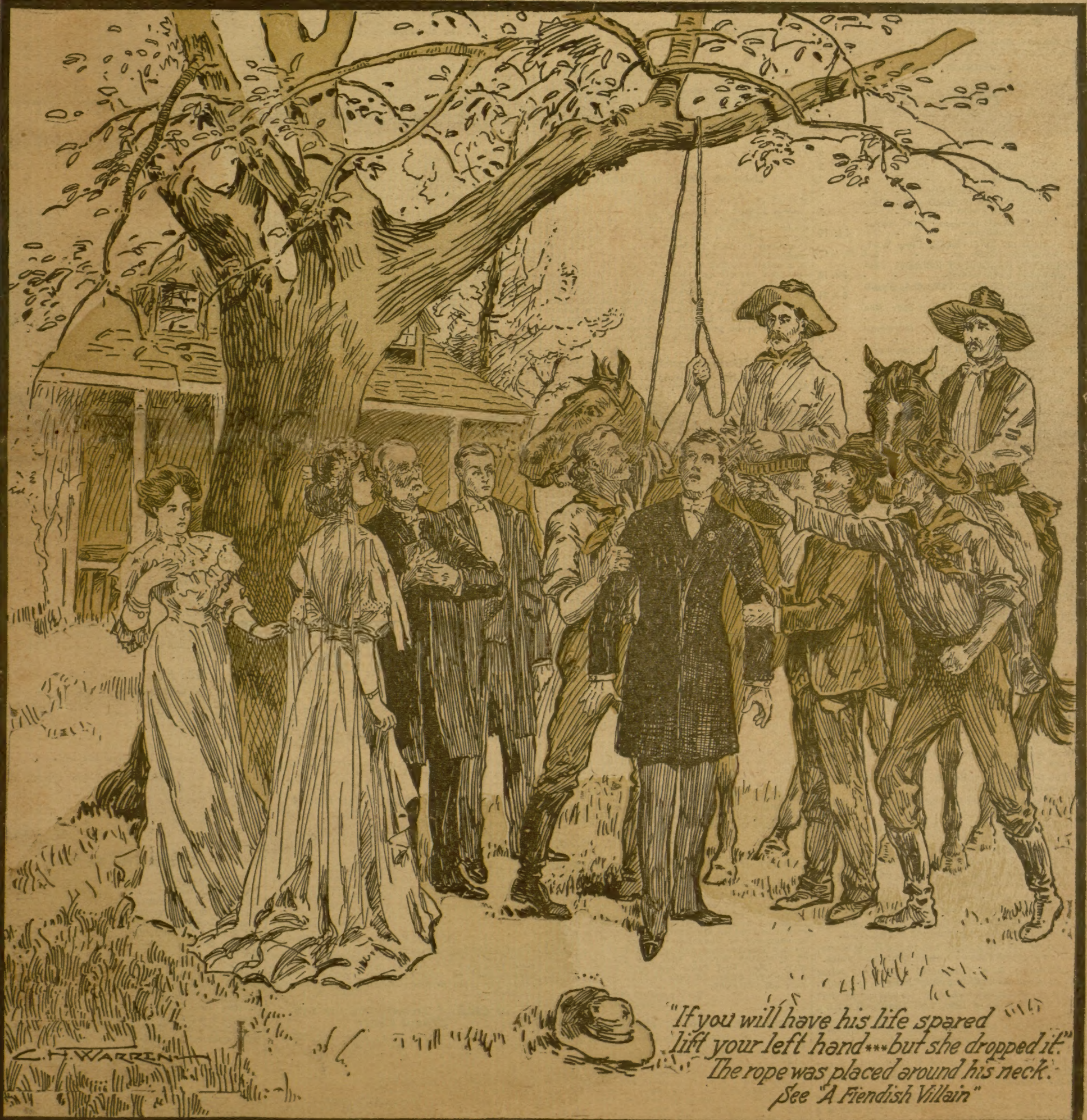
*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

Vol XX

August 1908

No 10



*"If you will have his life spared
lift your left hand...but she dropped it."
The rope was placed around his neck.
See "A Fiendish Villain"*

Published at Augusta, Maine

COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

SUBSCRIPTION.

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Subscriptions for England, Canada and Foreign Countries, cannot be accepted.
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POSTAGE to all parts of the United States is prepaid by us.
When making a change of residence, in order to insure the uninterrupted delivery of COMFORT, it is essential that we be advised of the change in address IMMEDIATELY. As Postmasters cannot forward second-class matter with stamps, your missing copies of COMFORT will not reach you and we do not supply back numbers.
TO CONTRIBUTORS: All literary contributions should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return in case they are not available. Manuscripts should not be rolled.
Special Notice. We do not supply back numbers.

Entered at the Post Office at Augusta, Maine,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Monthly by
W. H. GANNETT, Incorporated,
Augusta, Maine.

New York Office, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg.

August, 1908

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Crumbs of Comfort

A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse.
He enjoys much who is thankful for little.
Modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise.
Beauty is like an almanac—if it lasts a year it is well.
Stubbornness is ever most positive when most in the wrong.
The price of excellence is labor, and that of immortality is time.
The masses procure their opinions, ready made, in the open market.
Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own are behind our backs.
If every man works for that which nature fitted him, the cows will be well tended.
The company in which you will improve most will be the least expensive to you.
It is a world of mischief that may be done by a single example of avarice and luxury.
No liberal man would impute unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.
God writes the gospel, not in the Bible alone, but on trees and flowers and clouds and stars.
Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy.
There are times when it would seem that God fished with a line, and the Devil with a net.
Philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.
He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does a good turn should never remember it.
Poetry is the sister of sorrow; every man who suffers and weeps is a poet; every tear is a verse; every heart a poem.
Obstinacy and contentment are common qualities, most appearing in and best becoming a mean and illiterate soul.
There is not a heart but has its moments of longing—yearning for something nobler, better, holier than it knows now.
The language denotes the man; a coarse or refined character naturally finds its expression in a coarse or refined phraseology.
There are few men so obstinate in their atheism whom a pressing danger will not reduce to an acknowledgement of the divine power.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

Of the Shut-Ins

As a few samples of the many communications which I am receiving in response to my personal letter in June COMFORT, offering to give a first-class invalid's wheel chair for each and every 250 new yearly subscriptions sent in by those who request the same credited to the Wheel Chair Club instead of claiming a premium for themselves, I print the following letters and extracts from letters.

Help from a Shut-in

ZAMA, ARK., June 16, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:
Dear Sir:—I am a subscriber to COMFORT. I am a cripple and have not walked a step in three years. My lower limbs are paralyzed. I am twenty-two years of age. I need an education so I can do some good in the world, but I cannot get it at home and my father is too poor to help me. I need a chair but I have a piece of one but it doesn't do much good. I know what it is to be a shut-in for I have been one three years.

This is enough I guess as I do not want to beg and I will do my part in getting subscribers and I hope all that are cripples will get wheel chairs. I would get one hundred subscribers if I could; then maybe I would get a wheel chair in a little while. I have no education and cannot go to school.

Inclosed find forty cents for which you will please send COMFORT to the addresses given. This is for the chair. I would love to have some of your books but I must help the cripples for I am one of them and I know how it is with them.

I will try to get some more subscribers if I can. I need help and am going to help others. I will close.
W. L. OTWELL.

ARLINGTON, VT., June 23, 1908.

SIR:—I am a subscriber to COMFORT and I take comfort in reading it and I want others to take COMFORT too, so inclosed you will find twenty cents that I send to pay for one year's subscription for my daughter and I want it to count toward the Wheel Chair Club. I am a shut-in myself and wish to do what little I can for other poor souls. If I can, I will send more later. Be sure and have this count one toward the Wheel Chair Club.
Respectfully,
MRS. PETER BOSH N.

Eleven Years a Shut-in

KOSH, ALA., June 23, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, Augusta, Maine.
Dear Editor:—I am sending you four new subscribers, at least I do not think they are taking COMFORT. Inclosed you will find a dollar order for one dollar. I am paying for the dollar to be credited to the invalid's Wheel Chair Club. This is a small amount but is all I can do now as I am poor myself and have been a cripple ever since I was ten years old and I am getting old. Have had an invalid nephew to nurse for eleven years and I know how to sympathize with the invalids and shut-ins. If I had the money that some people have it would be a pleasure for me to help the poor afflicted people.
With best wishes,
MRS. M. E. OLDER.

From a Worker among the Shut-ins

BREMEN, INDIANA, June 15, 1908.

MR. W. H. GANNETT, Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.
Dear Sir:—I have read your personal letter in COMFORT as to the giving of wheel chairs to the shut-ins. I have been working among these poor unfortunates for the past twelve years and know only too well the great need of these chairs. Although in this time I have done all I could for them it has been, as one might say, but little as I am but a poor laboring man and cannot give much. As I said, I have seen the great need of these chairs and often wished I had some way to do it to get some for them; at times wishing the heart of some rich man might be touched enough so that he would take the matter up. I was glad indeed to read your letter and trust for an unhelped-for success in it.

I am inclosing you twenty cents and one name that it may count as one toward one of the chairs, and I trust that each and everyone of your subscribers will consider it their duty to send one and go about and do it. What four thousand of those chairs would mean to the fortunate ones could hardly be put in words.
I haven't time to go out and get any one to take the paper so I will "dig down" and pay for someone else and inclose you the name herewith.
Very truly yours for success,
J. M. KOONTZ.

Sends a Club of Five

RICHMOND, VA., June 22, 1908.

W. H. GANNETT:
Dear Sir:—I am a subscriber to your splendid little paper COMFORT and it affords me "a sight of comfort" for I enjoy reading it very much. I read your article in the June number regarding the subscriptions (two hundred and fifty) for the invalid's chair for some poor shut-in and was greatly interested in it and tried to get up several subscriptions among my acquaintances, but failing in this I will myself send the paper to several of my friends as you said this was permissible. Inclosed you will find names and addresses of each with one dollar to pay for the five subscriptions.
Wishing you and your paper great success and that many of the shut-ins may get the benefit of an invalid chair, I remain,
Most sincerely,
MISS MARIE E. GRANT.

Heart Aches for the Poor Shut-ins

LOUONVILLE, OHIO, June 12, 1908.

TO PUBLISHER OF COMFORT:
SIR:—I am sending you three new subscriptions with this letter to be used for the Wheel Chair fund. My heart aches for those poor shut-ins. I am not a shut-in but through sickness I have been deprived of my hearing so I cannot mingle in company or hear the word of God preached. So my life is very dreary and I have a world of sympathy for all who are afflicted in any way. May God bless you and Uncle Charlie be the wish of one of your readers and who loves dear old COMFORT.
Very respectfully,
LUCINDA HUSTON.

Much interested in the Good Work

BARTON, OREGON, June 16, 1908.

TO EDITOR OF COMFORT:
Dear Sir:—Please find inclosed the names and addresses of four new subscribers which I am sending to aid in the Wheel Chair distribution. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for two or three years and am very much interested in the good work it is doing by bringing joy and sunshine into the lives of so many cripples and shut-ins. May God bless the good work.
Your friend,
MRS. H. C. FRANCIS.

Comfort Doing a Noble Work

BESSIE, TEXAS, June 8, 1908.

W. H. GANNETT:
Dear Sir:—I send you twenty-five cents to extend my subscription two years from date of expiration, also money for one new subscription. I prefer having this new subscription credited to the Wheel Chair Club to having one of the nice premiums you are giving. You are surely doing a noble work in helping the poor unfortunate cripples and will certainly receive a rich reward. I would send in more subscriptions but this is

a very thinly settled country and everyone seems already to be taking COMFORT.

Respectfully,
L. V. SNIPES.

AEUNA, N. DAK., June 7, 1908.

EDITOR OF COMFORT:
Dear Editor:—I don't know just when my subscription to dear old COMFORT expires, but as I don't want to miss one number I will renew my subscription for two years, for which I inclose twenty-five cents also forty cents for two new subscriptions to be credited to the Wheel Chair fund.
Very truly yours,
MRS. W. C. BROWN.

PASO ROBLES, CAL., June 10, 1908.

EDITOR COMFORT:
I send in six subscriptions and desire them to go to the Wheel Chair fund for shut-ins. I should be so glad to help each poor shut-in if it were in my power. I surely think COMFORT is doing a grand work and Uncle Charlie is doing so much in his department. I have taken COMFORT ten or twelve years and have about every number I ever received.
Truly your friend,
AMELIA J. MEEK.

P. S. If I can obtain more subscribers I will do so.

Good Words for All

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., June 16, 1908.

MR. WM. H. GANNETT, Augusta, Maine:
Dear Mr. Gannett:—Read your personal letter of the 1st inst., and think it is one of the most touching I ever read. Know you have a sunshine heart because you have sent so many rays of sunshine and made darkness into light. I would that everyone be as full of courage and kindness as you are, and would live for God and be as nearly as He would have us be.

Am not a subscriber to COMFORT, our best, dearest paper, but have been a reader several months as my sister is taking it, though I wrote you for COMFORT for her. I am ever anxious to receive COMFORT for it is indeed a great "comfort" and consolation.

Am afraid my small mite which I have for you in order to help you secure a wheel chair will be rather late, but am going to send it anyway, this being my first opportunity. Shall thank God always for helping me to help others, as He who helps and cares for all.

Please find inclosed twenty cents for one year's subscription to COMFORT which I want credited to the invalid's Wheel Chair Club.

May you ever bask in the sunshine of God's love is the wish of
A friend,
MISS MARIE DAVIDSON.

WILLIAMS, IOWA, June 11, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR OF COMFORT:
As I have taken your paper for several years and like it so well I could not do without it, I will inclose twenty-five cents to renew my subscription and forty cents for two new subscribers to help the Wheel Chair cause. Please send your paper COMFORT to the addresses contained on another sheet in this letter, and oblige.
MRS. D. FARRELL.

Hopes for 4000 Wheel Chairs

SEBAGO LAKE, MAINE, June 15, 1908.

THE COMFORT:
Dear Sir:—I will send subscribers' names and I want the twenty cents to go in the Wheel Chair Club. That was a beautiful letter in this month's COMFORT, and I hope that every reader of the COMFORT will send in a new subscriber and that you will get the four thousand wheel chairs.
From MRS. C. L. HARMAN.

Never too Old to Work for Charity

DIAMOND BLUFF, WIS., June 12, 1908.

DEAR PUBLISHER OF COMFORT:
I will send in one new subscription to COMFORT for one year which please credit to the Wheel Chair Club. Wish I could do more but am an old lady over eighty and quite feeble.
Respectfully,
MRS. S. D. SHELDON.

Poor, but Generous to the Afflicted

RICEVILLE IOWA, June 14, 1908.

COMFORT EDITOR, Augusta, Maine:
Dear Sir:—I cannot do much for the suffering and the dear shut-ins as I am old and poor but I want to do what little I can for the Master. I will send you one new twenty cent subscriber to dear COMFORT. Will send more as soon as I can to help you in your grand work to get wheel chairs. This young man goes all over our town in a wheel chair; he cannot walk a step alone but his mother is well to do. They are good Christian people. Please send the paper to him in July. I inclose twenty cents in stamps for one year.

With love to you and all the dear shut-ins I am ever your friend and sister in Christ.
MRS. THOS. DIXON.

A Little Girl with a Big Heart

GIRARD, KANS.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT:
Dear Sir:—I am a little girl thirteen years old. My mamma, Mrs. D. A. Krueger, takes the COMFORT and we think it is the best monthly paper we ever had. Since I read your kind and generous offer in the June COMFORT I have wanted to help some poor shut-in gain a chair this month, so I am sending five one year subscribers to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club. Inclosed find one dollar postal order.
Yours truly,
NELLIE KRUM.

MILAN, KANSAS, June 21, 1908.

EDITOR COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:
Dear Sir:—Find inclosed twenty cents. Please send COMFORT one year to address given. This subscription to count towards getting a wheel chair for some invalid. God bless you in your noble work.
MRS. W. L. J.

A Club of Twenty-five for the Wheel Chair

EAU CLAIRE, WIS., June 18, 1908.

PUBLISHER COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:
I am sending a list of twenty-five yearly subscribers at twenty cents and in place of premiums I want them to help get the wheel chairs. Inclosed herein is a money order for same, five dollars for twenty-five subscribers.
Respectfully yours,
ALMA CLAUSEN.

A Few Names from the Many Others Who Have Helped along the Work

Mrs. E. G. Bright of Washington, North Carolina, sends one dollar to pay for five new subscriptions to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club.
A. L. and M. S. Hess of Golden, Colorado send seven dollars and twenty-five cents, of which twenty-five cents is to renew their own subscription for two years, two dollars is for ten new subscribers to be credited to the Wheel Chair Club and five dollars for COMFORT'S League of Cousins' shut-in fund.
Mrs. Barbara French of Sheridan, Wyo., sends one dollar and five subscriptions.
"GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Current Topics

A serum, which cures ptomaine poisoning has recently been discovered.

A Marconi wireless station will be established on the roof of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, so that guests may communicate with their friends at sea.

A recent invention of interest not only to the owner of the auto, but to the one who must walk, is a leather guard to prevent splashing passers-by with mud. It hangs down from the end of the axle.

Confident that his quest for the North pole will be successful Commander Robert Peary has sailed on the Roosevelt, from Sydney, Cape Breton, where he hopes to place the stars and stripes.

T' big fleet has sailed for Hawaii, Japan and the Philippines. From Manila it will start on its third leg through the Indian ocean, the Suez canal, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, arriving home the end of February.

A celluloid factory in Vienna, Austria, where several hundred persons were employed, was completely wrecked, recently, by an explosion due either to the ignition of celluloid dust or to the action of some of the powerful chemicals which are used in the process of manufacture. Seventeen persons were killed.

Joel Chandler Harris, familiarly known as "Uncle Remus," died at Atlanta, Georgia, July 3rd. For many years he was on the staff of the Atlanta Constitution. It was while he was connected with the Constitution that his tales, "Stories by Uncle Remus," first attracted attention. In 1900 Mr. Harris retired from active journalism and became editor and proprietor of Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Funny Stories

The Absent Father

A six-year-old girl, while calling at a near neighbor's alone, was sent out into the back yard to interview the family of puppies lately arrived at the kennel. Her hostess followed at a respectful distance. The little girl's eyes centered solemnly on the happy mother and the unconscious offspring, and, after looking all around, she was heard to remark: "Six children, and not a sign of a father!"

Not Much Choice to Him

Six-year-old Dick was preparing, much against his own sweet will, to go calling with his mother. It was the first time that Dick had been allowed to get ready alone, and, together with boyish disgust at being obliged to go visiting, he felt the importance of the situation.

After having put on his hat and coat he suddenly remembered something, and called downstairs: "Mother, shall I wash my hands, or wear gloves?"

He Won Out

A curious person of a certain town, who loved to find out everything about the new residents, espied the son of a new neighbor, one morning, in a doctor's office.

"Good morning," he said. "Little boy, what is your name?"

"Same as Dad's," was the quick reply.

"Of course, I know, little boy, but what is your dad's name, dear?"

"Same as mine, sir."

Still he persisted: "I mean what do they say when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me; I allus gets there first. See?"

He Knew His Sister

Since the engagement of his pretty sister her small brother had been puzzling his head to understand what it meant.

"Why," explained his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked Sister to marry him. That means that he'll take care of her."

"B / her things?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Hats, and dinners, and ice cream, and everything?" he persisted.

"Yes," was the answer.

The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, that man's got lots of courage, hasn't he?"

But Did He Do It?

The principal of a girls' college, while talking to a friend, was rung up on the telephone. After a few minutes of irritated talk he slammed down the receiver with the exclamation: "Great Caesar!"

"What's the matter?" asked the friend.

"Oh, one of those doting mothers," replied the man, "but this is the worst. She has a daughter here whom she idolizes, and she has just explained to me that the girl is engaged to be married and she is very anxious about her health. Heard we were having a rainy season, and when I told her it had poured here this morning she calmly asked me to call her daughter and feel of her feet to see if they were wet. And the girl is twenty-three!"

Coasting Without a Jumper

One cold, wintry morning a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace. A treacherous piece of ice under the snow caused him to lose control of his feet; he began to slide and was unable to stop.

At a cross-street half-way down the decline he encountered a large, heavy woman, with her arms full of bundles. The meeting was sudden, and before either realized it a collision ensued and both were sliding down hill, a grand ensemble—the thin man underneath, the fat woman and bundles on top. When the bottom was reached and the woman was trying in vain to recover her breath and her feet, these faint words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

A Few Words by the Editor

AUGUST, the eighth month of the year, was named by the Roman Emperor Augustus after himself, as this month was associated with several of his victories, and other fortunate events.

August marks the wane of summer, and brings us to the threshold of the fall. Time seems to have discarded his lumbering chariot of old in these swift moving days, and to be whirling his flight in an automobile, so rapidly does he move. In the heyday of youth the wheels of time seemed not to revolve at all. We spent our days as a prodigal spends his gold, life seeming a vista of never-ending years, and the joys and sorrows all before, instead of behind us. But youth is transient; the spring of youth swiftly moves into the summer of manhood, the summer of manhood wanes, and the autumn of our life dawns upon us, and then as we pass into the sere and yellow leaf, and Time touches our heads with the snows of many winters, we realize that life is brief as a summer's day after all.

Every year is a life in miniature. It has its birth, youth, prime, decay and death. The seasons convey a lesson to us all, and we should mark that lesson well. Take care of your time, as you would of your gold. Spend it carefully, make every day of some account. Fill every day with honest effort and faithful toil and noble deeds.

"Count that day lost, whose slow descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

COMFORT gives you an excellent chance to perform deeds of love and mercy. Remember, we give a Wheel Chair for every 250 subscribers, sent in by those of our readers who do not ask for premiums. In getting up a club toward our Wheel-chair club, you are doing a noble deed. You are making good use of your opportunities. You are leaving "footprints on the sands of time," for remember though worlds may decay, and time may be no more, a kindly deed, a loving act, lives forever in that Great Beyond where time ceases, and eternity begins.

That COMFORT'S Charity Work is no dream, but materializes in a most substantial and helpful form, is shown by our announcement in this number of the gift of four wheel

chairs to as many destitute shut-ins. Three of them were given in accordance with my 250 subscription Shut-in Club offer, and the names of the recipients and touching letter of thanks from one of them, Mrs. Annie Ingler, appears on page 17. The other under the auspices of Uncle Charlie and COMFORT'S League of Cousins was bestowed on Luther B. McFarland, whose picture with his letter of thanks we print on page 7 of this paper.

EACH month's batch of communications from our readers contains the usual number of letters which tell the old, old story of overwhelming loss or even ruin resulting from the destruction of their uninsured property or homes by fire, lightning or tornado. In this enlightened age of improved business methods which offers insurance, at moderate cost, against loss by fire, lightning, tornado, flood, accident, sickness or death, the world is inclined to sympathize less and to be more impatient with those who through carelessness or a false notion of economy have run the risk of letting their property go uninsured.

The rich invariably insure, because any man who has brains enough to accumulate wealth or even to hold onto and preserve intact an inherited fortune understands the importance of insurance. To keep insured is common prudence for the wealthy, but for the man with small means it is absolutely indispensable. If anyone could afford to take the chance of doing without insurance it is the rich man whose property is so scattered that no one fire or other calamity could clean him all out, while the man who only owns his home, his place of business, his shop, his tools or stock in trade is likely to have all his property wiped out at any minute and be left absolutely destitute if he has no insurance. If a poor man is inclined to gamble with fate by not insuring, let him remember that duty to his wife, family or other dependent on him forbids. The less a man owns the more essential it is for him to insure fully all that he does own, even if it is only his household furniture. It certainly is a sin for a poor man not to insure his property if he can, and there is scarcely any property that is not insurable now.

Don't try to shift the responsibility onto Divine Providence, nor seek excuse in such like proverbs as "The Lord will provide," but remember that "The Lord helps those who help themselves;" which means that it is one's duty to do everything possible to help himself and to guard against disaster, and that we have no right to ask God to do for us what we can do for ourselves, nor can we expect charity to aid us in repairing such losses as we sustain by neglecting to insure. Those who pay for their own insurance cannot afford also to make up the losses of those who do not insure. There are more than enough objects of charity whose destitute condition is unavoidable and caused by no fault of their own to claim and to require all the charitable assistance possible in this world.

Insure your property, or else bear your losses like a gambler, without whining or begging for charity.

HOW do you like our August midsummer short story number? Isn't it great? It is our first special number. But this is only a starter; only a primer; only an appetizer; only a lunch, as compared with the treat of our great jubilee number which we shall put out to all our subscribers next November to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the birth of COMFORT. We are doing what we can to give you the most and the best for your subscription money, and if you show your appreciation of these special numbers by promptly renewing your own subscriptions before they expire and by sending us what new subscriptions you can—and you surely can send one or more new subscriptions—we shall give you still another big serial number at Christmas-time. The more you do for us in the subscription line the more we can and surely will do for you in giving you a better, bigger paper and more special numbers. After you have read and enjoyed this August number yourself, tell your friends about it; show it to them; loan it to them. They will want to subscribe. Get their subscriptions and send them in either for a premium for yourself or to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Club.

Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

THE DETECTIVES FOILED

By Laurence Livingston

IT all came out in the subsequent examination, although at the time nothing was noticed, his sudden, unexplained patronage of the swinging door on the ground floor of the office building in which the bank was located; his deafness to appeals for "just a dollar or so" from fellow employees and his absence from all places of amusement.

Pickard was a young man, only twenty-three or four, and had mounted up to assistant teller through good, honest work, so they all trusted him implicitly, and when the detective asked to interview him, the officials of the bank had no notion that it could be anything in reference to suspicions against himself.

Rolf Pickard came into the room quietly, but they were all startled to see him so pale, and to note the deep circles under his eyes, yet they were still ignorant, until the detective shot out this question:

"Where were you last night Mr. Pickard?"

The assistant teller raised his eyes, and returned abruptly:

"Unless otherwise detailed, after I leave the bank my time belongs to myself, and to no one else connected with this establishment."

"Under ordinary circumstances, yes, but this morning I am compelled to ask you where you were last night?"

"And I equally compelled to reply,—I will not tell you."

The board of directors, hastily convened, gasped, and the officials, groaned. Finally the president said kindly:

"Pickard speak the truth, and I am willing to promise on behalf of my associates as kindly treatment as is consistent with the circumstances."

Back went the young head, defiant the still boyish eyes looked into the world-worn ones of the bank president, then the younger man asked, keeping a strong curb on his self control:

"Will I be allowed the justice of a direct accusation?"

The detective's eyes flashed. He felt that the honor and ability of the bureau had been affronted, and he returned angrily:

"Certainly, gentlemen! You are accused of having robbed the bank of the value of twenty thousand dollars in one thousand dollar notes."

"When?"

"At closing time last night while you were substituting for him."

"Why did you ask where I was last night?"

The young man was asking questions with too much familiarity, the board of directors and the officials began to feel while the detective was furious.

"Because we want to know the place of concealment of the money you have stolen."

The voice of the detective was raw, and his intention was to wound to the quick. Pickard turned abruptly towards the president:

"Have I ever done anything to deserve this?" he asked.

"Not to my knowledge, lad," was the kindly reply, as the president polished his glasses and tried not to show his emotion.

"Gentlemen, you will find," the detective broke in abruptly, "that those who go wrong are usually the 'good boys' of any establishment, the ones who beneath a very well-worn cloak of honesty and interest in the business, rob like 'timers.' My reputation, gentlemen, is that of an officer who makes no charges without being backed by facts. I do not fasten charges upon a man without I know what I am talking about."

"Then you have proofs?" asked the treasurer.

"Absolute proofs," and the detective pressed the electric button. To the boy who responded to his ring, he gave a whispered message, and then closing the door, he resumed:

"I am taking full charge because I want to finish this up, clear away the mystery, and get to a new case."

The face of the president was growing very stern. He cared nothing for the amount of the money, for had it been ten times as much, the financial standing of his institution could not have been damaged, but it was the fact that one of his most trusted employees had proven false.

"Several months ago you installed one of those automatic picture machines in your bank," the detective stated.

"The members of the board were receiving news."

"Last evening just before closing time, it was turned on, by some happy chance, and four of its pictures show the robbery, and the face of the thief."

A pause ensued. Not a word was spoken, but Pickard felt accusation in the faces about him; then came a rap on the door.

"Come in," it was the detective who spoke, and obeying the sharp command, the door swung

back, and a tall, young man appeared, bearing some large sheets of mounting paper.

"Asbury, got them all right?" questioned the detective.

"Yes," Asbury replied advancing toward the board table and laying the sheets of mounting paper upon it.

With rapid step the detective joined him, and raising the top one, held up to the view of the astounded officials and members of the board, an almost life-size photograph of Rolf Pickard inside the teller's cage. His face was distinct, clear and immediately recognizable, but there was something peculiar about his position. Without doubt he was scanning the bank, and his fingers rested upon a pile of money.

Before anyone could speak, the detective placed another photograph beside the first one. In it was the same frank, guileless face, for it was evident he was keeping the muscles of his face under perfect control, but the treacherous hands had now raised the money and the marking on the hand could be distinctly seen.

In the third photograph, which the newcomer silently raised and placed beside the two held by the detective, those hands still rested on the money, but were trembling violently, so much so as to be slightly blurred, but the face remained unchanged and worked against him, the guilty party, standing by, looking silently at the reproduction of the crime of which he was accused.

Still in complete silence, the detective motioned Asbury, and he placed the last by the side of the other three. It was the capstone, for it showed those crafty, untrustworthy hands slipping the package of money into the breast pocket of their guilty owner. The four pictures stood, a strange, mute proof of Rolf Pickard's guilt.

"You understand, gentlemen, what I meant when I said that I had absolute proof of his guilt?" The detective's voice rung true, and was filled with pride.

"I see," the president said calmly, although his face twitched.

"But I don't understand," began one of the members of the board of directors, a man of strong features and a stubborn jaw, "where is the machine that can print any such pictures?"

"The machine does not print them as large as that," Asbury spoke up quickly. "The film is about the size of an ordinary penny. I am a photographer, and my work here is to take from the automatic camera, the films, and develop them. If any seem worthy of notice, I make a bromide enlargement, like these."

"I don't understand," again began the director.

"In order to make my explanation perfectly clear, I will say that practically I throw this penny-size picture through a lens of telescopic power upon this printing paper, the strength of the lens determining the size of the finished print."

Pickard's face lightened and he stepped forward, as though to say something, but stopped.

"What is the idea of having such a machine?" continued the director who seemed unsatisfied.

"It helps us a good deal," the president began to explain. "Buttons connecting with it are in each cage. If a man comes in to transact business who seems in any way suspicious, the man behind the cage simply pushes the electric button, and the little machine takes enough pictures of him to serve as a complete method of identification."

"I see," then turning towards Pickard, he asked kindly:

"Did you know of this machine?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever use it?"

"Frequently, for I pay out a good deal of money each day."

The director suddenly thrust forward his jaw, and thundered:

"Then why didn't you think of it when you made your haul?"

Pickard drew himself up, and threw a bomb into the enemy's camp, by saying quietly:

"I did not commit any theft."

A storm of indignation broke forth, and the president with magnificent dignity, said sorrowfully:

"Rolf Pickard I have watched your progress with more interest than I usually show my employees because I have known your people all my life, and I have often wished for a son like you. To steal is a crime, but somehow it appears worse to me for you to brazenly lie about it, and the kind old man's voice broke.

The detective turned upon him, his voice

shaking with indignation, asking:

"Perhaps you will explain why you have been dropping one friend after another?"

"I will though it is none of your business. I am interested in my work, and I began to see that I could not keep up the pace set by some of my friends and become what I aimed to be, a first-class banker, so I dropped late hours."

"And took to refusing loans and frequenting the saloon down stairs," sneered the detective.

The friendly director encouraged the young man with his eyes, and Pickard returned:

"One day, I found myself without lunch money, unless I drew upon a sum I was steadily accumulating towards a certain end. I was penniless, and yet I had owing me by the bank employees alone, over two hundred dollars, in sums varying from one dollar to fifty. Many of the men who owed me have not repaid, nor will they, and at that time all of them were receiving more salary than I. I did without lunch, and walked home, and down the next morning, when fortunately I received my salary. From then on I denied the requests of those too shiftless to look out for their own affairs, and have come off considerably the winner. As to my going into the saloon, I went after one of my family, who has at last turned clear about in his tracks, and is reforming himself."

They all knew he was speaking of a younger brother and did not hesitate to believe him about that, although when the detective mentioned the matter, it seemed serious enough.

The kindly director again bent forward, and himself asked:

"If I put the question another way, Mr. Pickard, I think you will answer me. Were you not spending the evening with my niece?"

"Yes sir."

The rest were astounded. Even the young man, accused of theft had been considerate enough to keep the lady's name out of the matter, and yet her uncle did not hesitate to bring it in.

"When are you to be married?" was the next remarkable question.

"On the twenty-fifth of next month," was the prompt reply.

The director looked at the wondering faces about him, and said pleasantly:

"If this young man is going to come into my family so soon, I presume it's up to me to clear him now. Gentlemen we will adjourn to the developing room of this bank. Oh, you would, would you," suddenly seizing the wrist of Asbury, "look out for him, Mr. Detective," then gathering the photographs in one hand, he waved the other towards the president and commanded:

"Lead us to the developing room of this bank," and a strange little procession trooped to a rear room, through a covered passageway, into a fully equipped modern photograph gallery. It was empty, so there was room for all, even though the rage of the detective and the craven fear of the photographer made them need more than usual accommodations.

The director turned the key, and strode toward the developing room, and for a couple of minutes there was silence, then he appeared, his stout figure thrown into bold relief against the darkness of the little room, with its red light.

"Keep watch of him," he said to the detective, and pointing to the photographer, then continued:

"I question the right of the president to put in a machine of the character of the one downstairs without full permission from the board. A chance word from Mr. Pickard put me in possession of the fact, and I learned that it was recommended to the president by an old friend, who also suggested that this photographer be given the work of developing the small pictures or films. A little investigation into the past of this old friend of the president, showed that he was an impostor; this Asbury here has always worked with him. I was waiting for something to develop outside this dark room. When the blow fell, I was ready for it."

"First look at these," pulling a bundle of loose pages, evidently torn from several magazines, from his breast pocket. "And see if you notice anything peculiar about these pictures."

With extreme gravity the men of substance looked at advertisements of various commodities, but shook their heads.

"For instance," catching up one advertisement showing the face of a pretty actress smiling from the petals of a rose, "how do you think this photograph was made?"

"Why easy enough," the president explained, "the petals, probably of a paper rose were placed about her head."

The director laughed. "You don't understand much about photography. Do you suppose that actress could be induced to sit with her head surrounded with paper petals? Not much. Now I will tell you how it was done. A photograph was taken of a rose, perhaps no larger than a penny. On the film was pasted a piece of paper, and then this film was enlarged as the photographer explained a short time since. The result was an enlarged photograph of the rose, with the center blank. On the blank spot was next photographed the photograph of this actress. This is the finished product," waving the advertisement.

"But what has that to do with the matter in hand?" stammered the treasurer.

"Just this," the director cried, whirling about, and catching up a few bits of dark-colored isinglass. "See these."

Gravely the men gathered about the director, then one cried:

"Why they are of the bank, but what of the paper?"

"The paper covers a face."

"Covers a face?"

"The face of the real criminal. If you will look at Asbury you will see that he is about the same build and general appearance as Pickard. Both are wearing dark suits, and in a photograph would look something alike save for two important items: the face of one is no more like that of the other, than darkness is like light. Can't you see the plot? After the bank is closed, Asbury slips into the cage and goes through the motion of stealing the money. If you want proof, pull off the paper. Yes, you see it is his face, and not that of Pickard."

"But the money?" gasped the president.

"A package, here it is was made up to look like the one which was stolen, and used."

"But what advantage was gained. When the pictures were made, the money was all locked away," whispered the president, his face gray with trouble.

"The money was taken some time during the night. Twenty thousand dollars' loss was reported. Has all the money been counted?"

Consternation was on every face.

"Mr. Lemont," suddenly turning to the teller, "how much is really missing?"

"No one had paid much attention to him, although he had been present all the time. At the abrupt question, he stammered, tried to recover himself, then broke down utterly, and the detective had two prisoners. Over two hundred thousand dollars had been stolen by the three conspirators, the 'old friend' of the president, the photographer and the teller, and by throwing the blame upon Rolf Pickard in so ingenious a manner they might have succeeded, had all the board of directors been as ignorant of photography as were the majority. As it was every cent of the money was recovered."

"You spoke of two points of difference, and then stated but one," suggested the treasurer after the prisoners had been taken off by a sufficient contingent of the police force.

"Why the hands, man. Look at those shown in the enlargements, and then at those of Pickard. Those men were smart, but they overlooked the hands."

As the officials looked at the blunt fingers and rather coarse hands shown in the photographs, and then at Rolf's typical banking fingers, sensitive, capable of detecting counterfeiters at the slightest touch, they felt that they were ignorant of more things than photography.

"How did you manage so well?" asked the president slowly, utterly happy that Pickard's innocence was proven.

"When life was still young with me, I was a detective myself for two or three years," the director replied, adding: "and then I knew and trusted Rolf."

"But about the photographs?"

"Well none of you know it, I guess, but Rolf and I come pretty near being experts in that line, just for fun. He knew he could prove his innocence when he saw those enlargements, just as he knew I could clear him. But to change the subject, I'd like to see Rolf Pickard given the position of teller for a marriage gift."

The president raised his kindly eyes, as he replied, laying his hand on Rolf's shoulder:

"I am heartily agreeable, for I do not want him to suffer any by our experiences with an enlargement."

The others laughed, and Rolf, his eyes dancing, his voice a little shaky, cried enthusiastically:

"Gentlemen, if I can accomplish it, you will have considerable to do hereafter with enlargement—of the business of this banking institution."

A SPECKLED BIRD

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-seer, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the words "Come." Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert." "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates. Eliza guards Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. Leighton Dane, a boy school, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. The boy passes two hyacinths to the father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. A sob and tears follow. Eliza recognizes in a cash box the school of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter on Fourteenth St.

Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing prohibits all intercourse as restricted to the business of the counter, and the father mentions the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life. Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane, and asks to take the boy to ride. His mother refuses all help. Eliza realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law frees her—she is not his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. Her father warns her of bitter consequences.

Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother—" Beside the body of his dead boy Vernon again asks his wife's forgiveness. She cannot forget and requests to be alone with her dead.

The barrier between Judge Kent and his daughter strengthens with Eliza's assurance that Mr. Herriott will not ask her the second time to marry him; she begs for the old place in her father's heart. Defiance he never forgives. Until she comes to an appreciation of his wishes, she can expect only the courtesies one cannot avoid. Eliza goes to walk. Herriott finds her in the old Greco-Roman theater at Aix-les-Bains and he realizes an undisguised annoyance by his presence. Mrs. Mitchell asks Herriott to explain the cause of Judge Kent's secretiveness. She cannot see Eliza break her heart over his secretiveness.

In a street strike Mrs. Dane is seriously injured. Father Temple takes her to a hospital. Dying she forgives everything. Eliza and her father return to Nutwood, Mrs. Maurice's old home. Mr. Whitfield continues his stewardship. Judge Kent is called away. He refuses an explanation.

CHAPTER XVII. (CONTINUED).

"THANK you, I am so sure of your sincerity, I shall begin at once to ask your counsel. There are social complications that make a pleasant residence here problematical, and consideration of the course most expedient for me to pursue leaves me in doubt and perplexity. I have thought of opening the house and grounds two weeks hence, in order to celebrate my father's birthday to which every family inscribed on grandmother's visiting list should be invited. I prefer to throw rather than pick up the gauntlet. You thoroughly comprehend the situation, and I should like your advice."

"Wait a while. Go slowly; social wounds do not heal by first intention. Be chary of invitations, and do not hunt for challenges. Hold your own firmly, but courteously, and in time I think you will win. For your father's sake, try to conciliate the members of his church; they are an influential social factor here. Mrs. Maurice's old friends will rally around 'Marcia's baby,' and you must be patient. Later, when sure of your ground, you can give all the festivals you like without receiving an avalanche of 'regrets' that would easily paper your hall. My wife and the girls will call at once, and I hope you will come to us just as often as possible; but whenever you wish to see me, drive down to the office, or write me, as, for some reasons, it is advisable I should be here very rarely. Dear child, while your features are like your handsome father's you resemble your mother in many ways, and I am glad to find you have the crystal conscience and flawless instinct of honor that all men revered in General Maurice. Good by. I have overstayed my time. Tell Bonny to bring up the two horses I had broken and trained for your saddle. One of them, the bay, took blue ribbon at the state fair last fall, and there is no better stock south of Kentucky."

She walked with him half way down the hall, and they shook hands.

"Good by, Mr. Whitfield; thank you for many things. You will find Ma-Lila in the dining-room, and whatever you think she ought to know of today's interview, I prefer you should tell her. She is indeed my second mother."

After a while she went slowly to her father's room. The door was half open, but she paused and knocked.

He stood looking over an old account book, and, without glancing up, said fretfully:

"Well, what is it?"

"Father, I came to pack your valise."

"It is already packed."

"May I come in? I want to tell you—"

"No. You will say nothing that I should wish to hear."

"Will you allow me to see the telegram which I fear annoys you?"

"The ashes only are at your service—all that remains of it."

"Tell me, at least, why you are going, and where?"

"First to Washington. Elsewhere as circumstances may direct."

"Please let me go with you—"

"Most certainly you stay where you are."

"Father—my father!" She advanced toward him, but recalling the shudder with which he had shaken her arms from his shoulders she stepped back to the threshold.

"Oh, father, you are cruel! You know you are breaking my heart!"

The sob, the passion of pain in her voice, smote and hurt him sorely, but he did not falter an instant.

"In breaking your will, your heart may be healed."

He had not looked at her, and all the while the index finger of his right hand moved up and down, columns of figures, searching for some item, which was finally found and marked. Leaning against the door, she watched him until Aaron rang the dinner bell.

"Father, may I drive you to the station?"

"No."

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

"Then I prefer to say good by here, as I am going to my own room."

"As you please. Good by, Eliza."

"I wish I could share this trouble, whatever it may be that calls you away; but since you elect to condemn me to the torture of suspense, I have no alternative but to endure it as best I can. Good by, my dear father."

She held out both hands, but, instead of approaching her, he opened a glass door leading to the colonnade and disappeared.

The velvet, paternal touch caressing her tenderly from the days of her babyhood had, during the last two years, stiffened, hardened into a steel gauntlet, strangling her.

The betrayal of his selfish and unscrupulous desire to violate the provisions of the will had painfully startled and keenly mortified her; but the barb that sank deepest in her sore, aching heart was the realization of her father's deliberate plan to humiliate and punish her. Was his persistent effort to force a marriage with Mr. Herriott based on the determination to hasten her unlimited control of her grandmother's estate? Until now, this explanation had not occurred to her, because the clause binding her to the trusteeship—which rankled ceaselessly in his mind—had made no impression on her memory. In view of Mr. Herriott's definite absence and studied silence, her father's obstinate adherence to his matrimonial ultimatum remained inexplicable. That day ended her overtures for reconciliation; and she laid the axe to the root of her olive tree.

The next morning was Sunday—the first after their return—and she ordered the carriage.

"Little mother, I am going with you to eleven o'clock service, and I am sure you understand it is a tribute of respect to grandmother, that after many years of absence I attend first the church she helped to build."

Curious eyes watched for Miss Kent in another church, where her father had worshiped, and carried her mother, and when, daintily robed in white, Eliza walked with the over-seer's wife along the Methodist aisle and sat down in the Maurice pew, a sudden mist blurred the vision of many in the congregation, and old Dr. Eggleston wiped his spectacles and whispered to his wife:

"Poor Marcia's baby! I can never forget her pitiful fall, the wait for an hour after she was born. Ah, her face is like a lily just lifted, hunting for its God."

Henceforth social lines were in vogue by an apparently trivial distinction; the small circle that in former years received Judge Kent, and the strangers and new residents of Y— spoke of the mistress of Nutwood as Miss Kent; but to the mass of old families she was always "Marcia's child," or "Mrs. Maurice's granddaughter."

Very few typical Southern homes, representing wealth, liberal education, and cultured artistic taste when 1861 dawned, have survived the jagged wounds of war, the still more destructive bayonet-lashed harrow of "reconstruction," and the merciless mildew of poverty that tarnished ante-bellum splendor.

Nutwood escaped comparatively intact, because, while the owner lived, her revenue—drawn in part from European investments made early in the war by friends in London—enabled her to maintain and repair the property until her plantations could be readjusted under the new regime; and after her death the managers of the estate had jealously guarded it from the inroads of decay.

Eliza found only two scars of time. The conservatory was empty and closed, and in the rear of the house several rows of low brick walls showed where formerly stood what Mrs. Maurice called her "grape-ery," a sunny spot enclosed with glass, alluring to her grandfather, who had climbed a step-ladder to reach shouldered clusters, as large as her head, of tawny, golden Chasselas.

No strange new element invaded the dwelling or grounds; the same brown hand that gave her "hot-water tea" when she sat in her high chair now placed her chocolate before her, and she missed only old Hector, who had followed his master to happier hunting grounds, and King Herod, gone, doubtless, to share the punishment of his namesake. The thoroughbred horses and silver-gray Jerseys were fine as she remembered them, and though they now seemed smaller, the white game fowls were as beautiful as of yore, when she toddled after her grandmother to feed them in the enclosure to which they were restricted.

Years had made no alteration, save that a fond, trusting child came back a sadly anxious woman, fronting the world with calm defiance, but shivering silently under a numbing shadow of brooding dread that time might deepen, but could not dispel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE KNOEL OF HER LIFE'S DEAREST HOPES.

AFTER PROLONGED residence in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Washington, New York, and continental Europe, it was inevitable that returning absentees should find the restricted environment of Y— stiflingly provincial; and, despite the rapid growth of the town, consequent upon construction of new railways and erection of factories and cotton mills, its limitations were apparent. There was no lack of individual brains or culture, but Eliza missed keenly the effective, massed mental activity that shrewdly focused all lights on national questions, political policies, and diplomatic legerdemain in Washington; and especially the stimulating intellectual ozone, and the sharpening friction of perpetual debate in congressional circles. An exalted official career at the Capitol lured her like a baleful witch, and transition from brilliant public life to comparatively secluded domesticity in a Southern country home strained her patience.

Gentlemen who composed the most fashionable club in Y— gave an elaborate German to welcome the chafalon of Nutwood. The small Kent coterie invited the Judge and his daughter to several dinners, that were promptly repaid, while now and then, Eliza was requested to appear at ladies' luncheons, and to assist at five o'clock teas; but more and more she realized and resented keenly that among the proud old families she was tolerated simply because of the powerful hereditary Maurice prestige. Noting the social discrimination against her father, and in some quarters the far from fervent, though courteous acceptance of herself, her few invitations to Nutwood dinners were confined to those who had welcomed him to their board and fireside. By degrees an element of haughtiness, at variance with her youthful grace and beauty, invaded her manner, and her frigid politeness hastened the diminution of the circle revolving about her, and reduced social hospitalities to merely formal visiting. Complete abandonment of the contemplated celebration resulted from the arrival of the mail one morning, three weeks after Judge Kent's return from Washington—a journey to which no one ever alluded.

Leaving back in her low wicker rocker-chair, in a shaded angle of the colonnade, Eliza listlessly watched Eliza's white Angora cat, stretched on the floor and following with avid green eyes the coquettish manoeuvres of two brilliant red birds that flashed from a tangle of Belgian honeysuckle vines—brooded with pale-pink satin clusters—to the quivering covert of a neighboring

acacia, swinging its long, flowery fringes of vivid yellow.

Of the town, nearly two miles distant, church spires and factory chimneys were visible; but beyond the roaring river and far away, rose against blue sky a battlement of hills, tapestried with that tender, pulpy mist woven only in the loom of distance. With less than usual interest, Eliza began to examine the papers and letters lying in her lap. One heavy envelope contained samples of sprigged muslin for curtains; in another, that was so light it seemed empty, she found a newspaper clipping carefully folded in a blank sheet of thin notepaper.

"Special Correspondence. Washington:

"From a source always well informed and usually accurate, it has been whispered that the sudden change of policy in a certain senator—whose resignation surprised his congressional colleagues—finds explanation in the menaced divulgence of some damaging facts connecting the senator's votes with crooked syndicate dealings in the West. How this record was unearthed is not yet known but it is rumored a blondined Circe of the lobby used her knowledge of it quite successfully in furtherance of the Bison Herd bill that hung so long in committee room, and also to secure the senator's resignation in favor of a rival candidate for whom she shows deep sympathy. Her threat to place her information at the service of the approaching Legislature of the incumbent's native state hastened his resignation some months prior to the expiration of his term, and he promptly left his country for his country's good, to recuperate in foreign lands. Truly 'God's fruit of justice ripens slow,' but fate takes care to shake the tree."

The name of the paper did not appear in the clipping and date and signature had been erased. The envelope bore postmark of a Colorado town, and the address was typewritten. It was not from the state represented in the Senate by the Hon. Rufus Higginbottom, but Eliza's intuitions assured her the extract had been sent by the hand of Miss Ethelberta. Doubtless it had appeared while they were in Europe but whether the press circulated it freely she was now barred from investigating.

A moan she could not repress escaped her usually well guarded lips, and she shivered as if a freezing wind swung her to and fro.

Two years ago she would have hurried to her father for denial and published proofs that his hands were clean; but today, for some moments after the shock doubt seemed the only land of promise where she could dwell with any semblance of peace. Looking back over all that made their last two months in Washington so painful to her, recalling the inexplicable nervousness that was invariably exhibited when American letters and papers reached them at Aix les Bains, she connected incidents that formerly had no visible relation, and filial faith began to rock and drift from its lifelong moorings. Were it possible for Judge Kent to vindicate himself, why had he failed to do so promptly in print? Again and again she read the clipping, carefully committing to memory the entire article, and when quite sure it was literally inflexible, she tore the paper into innumerable fragments and tossed them to the wind singing through the venerable tree tops.

Doubtless the press in Y— had copied this assault upon his political integrity, his many enemies were gloating over it, and henceforth she would make no attempt to level the bristling hedge of social distrust.

Before her lay isolation, hidden heart-ache, the silent surrender of her dearest ambition, and the acceptance of life robbed of all rosy plans.

Remembering how firmly Mrs. Maurice's slim hands had held the reins of government, Eliza followed precedent in all details of domestic management that did not conflict with her father's wishes. While he had amused himself with viticulture and the erection of new glass houses, she was interested in extending and refitting the conservatory, but Mrs. Mitchell's frequent and increasing sojourns at her small farm, many miles distant, disquieted her foster-child, who finally rebelled.

"No, Ma-Lila, it is out of the question. I cannot let you go and spend a week. What do you suppose would become of me? You may as well stop packing your trunk."

"O dearie, you are perfectly well, and your father is always here. It is March and I must go."

"Yes, I am fortunate in having father, but I want to keep you where I can touch you whenever I wish. Ever since I could crawl you have slain my bugaboos, and as I have not outgrown the cowardice of covering my face with the sheet, I find the sight of that prim black head of yours is necessary to my peace of mind. I am jealous of that little den down by the old mill, and if you will sell out and give it up I should be glad to pay double its value. Then you could buy bonds and cut your coupons, and keep your hands white and soft as they ought to be. Instead of delving with butter, eggs, honey, and pickles."

"Sell Dairy-Dingle! I would almost as soon sell my husband's grave. Dairy-Dingle, when I had my two years of heaven on earth? When I go there I want to kiss the doorstep where my Robert and I used to sit when his day's work was ended, and in the starlight we listened to the mocking-bird singing in the locust thicket all overrun with red and yellow woodbine. Just now I am obliged to be there to see about the lamb's Planchon Rocks, and Black Spanish."

"How did the lamb's contrive to live all those years when you were away, keeping me in order?"

"Poorly enough. I have not a doubt, judging from the looks of the flock. Ever since I received that letter from Robert's youngest sister, Judith, asking me to help her educate as a civil engineer the boy she named for her brother, I have felt the necessity of increasing the income from my place in order to furnish the required funds. My Robert's namesake shall have the college training he wants. Drought cut off my corn last year, and later rain floods stunted my cotton."

"Then let Mr. Roynston manage your place, as he does ours, and you stay here, while I hand you a check for what the boy Robert le Diable may need."

"Thank you, precious baby, but that would be outside charity, and he and Judith are proud. Besides, in working and denying myself there is such a sweetness, such a comfort in helping, as if it were serving my dear dead to aid those he loved. Mere money is not worth half as much as the affection that goes with it, and the labor that earned it; but, my darling, you can't quite feel as I do."

"No, I do not understand. Sometimes I wonder if I am not like a doll stunted in her quota of sadness; and I am sure my heart is too small, or too cold, or too wicked, to hold more than two persons. I love only father and you, and where you are concerned I shall never be of age. Women who outgrow the need of their mothers' help, like museum 'freaks.' You must not go away so often, because I miss you, and this is an opportune time to tell you that at the back of my head lurks an ugly mental scare-crow that if at some crisis of my life you happened to be absent, I might go daft and scuttle the ship. Remember, you promised grandmother you would not leave me."

Prescient shadows darkened her appealing eyes, as she bent to press her cool cheek against the rosy one of her companion, and drew her out

upon the wide, latticed piazza at the rear of the house.

"Let us sit here on the steps, where we can enjoy our leafy canopy. Could anything be more beautiful?"

She threw back her head and looked up. In front of the steps two lines of very old elm trees marked the limits of a walk leading through the "back yard" to the vegetable garden. On each row, planted opposite, white wisteria had been trained so carefully that as the lower lateral branches were cut away to keep the arch intact, the vines climbed higher until now the top boughs of the trees having met, all along the walls and across the pale-green dome of elms leaves swung long, drooping spikes of snowy bloom, amid the olive-tinted wisteria foliage.

"I never saw anything so lovely in Italy," said Eliza, stroking Delilah, and straightening the blue bow on the cat's neck.

"We came too late last spring for the bloom, and we have not seen this living ceiling for so many years. When I was at college I used to shut my eyes and recall it just as we left it. My little 'sundown supper' table on the square of matting yonder, you sitting on the bottom step crocheting mats, grandmother, so tall and thin, walking up and down the side flower garden over there gathering rose leaves for the big blue china rose jar in the drawing-room, old Hector following her like a lean shadow, and King Herod spreading his tail till I threw him bread crumbs. How often I longed for one of my 'sundown' suppers—my bowl of hominy and cream, my cup of milk, the tea cakes and ginger pone, and blackberry jam. The smell of cloves and cinnamon, and the taste thereof!"

Watching her face, relaxed in dreamy retrospection, Mrs. Mitchell asked:

"Where is Mr. Herriott?"

Without removing her eyes from the long wisteria plumes waving overhead, she answered in a colder tone:

"When father heard last he was in Norway, but since then I read an account of a dinner given to the party of which he was a member, by a geographical society in London."

"You have received no letter?"

"None recently, and I do not expect any."

"Because you do not deserve any. I am so disappointed in him."

"In what respect? I imagined that in your eyes, as in father's, he was simply perfect."

"He is capable of something far better than lounging through life with his hands in his pockets, and loafing around the world. If he could only have the good luck to lose his money, he might accomplish what God makes such of."

"He is not an idle tramp. He is kept busy dancing attendance on his exacting bride."

"Bride!" exclaimed Mrs. Mitchell, with such startling shrillness that Delilah sprang out of her lap and surveyed her with astonishment.

"Not a bride of pink flesh, on whom he can bestow collars of diamonds, but an old dame of hoary locks, whose harsh, argon he considers musical, and who, having taken his purse and tied him to her apron strings, drags him from the bowels of the earth to the mountains of the moon, amusing him with photographs of microbes and eclipses, and with prehistoric skeletons that her relentless horny claws have stolen from their lawful graves. Long ago he was wedded to 'Science,' and of course he keeps his bridal vows."

"I am sure you do not fully understand him, and I wonder he did not marry Miss Stanley; she is so lovely, and he certainly admired her."

"She is indeed a luscious beauty, and attracted him, but if he really had any serious intentions, I think she lost him that night when the alarm of fire emptied the theater. Ours was a processium box in the second tier. Eleanor Stanley had dined with Captain Sefton's sister, he was her escort, and I went with Mr. Herriott. Of course you know all about the horrible tragedy, but I never told anyone what preceded it. Toward the end, and while the curtain was down, Captain Sefton so far forgot himself as to repeat an unpardonably risqué story of a smart set leader, at which Eleanor laughed heartily. I stared at my bouquet of orchids, and lifted them to shield my face where I felt the blood. Without moving an eyelash Mr. Noel sat like a sphinx, looking steadily at Eleanor, then took my opera glass and watched the party of pretty girls in the dress circle. His face was as absolutely impassive as one of the masks frescoed on the ceiling. In the middle of the next and closing act, a scream from the rear of the stage startled us, and almost simultaneously two of the ballet girls rushed from behind the wings, with fire blazing in their short, gauzy skirts. One ran to the corner of the stage just under our box, and the actors fled from her. Mr. Herriott put his hand heavily on my shoulder."

He snatched his overcoat and my velvet opera cloak, stepped on the railing of the box, measured the distance with his eye and leaped down. He stant he reached the floor, and staggered, but the next instant he reached the girl, who ran shrieking up and down, caught her, threw my cloak over her head, pressed her to the floor, covered her with his overcoat, and rolled her over and over as if she were a ball. Of course she was horribly burned, but she lived. The other party creature kept her hands before her face as a screen from the flames, missed her footing, stumbled over the footlights and fell among the orchestra chairs. The musicians smothered the flames, but she died after two hours of torture. Mr. Herriott's gloves tattered, and his mustache singed. When we were Eleanor admired and praised his bravery, and fection were he not so 'goody-goody'; she feared he would expect her to be equally pious. A queer expression I could not understand crossed his face, and when he spoke his voice was stern."

"I am not pious; more is the pity! At least I am too honest to accept praise I do not deserve. Please be so kind as not to refer again to this evening, several surprising incidents of which I shall be glad to forget."

"A few days later he sent to replace my scorched velvet, that gorgeous ivory satin opera cloak brocaded with lilies in silver, which father and you wished me to accept, and I based my refusal on his request, as the mere sight of it would inevitably remind him of a night neither of us wished to recall. Look yonder."

"Yes, there must be a picket off that white game yard fence, for I am positive I fastened the gate this morning. Run on ahead and open the gate wide for when they are driven back they never can find the crack where they came out. That white rooster is all ruffled up for a fight with the red one. Scare the hens back and stand on one side."

When the fugitives had been shut in, the two women stood admiring the flock.

"Dearie do you know how old these chickens are? Forty years before railroads were built in this state, your grandfather brought them in a champagne basket on the top of a stage-coach from somewhere in Maryland, and the person who gave them to him had imported them from England forty years before. Think of it!"

"I do, with astonishment difficult to express. More than eighty years old, and no sign of decrepitude in crowing, fighting and laying eggs! Little mother, what are *tarrididdles*?"

Laughing, she put her hands on Eliza's shoulders and shook her gently. The little woman pinched her ear.

"Don't talk slang to me. You know I did not mean these very identical fowls are those that came in the champagne basket, but the original trio, two hens and a cock, were kept in a separate yard, and so the stock has remained pure game for more than forty years. They are such beauties, and to the last day of her life

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

A Corset Cover

WELL-FITTING and well-made underclothes are of as much importance to a well-dressed woman as her gowns. Very attractive and dainty underwear can be made at home and corset covers of batiste or lawn, and lace trimmed, are almost indispensable for wearing beneath the modern lacy shirt-waists. The corset cover here illustrated is made of lawn and has a circular yoke of knitted lace. The front and back of the cover is tucked and fitted simply by under-arm seams, the lower edge being finished with a beading for ribbon. The ruffles and sleeves are finished with knitted edging, while a portion of the circular yoke is shown in the design.

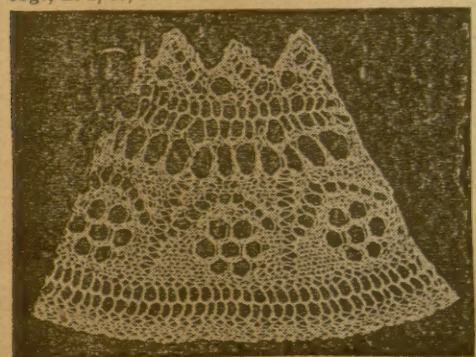
If one prefers a short petticoat may be attached trimmed with a ruffle also edged with knitted lace. To knit the

Corset Cover Yoke

Use any crochet cotton, number 80.

Cast on twenty-eight stitches.

1st row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 17, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2.



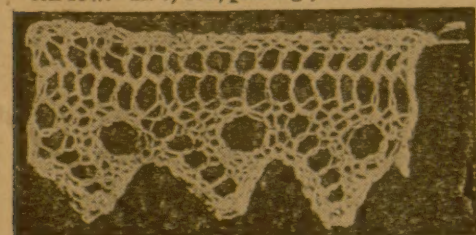
FOR THE CIRCULAR YOKE.

2nd row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8, n., o., k. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
3rd row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 17, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o., k. 2.
4th row.—K. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 2, n., o., k. 8, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
5th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 14, p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o., k. 2.
6th row.—K. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, n., o., k. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
7th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 1, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o., k. 2.
8th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. 3, k. 3 tog., n., o., k. 1, n., o. 2, n., twice, o. 2, n., k. 1, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
9th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 6, p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. 2, n., k. 1, o., k. 2.
10th row.—K. 6, p. 1, k. 1, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, o., n., k. 2, n., o. 2, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
11th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 1, k. 11, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8.
12th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 1, o., n. twice, o. 2, n. twice, o. 2, n., k. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
13th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 6, p. 1, k. 2, leave 5.
14th row.—Sl. 1, k. 6, o., n., k. 1, n., o. 2, n., k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
15th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, p. 1, k. 8, leave 8.
16th row.—Sl. 1, k. 4, o., n., k. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
17th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 12, leave 10.
18th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o., n., k. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
19th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 10, leave 12.
20th row.—Sl. 1, k. 2, o., n., k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
21st row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8, leave 14.
22nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
23rd row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 6, leave 16.
24th row.—Sl. 1, k. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
25th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, leave 18.
26th row.—Sl. 1, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
27th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 17, leave 5.
28th row.—N., o. 3, k. 3 tog., k. 12, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4.
29th row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 14, p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2.
Repeat from second row.

Knitted Edge for Ruffle

Cast on seven stitches.

1st row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, o., k. 2.
2nd row.—K. 4, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.
3rd row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o., k. 2.
4th row.—K. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.
5th row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o., k. 2.
6th row.—K. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.



KNITTED EDGE FOR RUFFLE.

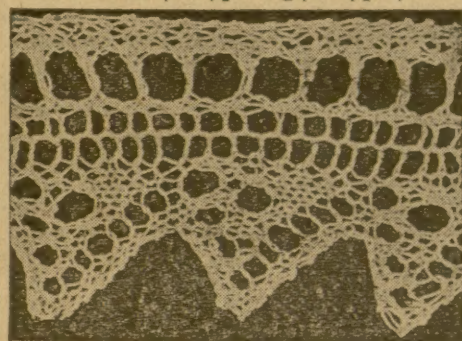
7th row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o., k. 2.
8th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.

9th row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. 2, n.
10th row.—K. 6, p. 1, k. 1, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.
11th row.—K. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 8.
12th row.—Bind off 5, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2.
Repeat from first row.

Knitted Edge for Sleeve

Cast on thirteen stitches.

1st row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, o., k. 2.
2nd row.—K. 5, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7.
3rd row.—K. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 3, n., o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 3, o., k. 2.
4th row.—K. 6, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1, k. 4.
5th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 4, o., k. 2.
6th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7.
7th row.—K. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 3, n., o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 5, o., k. 2.
8th row.—K. 8, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1, k. 4.

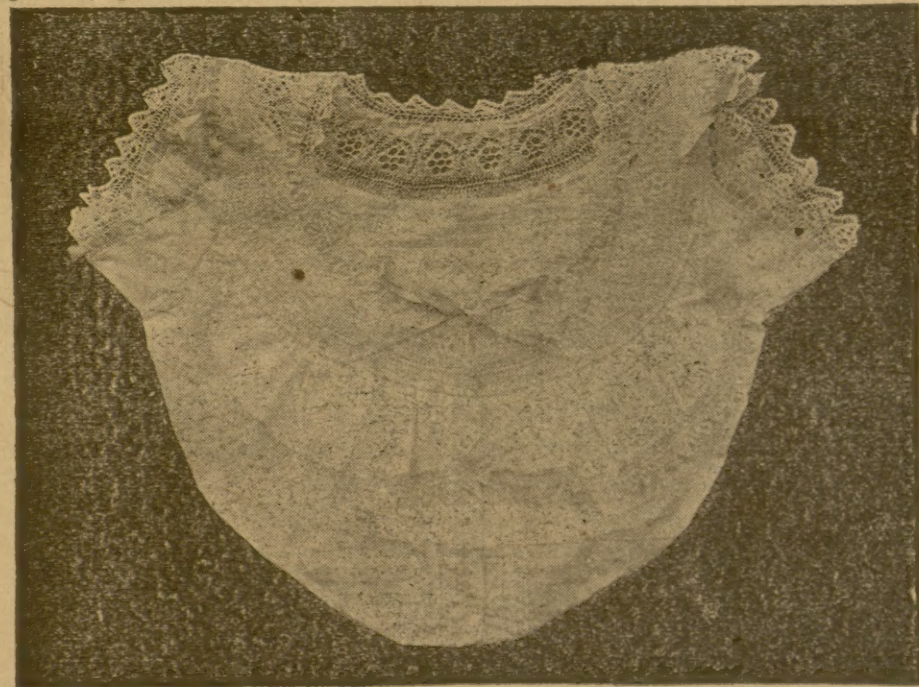


KNITTED EDGE FOR SLEEVE.

9th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 1, n., o. 2, n., k. 1, o., k. 2.
10th row.—K. 6, p. 1, k. 2, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7.
11th row.—K. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 3, n., o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7, o., k. 2.
12th row.—K. 10, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1, k. 4.
13th row.—K. 7, o. 2, p. 2 tog., n., o. four times, k. 2.
14th row.—K. 10, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 7.
15th row.—K. 2, k. 3 tog., o. 3, n., o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 10.
16th row.—Bind off 6, k. 3, o. 2, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1, k. 4.
Repeat from first row.

Tatted Edge for Handkerchief

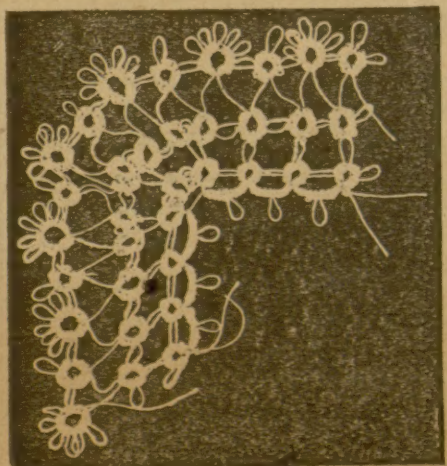
If wanted very fine use 300 thread, make eight d. s., 1 p., 8 d. s., close. Leave about one



A CORSET COVER.

Sent in by Clara M. Baker.

third inch of thread and make a ring of 8 d. s., 1 p., 8 d. s., close. Repeat until you have a string of rings long enough to go around the



TATTED EDGE FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

handkerchief you wish to trim, then take a crochet hook and make a chain of 1, fasten to p. of first ring, ch. 5, fasten to p. of third ring, ch. 5, fasten to p. of fifth ring. This forms one corner. Ch. of 5, fasten to p. of next ring, and so on to the end. Now make a ring of 3 d. s. and 3 p. s., each separated by 2 d. s., 3 d. s., and close. Leave one fourth inch and make a ring of 3 d. s., fasten to p. of last ring, 2 d. s., then 4 p. separated by 2 d. s., 3 d. s., close. Make a ring of 3 d. s. fasten to picot of last ring, 2 d. s., 2 p., each separated by 2 d. s., close. Tie on spool of thread and make a

change of 10 stitches, fasten p. of ring in last row; make 10 stitches. Now make a ring of 3 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., fasten to first p. of last ring, 2 d. s., 1 p., 2 d., close, and repeat to the end of row.

MAGGIE EDDY.

Ornamented Tucks

While speaking of underclothes perhaps some reader would fancy the old-fashioned way of treating tucks

which has recently become popular again. In the garment to be thus trimmed run as many half inch wide tucks as desired, but if made any narrower it is very tedious to make the points. Mark each tuck with a straight line an inch apart, notch, and then cut at each notch nearly to the stitching, then turn back the raw edges and whip together down to the center of the point. Arrange the rows so that the points will alternate as shown in this design or patterns can be worked out, for instance, have a group of five points on one tuck, on the next below four, then three, two and one, or these points could be worked out with a group of three tucks, and starting with 3 points on the first tuck instead of five.

THE POINTS ALTERNATE.

Baby's Knit Socks

Materials required: One skein white 3 fold saxony, 1 skein pink or blue 3 fold saxony, two pair steel needles No. 17.

These socks are knit on two needles and commenced at the top, the extra pair of needles are used for the foot.

With color cast on 61 stitches, k. 1 row. P. 1 row and k. 1 row.

4th row.—With white sl. 1, o., k. 3, * sl. 1 m., pass the sl. st. o. the last st., k. 3, o., k. 1, o., k. 3, repeat from * to end of row ending with o., k. 1.

5th row.—P.
Repeat 4th and 5th rows alternately until there are four rows of holes, ending with a row of purling.

12th and 13th rows.—With color k. plain.

14th row.—P.

15th row.—K. plain.

Repeat 4th and 5th rows alternately until there are 4 rows of holes, ending with a row of purling.

24th and 25th rows.—With color k. plain.

26th row.—P.

27th row.—K. plain, break off wool.

needles until you have 16 rows or 8 ridges on right side of work, then narrow every alternate row at heel end of needles, and on the instep needle narrow every row in center of needle until there are 2 sts. left, then sl. 1 on each side needle. K. 1 row plain and bind off.

Sew up foot and back of leg and stretch over sock last. Run ribbon through holes made around ankle and tie in front. M. E. T.

Tatting

This small design illustrates one of the wheels used in making the tatted shield as illustrated. To make this

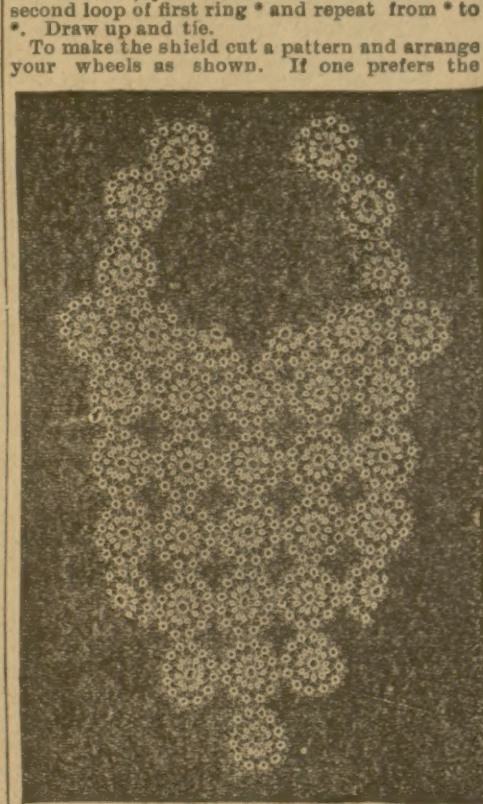
begin by making two d. s., 1 p., repeat 12 times, draw up to close the ring and tie, cut the thread, then make 6 d. s. and join to first p. of first ring, * 6 d. s., draw up. Leave one fourth inch thread and make 4 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., 1 p., repeat four times, 4 d. s., draw up. Leave one fourth inch of thread and make 6 d. s., join to the second loop of first ring * and repeat from * to *.

Draw up and tie.

To make the shield cut a pattern and arrange your wheels as shown. If one prefers the

TATTED WHEEL.

THE TATTED SHIELD.



THE TATTED SHIELD.

neck can also be finished with a standing collar of the same wheels.

Shaped Boots

Material required about one half skein of Saxony and a little silk or silkatine for finishing.

Begin by making a chain of twenty-six, turn. Ch. of 3, 1 d. c. in every st. all round, fasten in top of ch. of 3 with s. c., ch. 8, and repeat this first row four times.

5th row.—Make shells of 4 d. c. in every 3rd st. of last row, fasten yarn and cut. Now take up twelve st. in front, and work nine rows in afghan st., finish and cut. Now start in the center of the back and make 1 s. c. in every st. all around. Continue making 4 rows of s. c., then fasten in the silk, and crochet 3 rows of s. c.

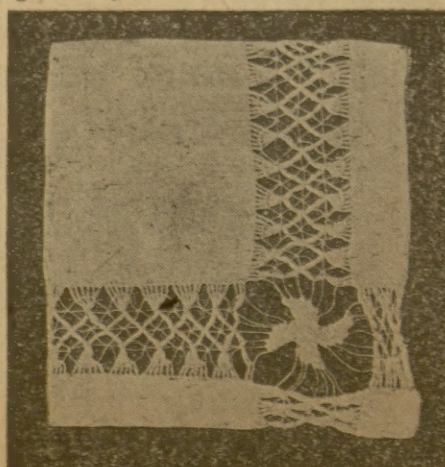
For the sole turn the boot inside out, and crochet the two sides together, finish the top with the silk. Begin by fastening the silk in between 2 shells, then make 1 s. c., ch. 3, 1 s. c., ch. of 3, 3 s. c. on top of the shell, and repeat all around.

For cord and tassels crochet a chain of about fifty stitches, using the wool and silk together. Run in at the ankle of the boot, and then finish with tassels of silk and wool.

Drawnwork Handkerchief

Take a piece of fine lawn or handkerchief linen, the size desired, and one and one fourth inches from the edge commence to draw threads. The drawn space should be at least one inch wide. Hemstitch both sides of the space in the usual manner.

Now start at the right-hand side and fasten six groups of threads in the center with the knot stitch and continue across the work, taking six every time.



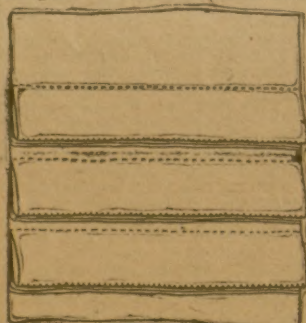
DRAWNWORK HANDKERCHIEF.

Now about half way between the center and edge divide the six groups of threads. Now knot three out of one group of six to three out of the next six and so on across. This must be done on both sides of the center.

Now knot, near the edge of the space, each single group of threads in group of six, then cross, knotting around each thread or threads that you cross to the other side of the space and knot around each six groups, then cross back in the same manner, etc. You will have to work this way four times across in order to fill it all in.

In the vacant space in the corner the threads must cross in the center and any desired figure may be worked in by darning under and over the threads.

MRS. E. L. MCKINNEY.



THE PLAIN TUCK.

the 22 stitches on left-hand needle, knit back and forth plain on three needles, narrowing every alternate row at the toe end of the side



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any of our assistance, or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have kept silent for three long years. And I suppose if you have all forgotten me. I left my home in the East two years ago for sunny California, as it is called. And I find this country to be a fine place. But think that the most of the native sons and daughters imagine it is finer than it really is. My old home in the East is ten miles from Green Forest, Ark. Now you have all heard of that place. But perhaps you have heard just opposite to what it really is. I can tell you all that old Arkansas could teach some places lots of things it would do good to know. There is one great treasure Arkansas contains which is very dear to me, and that is my parents, sister and two brothers, yes, and some good kind neighbors never to be forgotten by me. I often feel very lonely so far away from my parents and old schoolmates, though I have lots of good neighbors here. The people have all been very kind and that has made our new home a happy one. Where if they had passed me by no doubt I would be saying (I'm going home). But we like and have bought a home in Napa and expect to stay here. But sisters if any of you have never left your home, and gone out in this cold world among strangers, as I and my husband have done, you cannot know how very lonely one is. You that have must "do unto others as you would have them do to you." When a stranger moves in your midst give them plenty of time to make their home comfortable then go and spend the afternoon with them, and if you can't speak kindly of all your neighbors do not speak of them at all. I have learned to be a very close observer of strangers and when they come and tell you disagreeable things of someone else—look out! Something is wrong with your caller. But in all cases of that kind just forget to ask them to call in perfect harmony. The Napa people seem to work in perfect harmony. The churches never work against one another, and each denomination has services every Sunday.

This is a beautiful town situated on the Napa river. We are fifty miles from San Francisco, but have plenty of ways to get there.

The boats come up from the city every day and we have two depots, and an electric car line running to Vallejo and St. Helena. Many of the sisters think it best to describe their appearance, but I don't think my description would interest anyone so I will omit it. I have been married six years and have a little boy five years old, and a baby girl sixteen months. They are worlds of pleasure to us, and lots of care. But children are more company than anything in the world.

Mrs. Pauline Hayden certainly has my heartfelt sympathy in the loss of her little ones.

Have many of you read the good letter to Uncle Charlie written by Mamie Nita Bayless? I did and just wished she could be my neighbor. She is the kind of girl that makes us feel proud we are women. One that is worthy of all praise. Now some young girls may curl their lip when they read that she does the milking. But just the same I guess her father, sister and brother think they would throw up their job of ranch work if that willing girl was not there to make them a happy home.

Mamie also spoke of working in the hop fields. I worked picking blackberries the first year I was here and made sixty dollars. We began to work the fifteenth of June and worked every other day until July the fifteenth. Then we generally worked five days out of a week until the tenth of August. I think that is doing pretty good as I did my own housework and cooked for four. I have also worked prune picking and made twenty dollars but the work is too hard for a woman. Usually there is work here for both men and women, but now times seem to be rather dull, and there are thousands idle and many factories are running on half time.

I noticed that many sisters expressed a desire to come West, but I would say do not come if you are well off where you are, although this country is all right and the climate is fine. The biggest fault I find is that there are too many saloons, but thank God, they don't bother me. But I have a dear friend whose life is made miserable on account of them.

MRS. VIOLA JONES, Pine St., Napa, Cal.

DEAR SISTERS:

The world is advancing. The wonderful possibilities of thought are agitating both continents as never before. It is the underlying power of all things both great and small, high and low, good and so-called bad—the connecting link between the two worlds which could not exist without the emanations from each other. Thought "like subtle lightning speeds from goal to goal." It is largely responsible for joy and sorrow, success and failure, crime and its opposite, health and disease—there are those who have come into recognition of certain truths, by harmonious thinking are immune to contagion. "As a man thinketh so is he."

"Uncle Tom," when freedom was in sight,

could not abuse the confidence of the Sheldys. Note the present attitude and its hypnotic consequence, some have wept while they murdered.

A Massachusetts Divine has had the courage to declare to his flock and the world in general, that auto suggestion is a fact and *come to stay*, and he who willfully stifles reason and benevolence by prejudice ignoring authentic proof in the face of such an array of evidence by noble souls who have devoted a lifetime to the research of truths tending toward the uplift of humanity—is the great traitor of losers thereby.

The "crucifix" spirit is not dead yet; but those who can bear the strain are first martyred and then canonized. Jesus said "Greater things would follow Him." Proven facts are what earth's children demand and need. The "Faithful" as well as others will be glad to know that an account of Christ's Crucifixion, deciphered by a French scholar has been found in the deserted house of a monk. This will be read with widespread interest.

MRS. MARY E. MALETTE, Lee Maine.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

As nearly all wish to know about the same things I take this method of answering, as other readers might be interested in a general way.

Yakima county is located in the south-central part of the state and No. Yakima is the county seat which has a population of about ten thousand. The county is divided into numerous valleys, which open into one another and are surrounded by low mountain ranges or high hills, there being one or more streams flowing through each valley, from which irrigation ditches are taken, making it possible for thousands of acres of otherwise dry and useless land to be cultivated and bear crops, the water being divided into shares, each rancher being entitled to his share of water by paying water-right to the ditch company, or giving a share of his land, for benefits received. The principal crops raised are fruit, hay and grain, hops, vegetables and many sheep are raised, also. Fruit, I think, takes the lead, nearly every kind being represented, excepting tropical, of course, peaches, pears, plums, apples, apricots, cherries, grapes and all varieties of berries and nuts do well here and there are many fine orchards under irrigation. A great deal of it is shipped to other points and is put up by the canneries, here many people, especially women and girls, find employment during the fruit season, picking and packing at orchards and warehouses and in preparing it for canning at the factories.

It is necessary to spray fruit trees, especially apples, two or more times a year, to rid the orchards of pests, which infect the trees. The hay raised here is principally alfalfa, of which there are four crops per season—the last growth being used for pasture, as a rule. It averages several tons per acre. Much of it is baled and shipped and during winter months a great deal is bought by sheep owners, for their herds which winter in the valleys, as the deep snows in the mountains, where they are taken to feed in the summer months make it necessary. Many hundreds of acres of grain of all kinds are raised on the higher land and it is not necessary to irrigate, as sufficient moisture falls in the form of snow and spring rains sometimes hundreds of acres being harvested by each rancher. Here we use gang plows, the combined harvester and thresher and everything is carried on in a large scale, the horse being used for power, instead of man. Water is often hauled from twenty to thirty miles, in tanks, drawn by six or eight horses and put into cisterns, a tank wagon being kept hauling continually during work-times. There are numerous artesian wells, many hundred feet deep, often also springs occasionally. The crop of hops, annually, is large, there being many acres of the grown. During picking season, many men, women and children are employed at this, and Indians also, and in the spring, at training hops, or tying the vine to the hop pole. The price paid per box of several bushel is one dollar. Some people can pick only one box a day where others pick three. It depends on the cleverness of the picker, somewhat. Any kind of vegetable does well, and there are some mammoth sized specimens exhibited every year here at the state fair.

The soil is a light brown, called decomposed volcanic ash and is very productive when irrigated; as "irrigation is king" here many prefer it to rainfall. The land in its native state, is thickly covered by a sage-brush, a dry, dull green, scraggy shrub, about three or four feet high and two or more inches through. It is probably called "sage" brush, from its color and odor. All land must be cleared of this, before cultivated. It is used for wood by many. One will run across small beds of cactus and wild flowers, which grow, apparently, without much water. These low ranges of hills are devoid of timber, as the Cascade range, thirty miles west are heavy forests of evergreen timber and on their summit is perpetual snow. Two giant mountains tower majestically above them. Mrs. Adams and Rainier (or Tacoma). The streams all have their sources in these mountains. As irrigation advances, small towns are springing up all over the country and where once was plenty of government land, now is nearly all taken and improved. Nearly every kind of industry may be found here. Work has been scarce for some time and idle men this winter here, as elsewhere. The climate is quite hot and dry in summer and mild in winter, compared with the East. There has been scarcely any snow this winter and it has not been down to zero. People do not prepare for blizzards and cyclones here, though we sometimes have high winds and the end of an eastern storm which is quite modified by the time it gets so far West. Prices of everything are called quite high, unless one raises for themselves what they consume it is up-hill work. Wages are from one dollar up, according to occupation. Land is in price from one hundred up to one thousand dollars an acre, the higher prices being according to improvements, location, etc., and distance from town or railroad, the cheaper lands may not have water or be a long way from towns, etc. Everything has to be taken into consideration. One must dig from twenty feet deep to get water. In some places one could not find water in half a mile deep. There are good schools and plenty of them, always numbers of scholars and places for teachers and wages are good for women, as a rule. Of course, this applies to just my vicinity, or places where I have lived. The western part of the state is exactly opposite of the eastern half and so much more could be written about it all, but for lack of space I will not say more this time.

Since my last letter I have been very and dangerously ill for several months, so please excuse me and I desire to thank all for their kind letters and picture postals—I certainly enjoyed them all as only a shut-in can. Perhaps I can say more in another letter. Success to all readers of COMFORT.

MRS. ADA MARLIN, No. Yakima, Gen. Del., Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Although I am quite young I want a little chat with you all. I live with my mother and two little brothers; my father died eight years ago and left us to fight our battle through life. Be it ever so rough, with courage, I'll endeavor to do my duty and trust our Lord for strength to meet each hard thing. Patience is required to win success in life and to make dark days bright and heavy hearts light. Patience is the essence of all principles and nothing can be more helpful in all trials and adversities. Nothing can work out patience for any of us but trials and tribulations. That is why the poor shut-ins and invalids are so patient. Their lives should be examples for those who have health. We should not complain when we remember there are so many living who can talk, laugh or whistle while some stout, hearty ones are grumbling, scolding and fretting.

If any of the sisters wish some of the Mammoth Globe pumpkin seeds which I think is the most delicious sort we have raised, I will send some upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

MISS ESTUS ELDRIDGE, Dunn, R. D. 2, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Two numbers of this paper came to me, but I did not think there could be much in them worth reading until I opened it to the cozy corner. There seemed to be such a friendly spirit infused in these columns that by the time I had finished reading your letters I had come to the conclusion that I needed the little paper.

If there is any sister who would like to pass along "the cup of water" in His name, please let me hear from you.

MRS. EMMA GAMMON, Five Corners, Mechanic Falls, Me.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT several years and think it a fine paper. I live seven miles east of Warm Springs. My nearest railroad station is Manchester. It is a new place but its prospects are good.

I am nineteen years old, have been married twenty-two months, and with all my housework and a little girl six months old, you may know I am quite busy, yet my life is a happy one.

I wonder how many of you believe as I do. I think if one is looking for trouble it is more sure to come, while if we look on the bright side we will have more smiles and brightness, and less shadows. Of course, we all have our little troubles in the home, many of which we can overcome easily, if we only try, and this is far better than to carry it to your next door neighbor, for remember, she also has her own. Trials and troubles, I believe, can be cultivated, but how much better it is to seek for love, peace and patience. These will bring us the best results of life.

I am in need of a few pieces of silk, satin and velvet for patchwork, and anything in this line would be greatly appreciated by one who closes with best wishes to all.

MRS. FRANCENA SMITH, Box 39, Bullochville, R. D. 3, Ga.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Today is my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary and I am celebrating by sending in my yearly subscription to COMFORT. I could not get along without it for it seems like an old friend. I read the letters over every month in hopes that I may find some of my old schoolmates, but as maiden names are not given I cannot tell, so I have this suggestion to make, would it not be well to sign our given name and add our maiden surname. In this way old acquaintances might be renewed.

I have had a large family. Out of six, I have only one girl left, the baby, six years old, and she is a treasure, I assure you.

Mrs. T. J. Beard. If you got the package I sent you, you are most welcome. I was in your place myself last year, had to lie in bed all winter, so I know how to feel for you. I am going to write you before long.

There are so many innocent ones hurt by that friend Gossip, let us refrain from it and instead, lift a voice to those who we know are doing wrong, for they may see the light through our efforts. What say you all to the temperance wave that is going on over the land. For me, I say down with the liquor traffic. Urge your husbands, brothers and friends to vote against liquor. Our town has been more prosperous than before it went no license.

MRS. MARY B. COOLEIDGE, Hume, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We are a family of three, husband, a little three-year-old girl and myself, and though baby is rather spoiled, we love her dearly and it would seem impossible to do without her. I always think of this when I read the letters of those who have lost little ones.

Like most of the sisters I can truly say I also drew a prize and have one of the best of husbands who is anxious and willing to help me in any and every way about the house and garden. I read a letter a short time ago which a woman wrote to a paper telling what a hard time she had. She did all of her own work, milked the cows, took care of the chickens and helped with all of the outdoor work. She said her dresses were made of over-all cloth and she wore the coarsest of men's shoes until they were so worn they would no longer stay on her feet, and to cap the climax, she never had one penny for anything, and even a stamp for postage was a surprise.

Well, when I first read that letter I felt very sorry for the woman and thought horsewhipping was none too good for the man, but the more I thought it over the less sympathy I had for her, for I don't think a woman should submit to any such treatment. She certainly started wrong and then had not spirit enough to assert her rights. How many of the sisters agree with me? I believe a housewife is entitled to all the labor-saving devices which the market affords, for her labor, strength and time as well as prosperity of the farm and family as those of a husband. These things are hers by right and reason and she should insist, if necessary, in the gentle way of a loving woman, to get that which belongs to her, and she will surely reap the benefit in many ways, not in the least of which, is that she will be able to make her home more attractive for her husband and children, and by saving her strength and caring for her health the happiness of all will be increased.

Men are often blamed for the lack of home convenience, I think, when it is really the fault of a wife, for we are apt to get into a rut and be perfectly willing to continue in the old-fashioned and strength-wasting ways of long ago, and then complain bitterly of hard lots and hard times when we are mostly to blame ourselves.

I am going to ask the sisters to write me if nothing more than a postal, and I should be pleased to receive a few California beer seeds. I will try to return the favor in any way that I can.

Now I will close with the following quotation which I think is a good answer to the question, "What is Home?"

"A golden setting in which the brightest gem is 'Mother,'
A world of strife shut out and a world of love shut in,
A harbor which shades when the sun of prosperity becomes too dazzling;
A harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity."

"Home is the coziest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world."
With best wishes for the success and happiness of each and all, I remain,

MRS. V. V. SKEEN, Kentuck, W. Va.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an interested reader and will tell you how spoils can be utilized in various ways. In a good many kitchens there is a row of nails on which aprons and dish cloths are hung, with the result that they are frequently torn and rust marked. You can prevent this by putting one of your empty reels on each nail. Thus making a useful peg.

A reel will make a good stop to prevent the door from opening too far and banging the furniture. Cover the reel with thick cloth so that it will not injure the varnish on the door, and screw it firmly to the floor in the position required.

An attractive bookcase can be made of shelves and spools placed one upon the other at each end between the shelves, if the spools are of exactly the same size. When such a case is painted and varnished it will look very pretty.

How many of you have ever tried filling pin cushions with coffee grounds. They should be thoroughly dried in the oven and mixed with ground spices of all kinds. The delicate odor is delightful and will last a long time. The needles and pins are more easily slipped into the cushions when they are filled in this manner.

If you wish to clean window shades which are only dust soiled, try to freshen the surface of them by using hot cornmeal. Spread the shades first on a large table and rub the meal in by a circular motion, of the palm. Then rub gently

with a soft dry cloth, the meal and the dust it has absorbed will be removed without leaving a trace of either.

Here is a little poem which someone might enjoy reading.

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling;
When your coffee isn't hot,
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure, it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.
Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling;
But it cannot make them worse—
Just smiling,
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

I am very fond of reading and also love to do fancy work, especially crocheting. I would like to correspond with some of the sisters, especially those interested in fancy work. I will try and answer all letters that I receive.

VIOLA M. ROBINSON, 156 Court St., West Haven, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As a number have written asking how I make my star rugs, I will reply through the columns of this dear paper for the benefit of all.

I cut from heavy black cloth thirty squares, seven by seven inches. I then take my six-pointed tin star, which is five and one half inches from tip of point to the opposite tip and place in the center of square, then with zephyr needle and Germantown yarn (double the yarn) work back and forth until the points are all covered, then cover again with a contrasting color, the third time with the same I used first, then with sharp-pointed scissors cut through lengthwise of each point of star. This makes a striped star. I have a plain red one in each corner, then some are pink and green, others red and yellow, dark and light blue, etc., while I have some of three colors, green, cream and pink by covering points one third with green, then taking pink, and working until within one third of tip, then finishing out ends with cream color.

When stars are finished I sew them together, line rug with suitable material and put heavy fringe on the ends.

I have just bound my year's number of COMFORT. The outside leaves containing advertisements I cut off, laid papers together evenly, and with a pegging awl pierced holes two inches apart along the back of magazines, then put darning needle threaded with double cord (fine spool wire may be used and ends twisted) through points on each side of board as you paste a strip of new cloth on back of papers. Next I cut two pieces of pasteboard a trifle larger than the magazines, these I covered with a pretty shade of heavy paper and on the one for the front cover I put an appropriate picture, the word COMFORT and the key and the figures 1907.

When dry I laid covers down right side up and one inch apart and pasted on a strip of new dark cloth two inches wide, when dry I took two strips of cloth one inch wide and pasted edges of same on each side of back of magazines. I put a heavy coating of paste on back, also on outer edges of strips one inch wide. Then set it evenly in center of strip as we get for propped it up straight and let it dry over night. Now I have them all together and so handy to refer to.

I recently made a pretty ornament by covering a fancy shaped jug with putty, then sticking on odd buttons, shells, etc. One can bronze it if they choose; but I prefer the ornaments in their natural colors.

If any are troubled with worms at roots of plants, place slices of raw potatoes on top of soil at night in the morning you will find the worms feeding upon them, when slices get dry and brown replace with fresh ones. A good preventive is to water occasionally with ammonia water, one teaspoonful (such as we get for laundry purposes) to one quart of water.

The gummed part of unsealed circulars is useful to label canned fruit, mend a tear in sheet music etc.

Sisters, you who can, please write to me, I would be especially glad to receive letters from Cal., Fla., Va., N. Y., Ariz. and N. Mex.

MRS. BERTHA CHIFFS, Vermontville, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We have had dear old COMFORT in our family for over three years, and each month it seems almost impossible to await the arrival of the next issue. It is the most helpful and interesting magazine I have ever seen.

Isn't Uncle Charlie a wonder? His shut-in and religious work among the suffering and needy is surely beautiful.

I am a farmer's daughter, and am very glad of it too, because I do not fancy the city the least bit. I have chestnut-brown hair, dark blue eyes, and round face, am about five feet, three inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-eight pounds and was seventeen April 2nd.

I love to do housework and all kinds of fancy work. Also like to milk the cows and tend to little chickens. Mother had five hundred and seventy-eight little chicks hatched last spring. Don't you think that was a good-sized flock? We live on a farm of about one hundred and eighty acres, but most of it is in grass and woodland although father tills some of it. We had a beautiful garden last summer too, there were all kinds of vegetables in it that one could mention.

We are a family of eight, mother, father, four brothers, and just the sweetest, dearest, cutest little baby sister in the world so we think. There is a darling little angel sister in Heaven, who was taken from this world before she encountered any of its trials and hardships. Although her death nearly broke mother's heart, we all look forward to a joyful meeting in "The Time to Come." Do any of you know the hymn entitled "The Sweet By and By"? Mother knew it when a girl, but has forgotten all but a few words. She would be very grateful to see it in the Sisters' Corner. I think this little poem should be read and then the letter should be written.

If you have a gray-haired mother,
And from home you are away;
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day,
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach Heaven's pearly gates;
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say;
Don't wait till you forget it
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

The tender word unsoken,
The letter never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent;
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them,
Before it is too late.

Now dear sisters, while I know we all love mother dearly in so doing we must not forget that we have a father, am sure he likes to know that his children love him, quite as much as she does. Don't you all agree with me?

I am going to try to help some of you a tiny bit. To the sisters who are mothers also, I would say: During a baby's second summer, when it seems cross and fretful, don't forget to crush a small piece of ice, and put in a glass with a teaspoonful of whiskey, give it to the little one three or four times a day or until it becomes better. My mother has frequently used this simple remedy to the great relief of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 25 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

TAKE the elevator please, and get up into my lap. Toby and Billy the Goat will hand around palm leaf fans, while Maria will deal out the ice cream. August here; great Caesar's ghost. Before we know it, it will be Christmas. Old Father Time certainly does get a wiggle on these days. That reminds me of a very important fact, something I don't intend you to forget. I shall celebrate my birthday on the 25th of next month. I shall expect everyone of you to be on hand to celebrate. If you cannot come in the flesh, I want you to butt in in the spirit. Of course you are all anxious to know what sort of a present you can make me. I will tell you. I have had a special birthday edition of Uncle Charlie's Poems published, two thousand copies have been struck off; you can secure a copy by sending in five 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT—that is exactly one dollar. If two thousand of you do this little service for me I shall be able to hand Mr. Gannett ten thousand new members to the COMFORT family. I promised him I would get twenty-five thousand towards that two million we are trying to get. I did promise also to double our League membership and make it fifty thousand by November the first, but unless you make a tremendous effort we shall never accomplish that. We are now drawing near the thirty thousand, whereas we ought to be drawing near the fifty thousand mark. I feel confident that I could rely upon each one of you to bring in a new member, and secure that fifty thousand. But alas, as I told you once before, it is all very well to figure, and another thing to do. Some of you are all enthusiasm, all deeds, all hustle, while others are fast asleep, snoring the snore of indifference. I wish I could galvanize you into action, and get you all busy so that our League membership could be doubled by November first. Anyway, of one thing I want to make sure. I want you to make me a present of ten thousand new members to the COMFORT family as a birthday gift. If two thousand of you will go to work and earn a copy of this special edition of Uncle Charlie's Poems, we will have ten thousand subscribers. If you can't talk twenty cents out of the pocket of five different people, with a copy of COMFORT in your hand, enthusiasm in your heart, and the determination to get the swiftest book in the world, for half an hour's dead easy work, I shall be exceedingly disappointed with you who constitute my glorious family of nephews and nieces. Just try to get one sub per week, and you will have the five by the middle of September, the book will be yours, and ten thousand more people will come under the COMFORT influence, and learn the glorious lesson of love, virtue, mercy and brotherhood.

Remember, we get a wheel chair for every thousand new members that come into the League. Now that we have given you a picture of this chair, you can see what we are working for, and it certainly ought to inspire you to greater effort on behalf of suffering humanity. We won one chair in June, but only by the skin of our teeth. I cannot tell yet whether July was a blank or not, but I fear it was. It will be little short of a disgrace if we cannot win one chair every month. There are nearly thirty thousand members in this League, so if one in every thirty of you bring in a new League member we shall win the chair. It would be too terrible if we had to admit that we have not one alert, active, enthusiastic soul among every thirty of our League members. I hope the proportion of goodness is greater than this. If it is not, it is a sad outlook for our poor afflicted brothers and sisters.

I have told you all about our new buttons, but just let me remind you that the new handsome bronze badges can be secured by old League members by sending in a year's subscription, with ten cents extra, if you want the gilt badge, and five cents only if you want the new celluloid badge, which is exceedingly handsome by the way. I should like to see you all with your new bronze badge, as it is very swell. You might wear the celluloid one during the week, and the bronze one on Sunday and special occasions. Remember a letter list will be sent out to all those who renew their subs, and send in for new badges. The bronze League emblems come in various styles: Stick pin, charm or locket, button or brooch. State which you prefer when writing.

Just a word to shut-ins. Let me warn you all, when you have received assistance from the COMFORT family, not to let that money get into the hands of frauds. A lot of unscrupulous people with all sorts of fake cures, assure the sick they can restore them to health for various sums, from \$5 upwards. My advice to shut-ins is, to hang on to your money, and let no fraud or fakir rob you of it.

Anyone who would like to take a hard-working, healthy, active girl of twenty-four into their homes, write me.

Now for the letters:

DICKSON, R. D. 4, TENN., April 29, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I am fourteen years of age, weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds and am four feet and ten inches in height; have black eyes and black hair and a very fair complexion. I live on a farm of one hundred and sixty-five acres.

I received my card and button and I think they are nice. I enjoy reading the letters from the cousins and enjoy most of all your funny replies—I almost laugh myself silly. Uncle do you love music? I have a mandolin, guitar and harp, and can play and sing nicely. I wish you and Billy the Goat were here to listen while I play and sing alto. I am the cook here at home, and I do all the ironing. Mamma has just got through scolding her hams. We live in a small town of about one hundred and forty inhabitants and we have, oh, so much fun here in summer fishing and the boys play ball. I wish you were here to be the umpire and Toby the hind catcher. I can do work of most all kinds. I am our Sunday school's assistant secretary. We are all preparing for Easter. I am going to read an essay, subject: Is the Bible Essential to the Prosperity of the World? Do you think it's a nice subject? Uncle, I will try to get all the League members I can in this community, so give my love to all cousins and tell them to write to me. I will try to answer all letters. I remain your niece and cousin.

MARY DICKERSON (No. 23,411).

I am glad, Mary, that my replies to the cousins' letters afford you so much healthy, wholesome merriment. A good laugh is the best medicine in the world. The man who can make the world laugh is a public benefactor, there are alas too many who are ready to make the world cry. The world is full of "Gloomy Guesses" and "Sunny Jims" and "Rollicking Charlies" are few and far between. Yes, Mary I do love music, I love it passionately. The sweetest music in the world to me is the rustling of the one dollar bill that comes to me every month when I draw my pay. I should be very glad to come hear you sing, Mary, if you will put up a sum sufficient to keep all those dependent on me. I should not like to risk my life, unless you are willing

to put up about half a million, I for my part, will not take the risk. You see if you were going to sing soprano, I would stand a chance of recovery, though as a rule one experience with a soprano singer generally makes a man a helpless physical wreck for life. Alto is about three times more deadly than soprano. There is only one thing more deadly than one alto singer, and that is two alto singers. Anyhow, Mary, I'll agree to be a victim if you'll do the right thing by my relatives. I am sorry your mother has scalded her hams, but trust with proper care she will come out all right.

ESBON, KANS., May 21, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Here comes a jolly cousin from happy Kansas, the sunflower state. Uncle, do you ever see any sunflowers in Maine? If you haven't come to Kansas, and I will show you some that you can climb and never tear your pants. The sunflowers are as big as a common maple tree and the heads are as big as the sun. Uncle I have described the sunflowers and now I will describe myself.



LUTHER T. MCFARLAND, Berea, R. D. No. 1, N. C., seated in his new wheel chair presented by COMFORT'S League of Cousins, getting his first peep of the world after six years' imprisonment on a bed of suffering. Read his letter that follows.

Dear Uncle Charlie:

I can never tell you how grateful I feel to you and the members of COMFORT'S League of Cousins for your kindness in securing for me a wheel chair. I received it on May 14th. The next day I was placed in it and relied out on the porch, and there I gazed on the beautiful out-door world, of which I had been deprived for so many years. It was the greatest pleasure of my life to be again where I could see the beautiful green grass, the flowers in their blossom, and watch the little birds as they sang in the trees, breathe the fresh air and bask in the sunshine. The movement inaugurated by COMFORT has brought so much happiness and pleasure to other poor unfortunate shut-ins, as well as to myself, has been made possible by the combined efforts of hundreds of noble souls, each doing a little deed of love, and the sum total of these deeds has given me a chair and released me from my long dreary imprisonment, and given me the pleasure of seeing the world for the first time in six years. I feel that I shall be greatly benefited by my wheel chair, and only hope that I may be permitted to get well, so that in some future day, I may also be able to help some poor unfortunate shut-in in the same way. I am sending you a photo of myself taken in the chair which I hope will show you my cause is a deserving one. I also want to thank you and the members of the C. L. O. C. for the shower of post cards, flowers and sweet and encouraging letters with which I've been blessed. I have to spend a good part of my time alone, but the monotony is much relieved by correspondence with cousin friends, who write me such cheering letters, letters that are so full of inspiration it gives one in my condition something to think of and takes the mind off the sufferings of this poor frame of clay.

Again thanking you all for your help, may God bless you all and prosper the publisher of COMFORT in his noble efforts in behalf of the shut-ins.

Your loving nephew, LUTHER T. MCFARLAND, Berea, R. D. 1, N. C.

I have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, am fifteen years of age, weigh one hundred pounds. My birthday is in the hot days of August. Is yours in the cold days of December? If so I will send you a snowball for a birthday present. I have four brothers and three sisters. Two sisters and two brothers-in-law take COMFORT and they think it is the best paper published. We raise corn, wheat, oats and potatoes, also horses, cattle, hogs and sheep.

Uncle Charlie, I have an old maid spotted for you. Bring Billie the goat, and come out and she will cook you a meal that will last for seven Sundays. I have got a goat for a pet and he will entertain Billie while the old maid entertains you. Uncle this is the first letter I have written to the League, and if I don't see this letter in print, I will come to Maine and pull that one hair out of your head.

Your loving Kansas niece,

GLADYS LEWIS (No. 16,311).

Gladys, charmed to hear from you, I regret to say that I am not in a condition to climb sunflowers just now. If you remember a little while ago, I told you I had no pants and was walking around in a barrel. Now can you conceive how I could possibly climb a sunflower with my shape encased in a barrel. I think that would be the height of impossibility. We have no sunflowers in Maine. We have two or three ice plants, and that is the only kind of flora we can raise in these Arctic regions. It is very kind of you to "deserve yourself." I trust the operation was not painful. No Gladys, my birthday is not in December, but on the 25th of September, and I want neither hair brushes nor snowballs for presents. Gladys, in your letter you say: "Uncle Charlie, I have an old maid spotted for you." I am surprised, nay more than surprised, I am shocked. How could you find it in your heart to be so cruel as to "spot" an old maid? How many spots did you put on her, and in what part of her anatomy are the spots located, on her face, or elsewhere? Did you paint the spots on, and what color are they? Do you mean to tell me that the old lady sat still while you were "spotting" her? If you go around spotting old maids, you will land in the pettin'ary sure. Another thing, if I have an old maid at all I would prefer her unspotted. I do not want you marking up all the old maids and spoiling their beauty. The only spot I ever could tolerate on an old maid would be a ten dollar

spot, and rest assured I would change that just as soon as I could get my hooks on it. This spotting old maids must stop right here.

SHELTON, WASH., May 26, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Well, here I come to try my luck again. That Billy the Goat ate my last letter up for his supper, so I did not see my letter in print. I hope he is not hungry this time.

I am going to school now. My teacher's name is Mrs. E. Sherman I think. She has taught thirty years. This term will be the last one she will teach. She has taught two terms here in this district. I have one mile and a half to walk to school. There is not very many going to school this term. I have two brothers that go to school with me.

Well, it is about time to be putting in gardens.

My, but the grass has grown the last few days and it is so green. Last fall papa went hunting. He took the old dog and one of the other dogs. They ran one deer. The old dog did not come in so papa came home. He thought the dog would come that night, but he did not, and he did not return home for five days. The day that he came home, one of our neighbors saw him go by their place in the morning at six o'clock. They said that he could not walk but with two feet at a time. I took a rope and went to try and lead him home but I could not, for he could not walk. I told you he knew me right away. I looked him all over then left my little sister with him. I ran home told my mother about him. Then I got the wheelbarrow, something for him to eat, and went back where he was. I gave him time to eat and with my mother's help, put him on the wheelbarrow, and wheeled him home and gave him something more to eat and made him a good bed, and with mother's help put him on his bed. I, tell you he was a bad looking dog, he had no use of his hind parts. He was four hours and one half going not quite a mile. He was three weeks getting well. We think that some other hunters got him, and almost ran him to death. I tell you it was hard to see the poor dog try to walk. And the worst of all they left him in the woods to die. But he said: "No, I shall not die here, I will go home to die." After he got better, he ran quite a few wild cats and treed one. That dog has been through many a hard ship.

I must now bring my letter to close. I hope to receive some pretty postals from the cousins.

I remain your true niece,

SADIE M. HENSEL (No. 18,159).

one dog, his name is Dan, he is brown. I have lots of fun. I have no sister or brother so I have to play with my pets. Well uncle, I will close as my letter is long enough. All cousins write to me.

Your niece and cousin, MARIE HOFFMAN.

Marie, as you have tried so strenuously to get into print, I have not the heart to refuse you this time. You say "this is the fourth time I have written." What is the fourth time anyhow? I have never heard of that number. I presume you mean fourth time. You also say you never saw your letter in print. Marie, I do not allow little girls to saw their letters in print or out of print, except when Billy saws them with his teeth. I am not very fond of saws, and I'll tell you why; an old grandmother of mine died some while ago, and left me sixty-nine cents with which I went into the lumber business. I erected a fine lumber mill, with the most beautiful buzz saw you ever saw. That saw had the dandiest and most elegant teeth both back and front. Well, Marie, I didn't have that saw more than two days before all its teeth began to ache, and the saw was in such pain I had to send for the dentist and have a lot of its teeth pulled. Next day some more of the teeth began to ache, and the saw cried and was in such pain and misery, I had the dentist pull them all out. Then the saw was toothless and would not work, and I had to pull the mill down. Marie, if you ever buy a saw I hope that its teeth will never ache. You say you are four "fett" eleven inches. How strange! I thought you were a little girl and not four "fett". What is a "fett" anyhow? Maybe you mean feet. Are you really four feet eleven inches? If you have four feet you have a bright prospect before you as the star in a side show at a museum. The only thing I know that is four feet eleven inches is the tape measure. Who is this Jack Frost who has been paying visits to all the cousins, and spoiling their fruit gardens? Marie, if that fellow Jack Frost ever comes around your way again send for the police and have him arrested. What right has this scoundrel to be ravaging the country. Marie, when you get tired of playing with Dan and Lilly, remember you have another pet, Uncle Charlie, come and play with him. Your letter is fine for a little girl, and I send you a great big kiss for it.

WHELEN SPRINGS, ARK., May 1, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I take the greatest pleasure in writing you a short letter to put in print for the first time. I hope Billy the Goat will lift off somewhere when you get this. Well uncle, I live on a farm just one mile from the little city of Whelen, there is just one store there, but it is doing a big business.

I like to live on a farm for people can raise everything that they can eat. Well uncle, I'll soon be nineteen years old, and only weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, isn't I a big fellow to my age? I ought to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds anyway. I've got dark hair and blue eyes. I've got two sisters, one is married and the other wants to marry, but as for myself I will let you guess about that. Most of the letters in COMFORT are interesting, but mine won't be for I can't think of much to write. Your nephew,

JESSE WILLETT.

Jesse, I should like to see the city of Whelen Springs, with its one store. There is one advantage in living in a city with only one store, you do not have to waste time speculating where you are going to do your trading. I should like to see the main street of Whelen Springs at its busiest hour. I remember when I was in Whelen Springs some years ago, I had to wait for three hours for a break in the traffic before I could cross the street. If I had attempted to cross sooner I should certainly have been run over. It is a beautiful sight to stand in the main street of Whelen Springs, as I did on a memorable occasion, fairly awed with the roar and rush of the never ceasing traffic that seethed through its principal thoroughfare. In one whole day, I counted no less than two hogs and one grasshopper upon the main street of Whelen Springs all at once. I don't wonder that Whelen Springs' one store is doing a rushing business. Jesse, you say, that in your neighborhood, you raise everything you eat. I am glad to say that in this neighborhood we never raise anything we eat, we keep it all down. It is never good to raise what you eat, people who do so must be chronic dyspeptics, and in need of medical attention. Maybe, Jesse, that is why you only weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds when you ought to weigh one hundred and fifty. Give my regards to that sister of yours who wants to marry. Tell her not to be in a hurry, and be sure to get Mr. Right. Speaking for myself, I think I am about near right as they make them, and trust you will put in a good word for me.

WESTPORT, April 27, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have not written to you since I joined the league, now I write asking if you essept contributins for COMFORT, if not let me know and I will go right to work. Next time I write I will send money enough to pay for my COMFORT for to years and for another league badge. Wishing you good luck, I remain lovingly your cousin,

ARTHUR S. CRAM (No. 3,531).

Cousin Arthur, I am pleased to get your letter, which I have printed as received, and will answer your inquiries to the best of my ability. You ask us if we "essept contributins". Honestly, Arthur, I don't know whether we do or not. I can find no record of any such things on the premises. Billy the Goat says that he would not mind a "contributain" if you would sprinkle it over with a few glass bottles and throw in a couple of railroad ties on the side for a chaser. Would you kindly describe one of these "contributins", and maybe I could give a better idea of whether we could use it or not in our business. Toby says he is of the opinion that you mean accept contributions. If that is what you really mean, Arthur, and I trust that it is, I will immediately answer in the affirmative. We do accept contributions, at least I do. Any sum you care to send from five cents up to fifty thousand dollars will be gladly accepted. You can send it either in gold or currency, by freight or wireless. I will devote half to the wheel chair fund, and use the rest to put another cellar on the roof of our chicken coop, and what is left over I will spend for a new outfit of clothes as I am tired of walking in a barrel, so I advise you to get to work just as you suggest. Toby is of the opinion that you mean literary and not financial contributions. If this is the case, Arthur, I am afraid I must reply in the negative, for though I know that your literary contributions would be of a very high order of merit, we already have the ice box full of literary contributions from the cousins. I have one shelf full of pottery, and another shelf that is not pottery, but makes a noise very much like it. If you wish to add to the collection in the ice box I will promise you I will immediately send you a check from Toby's pants. This is the currency with which I pay for literary contributions from the cousins. We only use one card of membership Arthur, for a cousin. Once a member always a member. It would not do to have one cousin with half a dozen cards and numbers. I am glad that you will soon subscribe for another two years. Those are the kind of contributions we are looking for. You say: "I remain, loving your cousin." I have so many cousins, Arthur, you had better tell me which one it is you love. Maybe she is not aware that she is the object of your affections, and I would like to put her wise to the fact. If anybody loves one of my cousins I feel that I am entitled to know which one it is. Now be a good boy Arthur and do not forget the contributions. Send about ten thousand in gold to start with, and the rest in currency as soon as possible.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., April 24th, 1908.

MY DEAR MR. DOUGLAS: I trust you will overlook the liberty I am taking in writing to you but I am seeking sympathy and hope to get it from you. Last August I fell and received injuries from which I have never recovered. About a month ago I became paralyzed seemingly—I lost the complete usage of myself from waist down. I had doctors until my money ran out, and that wasn't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

GREENCASTLE, Mo., May 2, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Uncle, this makes the fourth time I have written and I am sorry I have never saw it in print yet.

Well Uncle, I will describe myself. I am four feet and ten inches; have dark hair and eyes and am eleven years of age. I live on a farm two miles and half from the nearest town. We were going to have so much fruit but Jack Frost visited us and I think we will not have much now. In March we had the warmest weather and now it is cold. We have six kittens, they are all pets. They will come when you call them by their names. Besides kitty we have

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there was no music to sweeten Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The door is closed and the child is gone. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepzibah Thompson objects. Curious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who is she, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepzibah Thompson. Milly realizes she isn't Milly Hawkins like Ann Hepzibah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home. She meets Lawrence Thornton, and she confides to him the story of her life. He advises her to run away to Boston. Cousin Geraldine Velle is a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and he rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hepzibah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows into his heart, and he promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Chelmsford Seminary with Lillian Velle. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Velle. How will it end? Milly writes a letter for Lillian inviting Lawrence to visit Beechwood. Mr. Thornton requests Lawrence to make Lillian his wife, and not fool with Milly, who is of unknown parentage. Does his father know for certain she is not the child of sister Helen? Milly admits she loves someone as much as Lillian loves Lawrence Thornton, but refuses to give his name. Lawrence goes to Beechwood. On his way he again reads the letter received from Lillian. There must be more in her heart than her conversation indicates. Lillian tells Lawrence, Milly is in love and the clouds gather. Milly goes to Oliver in her trouble. Oliver rescues Lawrence from drowning; Milly hears the outcry and calling Lillian they go to Lawrence. They think he is dead and the Judge overhears Milly say, "He is mine now as much as you are." Lawrence is afraid of death and shrinks from going. Judge Howell is out of patience and orders Lillian back to the house and prepare the chamber for the body. Milly breathes her breath into Lawrence's lungs and he lives. Clubs tells Milly the name Lawrence speaks when he is sinking. Judge Howell enlightens Lawrence of Lillian's selfishness and Milly's devotion, and Lawrence begs if he may tell Milly of his love. His proposal to Milly is interrupted by Lillian who overhears him; she is prostrated. Lawrence and Lillian return to Boston. Lillian confides her disappointment to Geraldine. Lawrence writes to Milly asking her to be his wife. Geraldine informs Mr. Thornton to visit Milly. He has other wishes for his son. Lillian is to be his wife, and he exacts a promise from Milly to refuse Lawrence. Judge Howell overhears Milly's promise and her grief. He will see that Milly keeps her word. She writes Lawrence she cannot be his wife. Lawrence writes another letter and waits for results.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PLOTTER AT WORK.

"I wonder if the Western mail is in yet," and Geraldine Velle glanced at the young man reading upon the sofa, and then resumed her crocheting. "I was just thinking the same," returned Lawrence, consulting his watch. "I wonder what took him to Albany?"

"The same old story—business, business," answered Geraldine. "He is very much embarrassed, he tells me, and unless he can procure money he is afraid he will have to fail. Lily might let him have hers, I suppose, if it were well secured."

Lawrence did not reply; he was just then thinking more of his expected letter than of his father's failure, and taking his hat he walked rapidly to the office. There were several letters in the Thornton box that night, but Lawrence cared for only one, and that was one bearing the Mayfield postmark. He knew it was from Milly. Too impatient to wait until he reached his home, he tore the letter open in the street, and read it, three times, before he could believe that he read aright, and that he was rejected.

Crumping the cruel lines in his hand, he hurried on through the street, after a brief, knowing nothing where he was going and caring less, so suddenly and crushingly had the blow fallen upon him. "I cannot be your wife—I cannot be your wife!" he heard it ringing in his ears, turn which way he would, and with it at last came the maddening thought that the reason she could not be his wife was that she loved another. Oliver had been deceived, the Judge had been deceived. But he exonerated Milly from all blame. She had never encouraged him by a word or look, except indeed when she sat by him upon the sofa, and he thought he saw in her speaking face that she was not indifferent to him. But he was mistaken. He knew it now, and, with a wildly beating heart and whirling brain, he wandered on and on, until the evening shadows were beginning to fall. Then he turned homeward, where more than one waited anxiously his coming.

Mr. Thornton had returned, and, entering his house just after Lawrence left it, had communicated to Geraldine the result of his late adventure.

"Do you think she'll keep her promise?" Geraldine asked.

But Mr. Thornton could not tell, and both watched nervously for Lawrence. Geraldine was the first to see him; she stood upon the stairs when he came into the hall. The gas was already lighted, showing the ghastly whiteness of his face, and by that she knew that Milly Howell had kept her word. An hour later when Geraldine knocked softly at his door and heard his reply, "Engaged," she muttered, "but not to Lily Howell though," and then went to her own room.

The next morning Lawrence came down to breakfast looking so haggard and worn that his father involuntarily asked if he were sick.

"No, not sick," was Lawrence's hurried answer, as he picked at the snowy roll and affected to sip his coffee.

"You have had bad news, I'm sure," said Geraldine, throwing into her manner as much concern as possible.

Lawrence made no reply. "I was a little fearful of such denouement," Geraldine continued, "for, as I hinted to you on Friday, I was almost certain she fancied young Hudson. He called her last evening—and seemed very conscious when I casually mentioned her name. What reason does she give for refusing you?"

"None, whatever," said Lawrence, upsetting the chair on which his feet were placed.

"That's strange," returned Geraldine, intently

studying the pattern of the carpet as if she would there find a cause for the strangeness. "Never mind, coz," she added, laughingly, "don't let one disappointment break your heart. There are plenty of girls besides Milly Howell; so let her have young Hudson, if she prefers him."

No answer came from Lawrence, who was beginning to be dreadfully jealous of young Hudson. "It may be. It may be," he thought, "but why couldn't she have told me so? Why leave me entirely in the dark? Does she fear the wrath of Hudson's mother in case I should betray her?"

Yes, that was the reason he believed, and he resolved to write again, and ask her, and for getting his father's request that he should "come down to the office as soon as convenient," he spent the morning in writing to Milly a second time. He had intended to tell her that he guessed the reason of her refusal, but instead of that he poured out his whole soul in one passionate entreaty, for her to think again, and reconsider her decision. No other one could love her as he did, he said, and he besought of her to give him one word of hope to cheer the despair which had fallen so darkly around him. The letter being sent, Lawrence sat down in a kind of apathetic despair to await the result.

"What, hey, the boy has written, has he?" and adjusting his gold specs, the old Judge looked to see if the eight pages Finn had just given to him were really from Lawrence Thornton. "He's got good grit," said he, "and I like him for it, but banged if I don't teach Bobum a lesson. My girl not good enough for his boy! I'll show him. She looks brighter today than she did. She ain't going to let it kill her, and as there's no use worrying her for nothing, I shan't let her see this. But I can't destroy it, nor read it neither. So, I'll just put it where the old Nick himself couldn't find it," and touching the hidden spring of a secret drawer, he hid the letter which Milly, encouraged by Oliver, had half expected to receive.

But he repented of the act when he saw how disappointed she seemed when he met her at the supper-table, and though he had no idea of giving her the letter, he thought to make amends some other way.

"I have it," he suddenly exclaimed, as he sat alone in his library, after Milly had gone to bed. "I'll dock off five thousand from that missionary society and add it to Spittire's portion. The letter ain't worth more than that," and satisfied he was making the best possible reparation, he brought out his will and made the alteration, which took from the missionary society enough to feed and clothe several clergymen a year.

Four days more brought another letter from Lawrence Thornton—larger, heavier than the preceding one, and worth, as the Judge calculated, about ten thousand dollars. So he placed that amount to Milly's credit, by way of quieting his conscience. One week more, and there came another.

"Great heaven!" groaned the Judge as he gave Milly the last five thousand dollars, and left the missionaries nothing. "Great heaven, what will I do next?" and he glanced ruefully at the clause commencing with "I give and bequeath to Oliver Hawkins," etc. "Two't do to meddle with that," said he, and in his despair the Judge began to consider the expediency of praying that no more letters should come from Lawrence Thornton.

Remembering, however, that in the prayer book there was nothing suited to that emergency, he gave up that wild project and concluded that if Lawrence wrote again he would answer it himself, but this he was not compelled to do, for Lawrence grew weary at last, and calling his pride to his aid resolved to leave Milly to herself, and neither write again nor seek an interview with her, as he had thought of doing. No more letters came from him, but on the day when his father's mortgages were due, the Judge received one from Mr. Thornton begging for a little longer time, and saying, that unless it were granted he was a ruined man.

"Ruined or not, I shall foreclose," muttered the Judge. "I'll teach him to say Gypsy isn't good enough for his boy."

Looking a little further, he read that Lawrence was going to Europe.

"What for, nobody knows," wrote Mr. Thornton. "He will not listen to reason, and I suppose he will sail in a few days. I did not imagine he loved you Milly so much, and sometimes I have regretted my interference, but it is too late now, I dare say."

This last was thrown out as a bait, at which Mr. Thornton hoped the Judge might catch. The fact that Milly was an heiress had produced a slight change in his opinion of her, and he would not now greatly object to receiving her as his daughter-in-law. But he was far too proud to say so—he would rather the first concession should come from the Judge, who, while understanding perfectly the hint, swore he would not take it.

"If anybody comes round it'll be himself," he said. "I won't extend the time either. I'll see Lawyer Monroe this very day, but first I'll tell Gypsy that the boy is off for Europe," and in a moment Milly was at his side.

She saw the letter in his hand and hope whispered that it came from Lawrence. But the Judge soon undeceived her.

"Spittire," said he, "Bobum writes that Lawrence is going to Europe to get over his love-sickness. He sails in a few days. But, what the deuce, girl, are you going to faint?"

And he wound his arm around her to prevent her falling to the floor.

The last hope was swept away, and, while the Judge tried in vain to soothe her, asking her what difference it made whether he were in Halifax or Canada, inasmuch as she had pledged herself not to marry him, she answered:

"None, none, and yet I guess I thought he'd come to see me, or write or something. Oliver said he would and the days are so dreary without him."

The Judge glanced at the hidden drawer, feeling strongly tempted to give her the letters it contained, but his temper was up in time to prevent it, and muttering to himself "Hanged if I do," he proceeded to tell her how by and by the days would not be so dreary, for she would forget Lawrence and find someone else to love, and then he added, suddenly brightening up, "there'll be some fun in seeing me plague Bobum. The mortgages are due today, and the dog has written for more time, saying he's a ruined man unless I give it to him. Let him be ruined then. Maybe then he'll think you good enough for his boy. I'm going up this very day to see my lawyer," and he pushed her gently from him.

Milly knew comparatively nothing of business, but she understood that Judge Howell had it in his power to ruin Mr. Thornton, or not just as he pleased, and, though she had no cause for liking the latter, he was Lawrence's father, and she resolved to do what she could in his behalf, and she asked him to tell her exactly how matters stood between himself and Mr. Thornton.

He complied with her request, and when he had finished, she said:

"If you choose, then, you can give him more time and so save him from a failure, is that it?"

"Yes, yes that's it," returned the Judge a little petulantly. "But I ain't a mind to. I'll humble him, the wretch!"

Milly never called Judge Howell father except on special occasions, although he had often wanted her to do so, but she called him "father" now, and asked "if he loved her very much."

"Yes, love you a heap more than you deserve,"

but 'tain't no use to beg off for Bob Thornton, for I shall foreclose—banged if I don't."

"No, no. You mustn't," and Milly's arms closed tightly round his neck. "Listen to me, father. Give him more time for Milly's sake. My heart is almost broken now, and it will kill me quite to have him ruined, for Lawrence, you know would suffer most. Won't you write to him that he can have all the time he wants? You don't need the money, and you'll feel so much better, for the Bible says they shall be blessed who forgive their enemies. Won't you forgive Mr. Thornton?"

She kissed his forehead and kissed his lips—she caressed his rough bearded cheek, while all the while her arms pressed tighter around his neck, until at last he gasped:

"Heaven and earth, Gypsy, you are choking me to death."

Then she released him, but continued her gentle pleading until the Judge was fairly softened, and he answered:

"Good thunder, what can a fellow do with such eyes looking into his, and such a face close to his own. Yes, I'll give Bobum a hundred years if you say so, though nobody else under heaven could have coaxed me into it."

And in this the Judge was right, for none save Milly could have induced him to give up his cherished scheme.

"Tain't none of my doings though," he wrote in his letter to Mr. Thornton. "It's all Gypsy's work. She clambered into my lap, and coaxed, and tensed, and cried, till I finally had to give in, though it went against the grain, Bobum. Hadn't you better twit her again with being low and mean, ugh, you dog!"

This letter the Judge would not send for a week or more, as he wished to torment Mr. Thornton as long as possible, never once thinking that by withholding it he was doing a wrong to Milly. Mr. Thornton was not without kindly feelings, and had the letter been received before Lawrence's departure, he might perhaps explained the whole to his son, for Milly's generous interference in his behalf touched his heart. But when the letter came Lawrence was already on the ocean, and as the days went on, his feelings of gratitude gradually subsided, particularly as Geraldine, who knew nothing of the circumstances, often talked to him of a marriage between Lawrence and Lillian as something sure to take place.

"Give him a little time to overcome his foolish fancy," she said, "and all will yet be right."

So Mr. Thornton, over whom Geraldine possessed an almost unbounded influence satisfied his conscience by writing to Milly a letter of thanks, in which he made an attempt at an apology for anything he might have said derogative to her birth and parentage.

With a proud look upon her face, Milly burned the letter, which seemed to her so much like an insult, and then with a dull, heavy pain at her heart, she went about her accustomed duties, while the Judge followed her languid movements with watchful and sometimes tearful eyes whispering often to himself:

"I didn't suppose she loved the boy so well. Poor Milly! Poor Milly!"

Oliver too said, "Poor Milly, poor Milly," more than once when he saw how the color faded from her cheeks and the brightness from her eyes. His own health on the contrary, improved, and in the autumn he went back to college, leaving Milly more desolate than ever. All through the long, dreary winter she was alone in her sorrow. Lillian never wrote, Oliver but seldom, while, worse than all, there came no news from the loved one over the sea, except, indeed, toward spring, when a Boston lady who was visiting in Mayfield brought the rumor that he was expected back before long to marry Lillian Velle; the young couple would remain at home, as Mr. Thornton wished his son to live with him.

The woman who repeated this to Milly, wondered at her indifference, for she scarcely seemed to hear, certainly not to care, but the storm within was terrible, and when alone in the privacy of her chamber it burst forth with all its force, and kneeling by the bedside she asked that she might die before another than herself was the bride of Lawrence Thornton. Poor, poor little Milly!

CHAPTER XV.

OLIVER AND LAWRENCE.

The dreary winter had passed away, the warm April sun shone brightly upon the college walls, and stealing through the muslin-shaded window looked smilingly into the room where two young men were sitting, one handsome, manly and tall, the other deformed, effeminate and slight, but with a face which showed that suffering endured so long and patiently had purified the heart within and made it tenfold better than it might otherwise have been. The latter was Oliver Hawkins, and he sat talking with Lawrence Thornton, who had surprised him half an hour before by coming suddenly into his room when he supposed him far away.

During the entire period of his absence, Lawrence had heard nothing of Milly, and it was to seek some information of her that he had called on Oliver. After the first words of greeting were over, he said:

"You hear from Beechwood, I suppose?"

"Occasionally," returned Oliver. "Milly does not write as often as she used to do."

"Then she's there yet?" and Lawrence waited anxiously for the answer.

"There, of course she is. Where did you suppose she was?"

Lawrence had in his mind a handsome dwelling looking out on Boston Common, with "T. Hudson," engraved upon the silver plate, and he fancied Milly might be there, but he did not say so; and to Oliver's question, he rather abruptly replied:

"Clubs, I've come home to be married!"

"To be married!" and in Oliver's blue eyes there was a startled look. "Married to whom? Surely not to Lillian Velle? You would not marry her?"

"Why not?" Lawrence asked, and before Oliver could answer he continued, "I must talk to someone, Clubs, and I may as well make you my father confessor. You know I proposed to Milly Howell? You know that she refused me?"

Oliver bowed his head, and Lawrence continued:

"She gave me no reason for her refusal, neither did she deign to answer either of the three letters I sent to her, begging of her to think again, or at least to tell me why I was rejected."

"There could be no mistake. She must have received some one of them, but she answered none, and in despair I went away, believing, as I do, that we were all deceived and she loved another. Wait—listen," he said, as he saw Oliver about to interrupt him.

Geraldine always wished me to marry Lillian, and until I learned how much I loved Milly Howell, I thought it very likely I should do so. She refused me, and now, though I have not said positively that I will marry Lillian, I have given Geraldine encouragement to think I would, and have made up my mind that I shall do so. She is a gentle, amiable creature, and though not quite as intellectual as I could wish, she will make me a faithful, loving wife. Poor little thing. Do you know Geraldine thinks that her mind has been somewhat affected by my proposing to Milly, and then going away?"

"If I remember right, her mind was never very sound."

Lawrence did not seem at all angry, but replied:

"I know she is not brilliant, but something certainly has affected her within the past few months. She used to write such splendid letters as to astonish me, but since I've been in Europe there is a very perceptible difference. Indeed the change was so great that I could not reconcile it until Geraldine suggested that her ill health and shattered nerves were probably the cause, and then I pitied her so much. There's not a very wide step between pity and love, you know."

Lawrence paused, and sat intently watching the sunlight on the floor, while Oliver was communing with himself.

"Shall I deceive him, or shall I suffer him to rush on his blindfolded, as it were? No, I will not. I saved him once for Milly, and I'll save him for her again."

Thus deciding, Oliver moved his chair nearer to Lawrence's side.

"Did it ever occur to you that another than Lillian wrote her letters—I mean, when she was in Charlestown, and at school and at Beechwood?"

"Clubs!" and Lawrence looked at him fixedly in the face. "Who should write Lillian's letters but herself? What would you insinuate?"

"Nothing but what I know to be true," returned Oliver. "Milly Howell always wrote Lillian's letters for her—always, Lillian copied them 'tis true, but the words were Milly's."

"Deceived me again," Lawrence hoarsely whispered. "I forgave her the first as a sudden impulse, but this systematic, long-continued deception, never. Oh, is there no faith in women?"

"Yes, Lawrence. There's faith and truth in Milly Howell," and Oliver's voice trembled as he said it, for he knew that of his own free will he was putting from him that which for the last few months had made the world seem brighter, had kindled a glow of ambition in his heart, and brought the semblance of health to his pale cheek.

Milly free was a source of greater happiness to him than Milly married would be—but not for this did he waver, and lest his resolution should give way, he told rapidly all that he knew of Lillian's intercourse with Milly—all that he knew of Mr. Thornton's visit to Beechwood—of the promise wrung from Milly by cruel insults, and by working upon her love for Lillian—of Milly's hopeless anguish at first—of her watching day by day for some word from Lawrence, until her starry eyes were dim with tears, and the hope washed the roses from her cheek, and the hope from out her heart—of her noble interference to save Mr. Thornton from ruin—of her desolate condition now, and of the agony it would cause her to hear of Lawrence's marrying another.

For several minutes Lawrence seemed like one in a dream. It had come upon him so suddenly as to suspend his power to move, and he sat staring blankly at Oliver, who at last brought him back to reality by saying:

"You will go to Beechwood at once?"

"Yes, yes," he answered; "this very day if possible. Clubs, I owe you more than I can ever repay. You saved me once from a watery grave, and now you have made me the happiest of men. I can understand much which seemed mysterious in father's manner. I always knew he was ambitious, but I did not think him capable of this cowardly act. God bless you, Clubs, as you deserve! I hear the whistle, and if I would see Milly before I sleep, I must be off. Good by!" and wringing Oliver's hand, he hurried away.

The night train for Albany had just gone from the Mayfield depot, and Judge Howell, who had come down to see a friend, was buttoning his coat preparatory to returning home, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a familiar voice called his name.

"Lawrence Thornton! Thunder, boy!" he exclaimed. "Where did you drop from?" And remembering how he had set his heart against the boy, as he called him, he tried to frown.

But it was all lost on Lawrence, who was too supremely happy to think of an old man's expression. Milly alone was uppermost in his thoughts, and following the Judge to his carriage, he whispered:

"Pluck!" exclaimed the Judge, disarmed at once of all prejudice by Lawrence's fearless manner of speaking. "Boy there's nothing pleases me like pluck! Give me your hand!" and in that hearty squeeze by-gones were forgotten and Lawrence fully restored to favor. "Now, drive home like lightning!" he said to Finn, as they entered the carriage; and as far as possible, Finn complied with his master's orders.

But during that rapid ride there was sufficient time for questions and explanations, and before Beechwood was reached the Judge had confessed to the letters withheld and his reason for withholding them.

"But I made amends," said he. "I docked the missionaries five thousand at one time, ten at another, and five at another. If you don't believe it I can show you the codicils, witnessed and acknowledged, so there'll be no mistake."

But Lawrence had no wish to discredit it. Indeed he scarcely heard what the Judge was saying, for the Boscawen windows were in view, and from one a light was shining, showing him where Milly sat, thinking of him, perhaps, but not dreaming how near he was to her.

"You let me manage," said the Judge, as he ran up the steps. "If Milly's sitting with her back to the door, I'll go in first, while you follow me on tiptoe. Then I'll break it to her as gently as possible, and when she screeches, as women always do, I'll be off; for you know an old dog like me would only be in the way."

Milly was sitting with her back to the door, and gazing fixedly into the fire. She was thinking of Lawrence too, and was so absorbed in her own thoughts, as not to hear the Judge until he had a hand on either shoulder and called her by name.

"Did I scare you, Gypsy?" he asked, as she started suddenly. "I reckon I did a little, for your heart beats like a trip hammer; but never mind, I've brought you something that's warranted to cure the heart disorder."

He did not need to tell her more, for directly opposite and over the marble mantel a mirror was hanging, and glancing upward, Milly burst forth in a wild, joyous cry of "Lawrence, Lawrence—'tis Lawrence!"

In an instant the Judge disappeared, leaving Lawrence and Milly alone, and free to tell each other of the long, long dreary days and nights which had intervened since they parted. Much Lawrence blamed her for having yielded to his father in a matter which so nearly concerned her own life's happiness, and at the mention of Mr. Thornton, Milly lifted up her head from its natural resting place, and said:

"But won't it be wicked for me to be your wife? Didn't my letter mean that I would never marry you?"

"No, it didn't," answered Lawrence, kissing the little hand he held. "You said you would refuse me and you did, but you never promised not to make up. I think the making up is splendid, don't you, darling?"

Whether she thought so or not she took it very quietly, and whenever the Judge looked in, as he did more than once, he whispered to himself:

"Guy, don't be snug up to her good, and don't she act as if she liked it?"

Ten, eleven, twelve, and even one the clock struck before that blissful interview was ended, and Lawrence had completed the arrangements, which he next morning submitted to the Judge for his approval. He would go to Boston that day, and would tell his father that Milly was to be his wife on the 20th of June, that being his birthday. After their bridal tour they would return to Beechwood, and remain with the Judge until he consented to part with Milly—then they would go to Boston and settle down into the happiest couple in the whole world. To all this the Judge assented, thinking the while that it would be sometime before he would be willing to part with Milly.

Breakfast being over, he gave Milly the letters so long withheld, but she did not care to read them then. She preferred joining Lawrence in the parlor, where there was another whispered conference, which ended with her running away upstairs, to avoid the quizzical glance of the Judge, who, nevertheless, called after her, asking "what that wet spot was on her cheek."

"You are a happy dog," he said to Lawrence, as he went with him to the carriage, adding as he bade him good by, "Give my regrets to Bobum, and tell him that what I said to him last fall are my sentiments still."

Lawrence promised compliance, and glancing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

The Sainly Heroine

By Ora Gilder Phillips

DAVIE held her hands in his powerful young ones, his dark head bent over her golden one, and his lips near her soft, little ear, asked eagerly:

"Will you? Will you? Will you? Tell me if you love me?"

Helen looked up at him, with an amused light in his blue eyes:

"Why Davie you make me laugh."

"Laugh, or not, I don't care. It won't change facts. I love you, and you do me. You know I do, don't you?"

He did look so handsome, so ardent, just the kind of a man to win and hold a woman's love. Helen Rathborne had not known Davie Gerton long, but her foolish little heart, stirred by his unaccustomed wooing, told her that she could never think of anyone else.

"Quick, don't keep me in suspense. Tell me. You love me, don't you now?" he continued, his white teeth flashing in a laugh, his black eyes passion-lit, his hands like iron on her slender wrists.

Her eyes had drooped again, but she, impelled by his strong personality, threw back her head, thinking to repulse, and then he kissed her, a wild, mad kiss, and she knew that she was his for eternity.

As it had been a quick wooing, so was the marriage day set at a day not long distant, and within six weeks from the day she had met him, Helen became Davie Gerton's wife.

All her friends, her relatives, she had no parents, objected, but the young man with his handsome, graceful manner, and brisk action, carried her off her feet, and she was delighted when she learned that they were to travel for some time.

During his brief visit to her country home, Helen had delighted in his elegant clothing, and was glad when he suggested that she need not provide herself with anything, but buy in the city, and as soon as they reached New York he had her fitted out in garments more lovely than anything she had dreamed of.

"They are too beautiful, Davie," she said again and again, but her husband only kissed her, saying in his abrupt way:

"Nothing too good. You love me? You know you do, don't you? Then kiss me!" and she was very happy, and wondered what he had seen in her, a simple country girl, to command such love, for he was in love, the passing stranger could see that.

They occupied an elegant suite of rooms in a big hotel at first, but soon she pleaded for a home.

"I don't care where it is, Davie, or how simple it is, just so we can have a place all our own."

"Not get lonely, really? Tell me, quick," he asked, kneeling by her side, and throwing his arms about her.

"Not if you are there, dear," she replied, stroking his dark hair, and smiling down into the animated young face. Sometimes it seemed as though she were the elder of the two.

"Honestly, Helen, are you happy, tell me, are you? Are you? I do love you so," this with a break in the voice.

"Love you, my husband," Helen cried, rising to her feet, and holding out her arms. "I sometimes wonder if anyone ever loved before, as I do you."

"Darling," came from the man's lips, strangely white, buried in her hair.

"Even if something bad should ever come?" came from those hidden, trembling lips.

"I married you, Davie, for better or for worse, and the worse, God grant it never come, will not take me from you," and then the matter was dropped, but Helen soon found herself delightfully established in a flat, where she could play at housekeeping all she wanted to, the work being done by servants of the building.

Once she had said quite casually:

"Davie, are you on Wall street?"

"Why, dear?" he asked, his eyes narrowing although she did not notice, for she was looking at some dainty sewing she was doing.

"One of the ladies here asked me. That is she said she supposed I was interested in Wall street, as all the ladies were, for the men today live there."

Davie stopped a moment. His eyes passed over his wife's bright hair, her tender eyes, and the dainty sewing, then he said softly:

"No dear, I am not on Wall street."

"What is your business? Do you know I married you without asking?" and she laughed a happy laugh, blushing slightly as she resumed her sewing.

The man's lips touched the white fingers, the bit of muslin and lace, as he replied with less abruptness than usual:

"No, not on Wall Street, but I always take odds in my business."

"I see," she smiled back. "You are a kind of a commission merchant?"

"Call it that, if you wish but now, darling, stroke my head, and read me something, if you feel like it."

Feel like it? Even he did not know how delighted she was to be able to do anything for him, and she did not know what ought her soft fingers evoked, as he lay there, watching her, not hearing a single word she was reading.

In time the baby was born, a girl, to Helen's disappointment, but Davie seemed pleased.

"It is hard to bring up a boy," he told her, a little to her surprise, and he grew more and more tender of her and Nellie, as they called the bit of humanity, who often pierced her father's heart as he sat looking at her, and the beautiful mother.

One evening, when Nellie was nearly a year old, Davie came in, a strange expression on his face. Sitting down by Helen's side, he asked gently:

"Helen, do you remember whether I was home with you all the night preceding Nellie's birth?"

"Yes, of course you were."

"Were you awake all night?"

"I think so, no, I remember, I felt so miserable, and at last you mixed me a little sleeping medicine, and I slept immediately, and when I awoke, it was a nice bright morning, and you were in the room, all dressed, but looking dreadfully bad, so pale, and Davie, you had a scratch over one eye."

That had been the most cruel thing of all, bringing him there, and forcing him to ask her that question, for it was her evidence which convicted him. In the midst of her happiness, safe in her wedded life which had never known a harsh expression, Helen learned that the husband she adored was a burglar by profession, and that the money he used in securing her comfort was stolen.

As the detective told her this, Davie standing quietly by her side, ready to catch her if she fell, she barely understood that the man of the law had been hidden to overhear what she said, Helen looked from one to the other.

"What else do you want?" she asked gravely, then turned and laid her little daughter on the couch, where she lay asleep.

"Nothing now, but you will have to repeat that in court," the detective said a little roughly. He was tired of wives and little children being used to soften his heart.

"What does all this mean, Davie?" she cried turning toward the man who had never failed her.

How the man longed to be able to draw her into his arms and declare the story a falsehood now and forever. It was hard! That last one, when he was unstrung with anxiety, had been his last. For the past year he had taken nothing except in a legitimate way from Wall Street. He had decided never again to soil the hands his wife and daughter kissed with crime, for to him

Wall Street operations were honorable in the extreme.

In a sudden burst, he told her, clinging to her as a child to his mother, and she never faltered.

"You have arrested my husband?"

"Yes."

"And you say my words have condemned him?"

"Sure thing."

"Without my testimony he could not be put in jail?"

"Nope."

The beautiful woman stood there for a few moments. She remembered how fond Davie was of horses, and that she understood all about farm life. Up in Manitoba, in the great Northwest, she knew a home could be bought with the money she had saved, where, under a new name they could begin over again.

"Davie," she said softly, "I love you dear, and always will. It will nearly kill me to think that my words have fastened guilt upon you, but perhaps I can get you a pardon."

The man was too miserable to speak, but only clasped her in his arms, wondering at her great love.

Then he was taken away, and all night long the occupants of other apartments heard her storming back and forth like a wild woman. In the morning she did not unlock her doors, and when her neighbors heard the baby crying, they sent for the police and broke in the front door. A pitiful sight met their eyes. A young mother, lying unconscious on the floor, and the baby sobbing with hunger and fright beside her.

The physician called in, declared that she was in a very dangerous nervous condition, which was complicated, as he soon discovered by the fact that she could not speak.

As soon as the prosecuting attorney heard of this, the unhappy wife was subjected to every test. She was watched day and night, but never showed the least attention and after experts examined her, they decided that she was through fear and nervous shock, both deaf and dumb.

Terrible tests were made. Remarks were made about her baby's dying condition, but she never flickered an eyelash, and in sheer pity, they finally let her have the little one, who was well and happy.

The whole history of the notorious history of her husband, who was known to the police as The Laughing Kid, was told again and again, and falsehoods told of his connections with infamous women. Physicians of highest repute examined, watched, and tested, and then made their report, the unfortunate lady was not shamming.



A MOMENT LATER, ORA FELT GEORGE DRAW HER INTO HIS ARMS:—"Misplaced Confidence."

All this time Davie languished in his cell, for he could get no bail, feverishly begging for news of his wife. None was given him, and when he saw her again, four months had elapsed. How he started as no one answered when her name was called, but after a little whispering between the lawyers on both sides, and the judge, she was led to the chair, and gently placed in the seat.

Lovely before? As the girl he had wooed and won, the awakening young wife; the precious mother, he thought he knew her to the utmost, but as he gazed upon her face after all the agony, he knew that she was now an angel.

The book was held toward her, but she simply looked at it. The distracted husband could hear the usual questions put to her, and saw she made no replies, and he shook with fear.

A terrible time followed. The detective told his story, but it was of no use because he had taken no notes, and had nothing to corroborate his unusual statements. Through it all, the quiet figure sat, never moving, or evincing in anyway the slightest understanding of what was going on.

After this tests were made, possible ones, by all of the experts, and at last when Davie's black hair was streaked with gray, she was led away, and the prisoner with a wild cry, flung up his hands:

"For the sake of God, men, tell me what has happened to my wife, I cannot understand!" He remembered her close questioning of the detective, and her urging him to keep up his courage.

"How has she stood it?" he kept asking himself, and in that courtroom, when, because of the bravery of his wife, he was released, was finished the reformation of The Laughing Kid, which had begun the first moment he had looked upon the saintlike face of Helen.

Under the great trees of the Northwest, in the depths of a great forest they are happily living, this one-time criminal, and his wife, who defeated justice to save him whom she loved.

Wrong though it was legally, to her husband, she is one of earth's angels, and she is happier in her humble home, with him after all their grief, than she could ever be, without him, in the midst of luxury.

The Mysterious Message

BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

NELLIE was reading a magazine, sitting before her desk on which were the instruments of a telegrapher and a typist, but as no messages were being transferred, her time was her own, and she was enjoying it by poring over the pages and wondering if anything like what was told there would ever happen to her.

"I never have a single thing happen," she said out loud. She often talked to herself, for she was lonely, and wished she was somewhere else. Her brother was station agent, but as there were but two trains a day, he generally left everything to Nellie.

"Just look at that," the girl continued her conversation, staring at an impossibly handsome girl in full evening dress leaning back, while by her side half knelt a man in correct attire, looking up at her with imploring eyes. "No one will ever make love to me that way," and she sighed, for Nellie was romantic, and could not see the good points of Jack Burley, the brakeman on the morning train, who loved her dearly.

Suddenly her call summoned her and all alert, she took down an astonishing message:

"Shift plans. Night train. Ware burley fellow."

This was the message, without address or signature, but following were these instructions:

"Operator hold till called for by Long with scarred face."

Nellie was excited. Carefully she typed it off, then her heart leaped into her mouth. Jack brought the train back each night on alternate weeks, and this was his week of working. She had lower cased the burley, but the message might mean that this man by the name of Long was to beware of Jack Burley, who as every one knew, was a giant and a man who knew exactly how to use his strength.

No magazine reading for her. She glanced nervously at the clock and saw it was after five. At six her substitute would be on hand. Nellie studied for a few moments, then made her decision, she would send him away, and remain herself until midnight when the train arrived, at which time the station was closed. Eagerly she sat, her eyes strained, waiting for the man named Long with the scarred face, and so the substitute found her. It took very little insistence on her part to induce him to play instead of work, but she was vexed as she saw his grin, knowing that he imagined she wanted to stay to see Jack.

"As though I'd bother about Jack," she muttered to herself. Then she blushed, for she was waiting to see that he was safe.

At six-thirty while she was mooning away, wondering what she had better do she heard a voice at her elbow asking:

"Any message for me, my name is Long," and she looked into the face of a man. It was righty called scarred, for across one cheek ran a fearful scar, while there was a deep furrow ploughed along his lower jaw and lost in his high collar.

Nellie did not dare to refuse the message, but her heart beat painfully as she silently handed it to the man, who read it, tore it up, and then to her astonishment put the fragments in his mouth and deliberately chewed them up and swallowed the pulp.

"I always eat messages," he said to the astonished girl, adding—"It's safer, you know. You are the operator here?"

"Yes," very briefly.

"Well, forget this message if you don't want to be eaten up, too," cautioned the man, and she could hear her heart beat with fear.

Trembling, but trying to be brave, Nellie sat behind that little desk, watching the man with the scarred face, who had seated himself and was reading the paper, the only one published

"Yes, I will," she replied, but Jack could not kiss her on account of his charge, and in order to dispose of him, the great, big fellow turned him about as though he were a child, and looked him in the face.

"It's Jim the Scrapper, a professional train wrecker, and a thoroughly bad man," Jack cried, then severely, "Come, what's your lay tonight?"

At first the man failed to reply, but at last he admitted that it was his purpose to board the train when it stopped, and ride until within a short distance of the terminus where he intended to wreck it by throwing some dynamite ahead of it, and then jumping off, wait so that in the confusion he could rob the passengers, as well as get into the safe in the baggage car, where he had every reason to believe was a big amount of money. All this was dragged from him, and he had barely finished when the train thundered in. Jack dragged his captive out, had a few words with the conductor and baggageman, then called to Nellie:

"Come on," and hurried her on the train. She sat wonderingly for a few moments, but then was surrounded by different passengers who could not show her enough gratitude for saving them from a possible death as they felt. She and Jack were very popular during the remainder of the ride.

As it happened the vice-president of the road was on board, and, when Jack and Nellie were married, he sent the bride a beautiful upright piano, on which was a silver plate inscribed with these words:

"From the grateful patrons and officials of the G. A. C. road to the faithful operator and wife of a brave man."

Misplaced Confidence

BY FAITH X. COLLINGS.

HIGH up in an attic room, in the Verger homestead, gleamed a flickering light, and with its range a young girl was hastily packing a few bits of clothing. Nervously she worked, ever watching a cheap clock, until its hands pointed to one o'clock, then she bound up her shawl strap, secured it to her slender waist and extinguished the light. Going to the one window, she looked out upon the misty landscape.

For but an instant she looked, then with a low sigh, she let herself drop from the window-sill to the flat roof below, a thing she had done many times before, but never at night, when everything looked strange and gloomy.

Ora was but sixteen, such a child, and one without real judgment. Had she been a few years older, she would have hesitated before fleeing from her uncle to the arms of a young man, Tad Skinner who had been taking a vacation in the neighborhood, especially when a man like George Nelson had given her the love of a strong, honest, true heart. But Ora was not prudent, nor well trained by experience of the world.

With well-practiced steps, she crossed the roof, easily swinging her lithe young body over the edge, and to the ground, not even sustaining a jar, and, once on her nimble feet, she stopped to take a last look around.

Ora had lived at the old farmhouse for fourteen years when her father, dying, had brought her home. The uncle, unmarried, had done his best to rear the child, but utterly ignorant of girls, and too poor to hire a housekeeper, little Ora had grown up like the lilies in the garden, and was as innocent as one, standing erect and beautiful with her golden hair and snowy petals, to be smitten by the reckless hand of one who could neither appreciate nor spare her, for Tad Skinner looked upon her as a summer incident, to be forgotten when the season faded. In after time he could say:

"I never said a word of marriage," and it would be the truth, but he could not say that he had not made her think he was going to make her his wife the night she stole out to meet him, innocent and lovely in her soft white dress, her love in her girlish blue eyes, her golden hair soft and luxuriant.

The white lilies caught Ora's eyes, and she gathered a handful, laughing gleefully to herself: "My marriage flowers will be like other brides, although I won't be married in a big church." Then came the wonder where the marriage would take place, and it was almost the first question she asked of the dark, dashing young fellow who met her down the lane, a little beyond the gate, on the highway.

"Where are we going to be married?" the young man repeated, lingering over her, as he carefully tucked the light dust robe about her white dress.

"Yes, Ted," she replied, luring the lilies to his face, adding:

"See my wedding bells."

The horses, startled by his abrupt jerk on the reins, sprang forward, and the great cluster of flowers trailed in the dust.

"Oh Ted!" Ora sobbed, but his arm stole about her and his lips sought her lips, while he whispered words of love such as men of his class usually employ to their victims.

There was something lacking in this wooing, even to ignorant little Ora. She had heard George's few, simple expressions, and recognized in them a tone not to be found in the ornate phrases of the city man, still she was not at all frightened, and believed in him thoroughly, until came the awful minute when she realized that there was to be no marriage.

Marrying is going out of fashion," the scandalous words of a gossiping old woman, in an old-fashioned sense, is becoming obsolete. Just trust yourself to me, darling and—

His sentence was not finished, for Ora rose, and trying to wrench herself away from him drew taut upon the reins. The man knew but little about driving, the horses were too fresh and he had not kept them in hand from the beginning, and as Ora unconsciously stepped upon the off rein, they broke loose and plunged along a road, edged with bad ditches.

The situation was a desperate one, but Ora never heeded the danger, her soul was seared with the bitterness of her disappointment. She had trusted this man enough to steal away from her uncle, forget George, to be told that he did not hold in honor, the girl who was willing to become his wife.

"Don't, be quiet, and let me try and stop these horses," Ted cried with an oath, trying to unclasp her arms, for almost frantic, she clung to him, thinking that they deserved death. Suddenly, though came the thought that they were not ready to die, and she slipped at his feet, and but too late. One, then the other snapped, and the horses thundered along the road, their heads tossing, foam flecking their lips.

Ora was almost unconscious, the man mad from fright when they heard the pounding of a horse behind them. The girl recognized the horse, Prince, George's magnificent stallion which had taken several prizes at the county and state fairs, and from then on, she gradually revived, for she knew her life would be saved. The city man did not know this, and utterly deserting the girl in this peril, as he would in any other, threw himself from the swaying vehicle, and escaped serious injury for beyond was a steep precipice.

A moment later, Ora felt George draw her, with her shawl strap still about her waist, into his arms, whirl Prince and start back toward her uncle's home. By three o'clock she was lying sobbing, but safe in her own little bed, and only three people ever knew of the escapade, Ted Skinner, who never wants to hear of that episode which cost him a big bill for damages to the horses and survey, as well as innuence to his ankle. Ora, who is gradually putting all of it out of her mind, and George, but as he became her husband that same fall, doesn't really matter, except that it makes him love her all the more, and the young wife has no more worry about her lost wedding roses.

Lady Isabel's Daughter

or, For Her Mother's Sin

A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Hallioun. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disgraced. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His orders to his valet to find a countess declare he brings no bride nor his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her death.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn, and Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she too should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight, she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Cambray. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleight Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable.

Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the proud woman's refusal to recognize her and bitter enmity follows.

Lady Rosamond and Lady Isabel, accompanied by Lord Beresford, his mother and the Viscount Dynnelly, attend the opera. In Le Sylphide Lady Rosamond recognizes Aty Hallioun, the woman Pierre Bloushar seeks. Lady Rosamond swoons. Lord Dynnelly's admiration is cooled. Lord Beresford recognizes his former valet, Pierre Bloushar. Fate leads him to the opera. Lady Rosamond wins her point. The last link is found, and the hour that Lady Isabel becomes Lord Beresford's wife sees the vengeance of a lifetime complete.

Lady Isabel strikes Lady Beresford's pride in refusing her son's offer of marriage. He pleads for her love. She declares the interview over. Repenting she calls Lionel back, and he promises pride shall never come between them. Lady Isabel pleads with Lionel's mother for her love. Lady Beresford turns a deaf ear.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

LADY ROSAMOND Mount Severn received the news of the betrothal with the wildest of wild joy.

She embraced Isabel and kissed her heart, and added a fresh joy to the glory she had won.

"Oh, my darling, I cannot express to you how enraptured I am. You will be one of the grandest ladies in all England. Isabel, Countess of Beresford. I was as true prophet when I said you would be Lady Isabel yet. Such a conquest, one of the proudest and noblest men in all the United Kingdom. You ought to be very happy."

"I am happy, Rosa, dear," murmured Isabel, drawing back and standing under the sparkling chandelier in the corridor of her lady's grand house. "I never was so happy before—I never knew the world was so beautiful. Lionel has gone into the library to tell papa. It is to be on New Year's day, and—Rosamond you must be just the same to me there as now. You must come to Ravenswood and spend a whole year with us. Lionel told me to ask you—and you will like to come, will you not?"

Would my lady like to come? With the work she had on hand the invitation seemed like a blessing.

"It would be my dearest wish, Isabel," she said, sweetly. "After our brief life in the world of fashion, could I bear to be separated from you? Lord Beresford owes me an apology for stealing my little sister from me."

"I may tell him then that you will come? And oh, Rosamond, you shall be my first bridesmaid and design my wedding-dress for me. Lionel likes pearls and I mean to have my dress crusted with them. Oh, it is so sweet to please those who are dear to you. The world seems so bright when love glories in it."

My lady turned away with a covert sneer. Nothing on earth was half so beautiful as revenge, she thought, and she would have revenge on the child of the woman who caused her those seventeen years of imprisonment in the bleak Welsh villa—revenge on her, and on Lord Lionel Beresford that he had chosen Isabel over her.

The news of the engagement spread very rapidly. There was no need to tell her grace of Arleight; she had learned it from Lady Beresford's lips before they quitted St. James, and recollecting what Isabel had said last night, recalling the words she heard on the stairway at Arleight Towers, she believed with the Countess of Beresford, that my lord was going headlong into ruin.

"She said she did not love him—she said at Arleight she would crush his mother's pride," murmured her grace, with a sigh. "Oh, well! The Earl of Beresford were better dead than wedded to Isabel Carlyle. She is an arrant flirt—a girl without principle and the star of Beresford sets in shame at last."

Mr. Carlyle received the news of the engagement with a very grave face. He remembered last night's interview in the library he remembered that my lord was the proudest man in England, and he shuddered, thinking of the history of the miserable past.

"God help and guide me—I ought to tell her all," he muttered, as he walked up and down the library floor. "It is due that she should know the shame upon her mother's memory, but how can I tell her—oh, Heaven! how can I blast her life? If I tell her she is too noble to keep it from Lord Beresford—she will go to him, she will tell him all, and he—will he accept her then? Will he take the shadow of such a sin, and give it the spotless name of Beresford? Oh, I cannot speak with Isabel—I must know how the chance of a separation would fall upon her heart."

All night he paced up and down the library floor fighting that bitter battle between love and duty; and day found him pacing still and the battle not yet decided.

Nine o'clock brought Isabel and Lady Rosamond down to breakfast, and his haggard face and bloodshot eyes met them over the crystal and silver.

"Oh, papa are you ill?" asked Isabel, in alarm. "You look as though you had passed a sleepless night. What is it, papa, dear? Does anything trouble you?"

"Will you expect me to give up my darling without a thought," he answered evasively. "It is very hard to feel that I must be second in your thoughts forever after. Apropos of nothing, what is on the tapis for tonight? Do you go anywhere this evening, ladies?"

"We are due at Lady Lexboro's, papa—have you forgotten?" smiled Isabel.

"I had forgotten—yes," he replied. "Lord Beresford accompanies you, I believe, and the engagement is to be made public immediately, is it not?"

"Yes, papa—Lionel says he never likes mystery or concealment. He thinks it is better for the world to know the truth at once."

Mr. Carlyle shut his lips and looked down at his plate with an expression of pain.

"When you are dressed tonight, come to me in the library before you depart for Lady Lexboro's, Isabel," he said, chokingly. "There is something I wish to speak to you about."

Lady Rosamond looked up sharply, and the spoon she was holding, clashed down upon her plate. She had a vague suspicion of his meaning—coupled with those haggard, bloodshot eyes, the words could have but one significance, namely, that he meant to tell Isabel all—and a terrible death-pallor crept over her face.

"He must not do it. Oh, heaven! if he tells her now my revenge will be lost," she murmured under her breath. "She would go to Lord Beresford, she would tell him the secret, and he—oh he loves her so he would forgive, even though the sin were her own. No, no! The secret must never be told until after the marriage—he must be led to believe she wedded him, concealing the shame of her free will—to tell it now would be ruin to me. I must avert it—I must lay some plan to interrupt it. I am to meet Pierre Bloushar and Aty Hallioun tonight, and nothing must come to mar the glory of my revenge."

All through the breakfast hour that thought kept circling through her brain, and she watched her chances to avert the calamity. Mr. Carlyle took his after-breakfast smoke in the library—she escaped from the Duchess of Arleight and Isabel and hurried down the hallway.

"May I come in, guardy," she laughed, opening the door and peeping into the room. "Isabel and her grace are planning wedding finery, and I am left to amuse myself. I'm not de trop am I?"

"Certainly not, child—come in at once. I was just thinking of you," he answered, laying down his cigar, and lifting his hollow eyes to her face.

My lady glided into the room, and flitting lightly forward, dropped down on a low ottoman at his feet.

"Thinking of me, guardy, and looking so solemn?" she said, lifting her violet eyes with a bright smile. "Have I been doing anything wrong, that you look so pained and worried?"

"No—but I have," he answered, huskily. "Rosamond, I am in torture."

"About what, guardy dear?"

"About Isabel and this grand match. I have not slept a wink all night thinking of it," he said, with a smothered groan. "You know the story of the past; you know what a load of shame it is for a girl like Isabel to bear. My God! Rosamond, it is death to tell her, and yet she ought to know—he ought to know that her mother made a false step and died a social outcast, before he makes my child his wife. It is my duty to tell the shameful story, but how can I do it—how can I kill my darling in all her spotless innocence?"

My lady's violet eyes grew very wide, and an expression of horror settled on her fair false face.

"Oh, guardy, you must not do it!" she said, solemnly. "It would kill Isabel—and your truest duty is to shield her. No, no, you must not tell it. None but Joyce and ourselves know the terrible truth—we will be secret, and Isabel need never know."

"Yes, but Lord Beresford? Oh, Rosamond he is the soul of honor and of truth."

"Why need Lord Beresford know, either?" pursued my lady, warming up to her work with the dread lest her revenge should miscarry. "Guardy, it can do no good to tell it. He is very proud, and—and, even loving her as he does he might shrink from making her his wife. Oh, guardy, that would be death to Isabel. She would fall dead the moment he left her, and her murder would be against her soul. We who love her so dearly will carry the secret with us to the grave."

He laid his hand tenderly upon her head. "God bless you, Rosamond; you are a faithful woman," he said huskily. "But where is Isabel now? Find her and send her here. I shall not wait until evening. Better I should have the interview now."

My lady arose and went out like one in a dream, and the hunted, despairing, fearful expression of her eyes was not assumed.

"If he speaks I am lost," she groaned as she walked away in quest of Isabel. "If he tell the story I am robbed of my revenge."

Left to himself Archibald Carlyle sank deeply into his chair and covered his face with his

hands. Ten minutes passed—a light footstep ran down the luxurious corridor, a fresh young voice trilled the rag-end of a pretty love ballad—then the door opened quietly and Isabel flitted in like a sunbeam.

"Do you want me, papa," she said, pausing on the threshold. "Rosamond said you did but you appear to be taking a morning nap. What a glorious morning it is. I never saw the sun shine so brightly. The world seems *coulour de rose* nowadays."

She bent laughingly over his chair and pressed a kiss on his wrinkled brow, quite unaware that in the adjoining room my lady knelt at the key-hole and watched and listened with bated breath.

"Dear old papa. What is it, a headache?" smiled Isabel, coming around and dropping on her knees before him. "Shall I sing it away? You used to say my songs charmed away all pain. Shall I sing you one now?"

She knelt before him, her sparkling hands locked on his knee, and her rich, dusk face looking up at him full of purity and love and perfect bliss.

"Shall I sing away your headache, papa?" she said sweetly, and the answer she received chased the laughter from her lips, the love-light from her eyes.

He caught her locked hands in a passionate, anguished clutch, all stark and haggard he sat bolt upright in his chair, and looked straight into the fleeting rose-pink of her paling face. "Isabel," he said, hoarsely, "I owe you a duty—I owe God a duty—and it must be fulfilled. Oh, my child, my child, are you strong enough to bear a fearful blow?"

CHAPTER XXI.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE.

Isabel's wide, dark eyes expanded slowly; the playful smile left the sweet lips; the innocent merriment faded out of her dark olive face, and a look of perplexity and doubt took its place. Her locked hands closed a little tighter on her father's knees, and her delicate brows arched themselves wonderingly.

"I—I don't think I understand you properly, papa," she stammered in a confused way. "You put your question so strangely. You say there is a duty you owe alike to God and me, and then ask me if I could bear a terrible blow: I should half think you were trifling if you didn't look so serious, and"—with a sudden gasp of pain—"papa, you are not ill? You are not going to die?"

The big, dark eyes opened wider than ever as she spoke and the locked hands shut themselves with a passionate intensity of pain.

"Papa you have not been ill and been hiding the truth from me all along?" she said, huskily. "It isn't that, is it, papa?"

He leaned his head back on his chair and closed his eyes with a smothered groan.

"No—it isn't that," he answered chokingly. "It is something that touched your future happiness, my child—something that I feel now I ought to have told you long ago. If I had not been a coward, if I had not wished to save us both a bitter pang, I should never have known the sorrow and shame of this hour."

He stopped suddenly and covered his face with his hands.

"Isabel," he said abruptly, starting forward again and speaking with a strange sort of solemnity—"Isabel, look up at me my child, and answer me this question. Out of all this world's suffering, what would you consider the bitterest blow that could possibly befall you?"

"The worst blow that could come to me, papa," she said, slowly, "would be the loss of Lionel's love. I can think of nothing worse than that, for my life would have neither aim nor purpose were he taken out of it. But why need we even dream of such a terrible thing, papa? Lionel loves me truly, and there will never be a shadow between us—never, he has promised it, and I believe him."

Her eyes softened and took on their old happy expression. He said that, and, looking at her then, Mr. Carlyle breathed a deep sigh, thinking of his own young love-dream and the beautiful earl's daughter who had shattered and spoiled it at its sweetest era.

"It is well you so implicitly trust the man to whom you have given your heart, Isabel," he said, huskily, "for the lack of confidence between man and wife is the foundation of every earthly misery. Always remember that, Isabel—always remember that true happiness can only come out of mutual trust and peace out of perfect faith. Still, it is proverbial that true love never did run smooth, you know, and there really is no love that cannot fail us save that of our Heavenly Father. Lord Beresford—a noble man my child—out of all others I had sooner given your life into his keeping—but Lord Beresford is only human, for all and human loves often cloud and grow dim before the presence of obstacles such as chance may, any day, bring into our lives. Look at me, dear, and answer me a question. An obstacle to your wedded happiness may rise (we are none of us permitted to read the future, you know), and if such a thing should come to pass—say, let me say, for the argument's sake, that there is an obstacle even now. Which would you prefer—to go to Lord Beresford and tell him of it now, knowing that he never again would look on you, or let chance reveal it and spoil your lives, after you had been made his wife? Answer me this my child—which of these would you prefer?"

She looked at him, smiling at what she thought the sheer absurdity of the thing.

"Of the two evils choose the least," she quoted lightly. "Such an obstacle could not before the wedding. It would be a terrible thing to go to him and proclaim the truth, knowing that he would go out of my life forever, but better that than lose his love when I had given him my hand as well as my heart. Still"—solemnly—"in any case the issue would be the same. It would kill me, papa, to lose Lionel's love. My heart would break the moment he left me."

"You only think that, Isabel. Time will teach you that hearts do not break under woe—they wither and ache and endure the pangs of memory. To break and die is a mercy not granted them."

"Mine would," she answered, with conviction. "I tell you truly, I should die if I lost Lionel's love. Other burdens I could bear up under—Heaven would give me strength, somehow—but the hour that took Lord Lionel Beresford out of my life would be the hour of my death. It is not a child's fancy, papa. I tried as I laid in bed last night, to think what the world would be without him—I tried to think that he might change, that he might die—everything; but the end was all the same, and I know it as surely as we sit here now. If I lost him, I should be cruel enough to take him out of my life, I should bow my head and die. He is the Alpha and the Omega of my world, papa. I should die, and want to die, if I knew I should lose him."

She had risen while speaking, and she stood before him now, her sweet, dark face uplifted, a strange, angelic smile hovering about her lips, and her little hands crossing themselves upon her bosom. When Archibald Carlyle next saw her in that position, he never liked to recall the hour she stood thus in the grand old library of my lady's London mansion.

"Isabel, you must not talk thus," he said, choking off a sob and trying to repress the cold chill that would come over him. "You have been reading some sensational book, or you would not have such morbid fancies."

"The book I have been reading is my own heart, papa," she answered solemnly. "If there was such a thing possible as an obstacle to our union, I would go straight to Lionel and tell him. After that I would die; but better than that to lose his love when I was his wife—better for him and for me that the obstacle should smite Isabel Carlyle from happiness than tarnish the honor and wreck the life of Isabel Beresford. In either case the end would be the same. This is like no other love, papa. If I lost it I should simply die."

She spoke very calmly but every word went home to his heart, and looking at her as she said it, he felt within him that she uttered a prophetic truth.

"Yes, it would kill her," he moaned, bowing his head that she might not see the anguish of his face. "God help and pity me. Rosamond was right—I must not tell her. Better we should hold the secret than slay her in her youth and innocence. The world knows nothing—the truth can never come to light to darken her after life; let her be Lord Beresford's bride. My duty is to save my child, and the secret must be kept."

Isabel had been watching him intently and sinking down at his feet again, she looked up in his sad old eyes.

"Papa," she said, in a grave, sweet voice, that had a treacherous waver in it. "Papa, I've been thinking of something, and it is my turn to ask a question now. Will you look into my eyes and answer me truly?"

He lifted his bowed head and looked at her, and even then he was startled at the sight. Her big dark eyes were wide and solemn, her face had changed its wild-rose bloom for a faint pearly pallor, and her lips were twitching and working convulsively.

"Papa," she said, looking straight at him—"you asked me when I knelt here first if I could bear a terrible blow, and then—then you began to speak to me of—of this dreadful thing—the loss of Lionel's love. Papa,"—solemnly, calmly, slowly—"answer me this: Is there an obstacle? Did you mean that when you spoke of a terrible blow?"

"Isabel!"

"Answer me, papa, please. In either case it will kill me, but—but tell me if you mean that. Tell me, papa, what was the duty you owed to God and me? What was the blow you prepared me to receive?"

He drew away from her sickened and stunned. He could not tell her the truth, and yet how should he explain those luckless words? For the minute his brain refused to act. If he could only gain time to think, if—

"Tell me, papa, was that the blow you meant? or has this wild suspicion been false?"

He drew his breath with one great gulp of terror; he felt the color fading out of his face; he felt those truthful, innocent eyes burning into his and then—then Heaven averted the danger. A gentle tap fell on the panel of the door.

"Someone is asking admittance, Isabel," he said, gaspingly. "See who is there before we speak."

Tristram, the butler was there (she discovered) with a huge bunch of splendid Gloire de Dijon roses, with "Lord Beresford's compliments to Miss Carlyle." A special messenger just left it at the door.

Isabel took the roses with a little cry of rapture, and then something sparkling like a hundred rainbows dropped out of the heart of the bouquet and swung to and fro on a slender golden chain.

"Look, papa," she cried, hastening back to her father. "It is the betrothal ring of the Beresfords, Lionel has sent it that I may wear it at Lady Lexboro's tonight. Oh, papa, how magnificent it is. There is not a jewel in all the Mount Severn jewels to compare with this."

And magnificent it truly was—a loop of emeralds crowned by one gorgeous diamond, and engraved on the inner side with the Beresford motto: "Honor Above Life."

She snapped the golden cord and slid that golden circlet on her finger.

"A fine heritage for a country solicitor's daughter," she said, laughing. "Down on your knees, sirrah. The future Countess of Beresford commands it. Oh, papa, papa, to think how many noble ladies have been proud to wear this, and to think—stopping suddenly and growing pale and solemn again—"papa, shall I ever have the right to wear it? Answer the question, I asked before Tristram came. I must not wear this ring until I am sure I may do so to the end. Tell me, papa, what is the blow you prepared me to receive? Will it prove an obstacle between Lionel and me?"

He had had time to think and his face wore the first smile she had seen it bear today.

"Not unless Lord Beresford be different from what I hold him, puss," he said, feigning a light laugh. "In these noble families a large dowry is generally customary with the bride. I have made some unlucky speculations of late, dear, and I owe it as a duty to all of us, that I should tell Lord Beresford his wife's dowry cannot be what I had hoped to give her."

She had drawn the ring off and laid it on the table. She took it up as he ceased speaking, and slid it on again.

"I may wear this, papa," she said simply. "Money will stand as nothing in Lionel's eyes."

My lady, crouching still at the door of the adjoining apartment, arose now and walked out of the room. The crisis was past, her revenge was assured, and that was all she cared to know.

"This engagement will be announced tonight," she murmured, with a queer little smile, as she glided out into the broad corridor, and went softly toward the morning-room where her Grace of Arleight was deep in the pages of the last society novel. "My lord will be vastly proud of his beautiful, fashionable bride-elect; the future Countess of Beresford will be toasted, and fêted, and envied from one end of the kingdom to the other, but I wonder who will have a word of pity for him—I wonder who will touch her hand and smile at her coming one year from today? Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." Belle cousin, I shall make even your servants shrink from you in horror."

But the unconscious victim of her plots and plans was enjoying her fool's paradise in the grand library, too happy to think or dream that there were serpents in the grass.

"Foolish papa to worry and fret over my prize enough that I must throw a fortune at Lord Beresford's feet as an inducement to accept me! Confess, sir, this is an open transaction, and then I will sing you a little trifle I have just learned."

"I cry peccat, most noble countess, that is to be," responded Mr. Carlyle with mock gravity. "Standing in Lord Beresford's shoes, I should consider myself lucky to get Miss Carlyle without so much as a change of costume. There, that's enough, isn't it? Pick up the guitar, there, and let me have the new trifle. And apropos of that, what is it? and who is it by?"

"It is called 'Suffering,'" responded Isabel, stooping and picking up the guitar. "The music is by Baife, but the words are anonymous. It was such a sweet, sad little trifle with so much pathetic truth, it quite fascinated me when I discovered it."

She struck the chords of the guitar, and played a soft wailing prelude—a moment more and the "sweet sad little trifle" was sung with exquisite tenderness.

"Oh, where, when the gods would be cruel, Do they go for tortures? Where? Plant thorns—set pain like a jewel? Oh! not in the flesh—not there."

The rocks of earth and the rods Are weak as the foam on the sands—The heart is the prey of the gods, Who crucify hearts and not hands.

Mere pangs corrode and consume—Dead when life dies in the brain—In the infinite spirit is room For the pulse of an infinite pain?"

There the song ended. But the day came to Isabel Carlyle, when that "infinite pain" was no longer a thing unknown, and recalling that pretty plaintive trifle, she recalled only too well that it voiced a terrible truth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year's subscription, and read the next chapter when the snares tighten and Lady Isabel, all unconscious of treachery receives homage from her admirers.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Care of the Mouth and Teeth

It doesn't seem, perhaps, as if there was very much to be done for one's mouth and teeth besides brushing the latter daily and going to the dentist's when trouble befalls in the shape of an aching, jumping molar. But that's just where you are mistaken, my dears. There are all kinds of things to be done to make the mouth and teeth beautiful and I'm going to tell you some of them in this article—but not all, as it would take pages and pages and I haven't the time today and Mr. Gannett hasn't the space, so you must be content with a few important facts. Perhaps some other day I'll write another chapter on the mouth and teeth which will finish up what I've begun in this article.

Pretty Mouths

Don't worry because your mouth is too small or too large but worry like mad if it is a sulky peevish mouth or a malicious one. Mouths are such tell-tales that if you are habitually discontented or narrow minded and determined to have your own way *always*, because your way is the only way, why your mouth speaks right out in "meeting" and shows you up for what you are. But it does the same if you are unselfish and always thinking of other people's comfort. The first time people look at you, they think "That girl has such a lovely mouth that I just know she is sweet and unselfish around her home. How I wish I knew her!" So you see every beautiful thought or beautiful deed marks itself faintly on the mouth and vice versa. Now this isn't sentiment, although you may think it is. I am telling you a simple physical fact. Muscles that are more accustomed to pouting than to smiling will finally pout permanently, even though you try to smile your sweetest when "he" is calling in the evening. Aren't you glad I'm telling you a little secret? I know you are, and the next time you are tempted to sulk or be discontented, just think of my warning and be cheerful.

Study the habit by which pretty women disfigure their faces and then study the plain women whose methods of physical expression illuminate their faces and render them beautiful to behold.

To my mind there is nothing more unbecoming than the worrying mouth. It gives one the creeps to sit opposite a woman whose mouth is plainly worrying over everything in the universe. Beauty and worry have been arch-enemies since the beginning of time and you mustn't forget it if you really wish to have a beautiful mouth. Here is a pretty little quotation which is very much to the point and I advise you all to memorize it.

"Love and hope exercise the muscles which celestialize the mouth."
A beautiful mouth must not be either too large or too small and should have a graceful firm outline. Beautiful lips should not be heavy or thin, tightly pressed together or flabbily open. Avoid the disfiguring habit of keeping your mouth open. This habit will render the prettiest face disgusting, as it gives one an idiotic appearance.

Breath

Purity of breath is an absolute necessity for every woman as beauty will count for almost nothing if this advantage is lacking. It is therefore a great error to neglect the few simple (comparatively speaking) precautions guaranteeing the desirable possession of a fragrant healthy breath.

Teeth that are not brushed thoroughly, decayed teeth, stomach trouble, and the use of liquors are among the enemies which are most likely to destroy the purity of your breath. Beer I think gives anyone a most disgusting breath and yet I imagine two thirds of the women in the United States indulge in its use. A word to the wise is sufficient.

One should if possible avoid eating onions, garlic or highly spiced meats and fish. But if you are very fond of them (I admit to a great liking for onions myself) you can easily remove the slightest odor from the breath by drinking immediately after eating—a glass of sweet milk. Try it and then confess that milk is very useful.

When the cause of an offensive breath is decayed teeth the only thing to be done (and it should be done immediately) is to lie you to the dentist and have the offending teeth filled, unless they are too gone; in which case have them drawn and get false teeth.

The coloring of the lips should be a soft bright red. As a rule I think it is decidedly foolish to use any of the salves and lip vinegars sold at the drug stores. These various pomades only too frequently harden and toughen the lips, gradually causing them to assume the appearance of leather, which does not enhance the beauty of the girl's appearance. I consider it infinitely preferable to have healthy, fresh, pale pink lips than the other atrocity. Never resort to the common trick among girls of biting your lips in order to deepen their color, as it only does this temporarily, but *permanently* thickens and coarsens them and furthermore encourages them to roughen and chap. Another thing to avoid is the habit of constantly wetting the lips with the tongue. The excessive moisture is extremely injurious to the lips and besides this habit is considered vulgar by well-bred people. A very good remedy for rough chapped, broken lips is a daily application of ordinary everyday tallow. Another salve for chapped lips is as follows:

Healing Pomade

Cocoa butter, twenty-four grammes; white wax, four grammes; essence of bergamot, one gramme; essence of white geranium one gramme.

Melt in a double boiler and beat like cold cream. I should advise your having this put up at your druggist's, as then it is sure to be made correctly.

I have had quite a few of my club girls write in asking how to reduce thick lips, and for their benefit I will say a few words on this subject. To reduce the size of thick, heavy lips, try rubbing them with tannin or a lotion that is astringent in its effects. On account of the delicacy of the lips, however, I think that the astringent had best be applied in the form of a cream. In order to do this take one ounce of a good cold cream and melt it, taking great care not to scorch it. Now add one gramme of pulverized tannin and one gramme of aikanut chips. Let stand for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth.

The Gum-chewing Habit

I hope if any of you girls have contracted this habit that you will make up your mind to discontinue it without loss of time. Nothing vulgarizes a girl so much as the practice of chewing gum. She always reminds one of a "cow chewing her cud" and wears very much the same expression. If you are a "gum-chewing girl," I wish you would sit down in front of a large mirror and chew your gum steadily and enjoyably for say about fifteen minutes. While doing this keep your eyes fixed on your mouth. I think you will form a good idea, then, of how you look to other people. The man or woman who sits opposite you on the street car or near you in the shops, doesn't notice the fact that you are perhaps pretty and young and becomingly dressed. They see none of those things. All they notice is the revolting jaw and their thoughts fly to country meadows and placid cows likewise chewing, chewing. Remember that no one ever associates a pretty face, good breeding, refinement, well put on clothes with the girl who chews gum. They only think of a loose working jaw and feel an immeasurable disgust. I am severe, I know, but it is right to be severe on this

subject. If you chew gum, never complain if your husband or sweetheart chews tobacco. One is no more disgusting than the other.

Teeth

They should be small and white and even, to be beautiful.

If your teeth are irregular, twisted or overlap each other, they should be straightened right away by a reliable dentist. A crowded condition of the teeth can best be remedied by the removal of one tooth, as otherwise the teeth are very apt to decay.

Beautiful teeth can only be secured by giving them careful attention. Unless the teeth are brushed thoroughly after each meal, decay is sure to set in and then your troubles begin. A perfect state of cleanness cannot be unless the teeth have constant and particular attention. I have heard it said that too much brushing injures the teeth but I would be perfectly willing to take the risk. You should accustom yourself to the use of a moderately stiff brush and wield it three times a day. You must see to it that your brush is kept perfectly clean and hang up where it can get both light and air. There is a brush that has tiny little holes in the back, which prevents the roots from becoming mouldy.

Never use either hot or cold water when cleaning your teeth. Use tepid water. Squeezing a little lemon juice on to your tooth-brush once or twice a week will keep the teeth from yellowing and will also prevent the appearance of tartar.

A word of caution. Do not use your teeth as nut crackers or nail pullers. Use your scissors to cut thread, untie knots, etc., as the teeth were made to eat with only.

In brushing your teeth, be careful to brush from the gums down. Always brush the teeth on the inside as well as the outside. Just before going to bed, take a piece of white silk thread and drag it up and down between the teeth so as to remove any particle that the brush did not dislodge.

As a mouth wash I recommend either Peroxide of Hydrogen or Listerine. Use of either of these preparations once a day will keep the teeth in a healthy condition and the breath sweet.

Washing the mouth out with Listerine will harden bleeding tender gums.

A Good Tooth Powder

Camphor gum, one ounce, precipitated chalk, five ounces; pulverized orris root, three ounces. Have this put up by your druggist.

Massage

To make the lips thicker and fuller, massage nightly with skin food. When the massage is ended, hold cold water to them. This will also bring the blood to the lips, and you will be the happy possessor of lips like rubies.

If you are troubled with canker sores, use powdered alum. Take a lump of alum and melt until it crumbles to a fine powder; this drives off the water of crystallization and it is not so harsh. Apply a little of the powder to each sore spot.

Sweet-scented Tablets for the Breath

Powdered sugar, two ounces; chloride of sodium, forty-eight grains; gum tragacanth, forty grains; gum acacia, forty grains; oil of vetiver, one grain; oil of cinnamon, five grains.

Pour this paste out on a slab to stiffen, then cut into small lozenges.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Miss E. B. Sperry.—Apply a tea made of white oak bark to the perspiring parts. Bathing under the arms with bay rum will prevent discoloration.

B. C. B.—You should wash your face several times a day in warm water in which a level teaspoonful of powdered borax has been dissolved. You will soon get rid of your oily complexion. You do not state where you perspire. Is it under the arms? I give different remedies for different parts.

Sarah J., Iowa.—For perspiring hands, bathe them in alum water, and dust with starch or orris root. Another good dusting powder consists of one ounce zinc oxide and four ounces of powdered starch. Here is a good powder for sweating feet. Salicylic acid, two scruples, starch, one half ounce, powdered talcum, two and one half ounces. I think you will find this efficacious.

Regina, Polly, Fay, Amy.—Stamped envelopes not received by me.

Maude C.—See replies to B. C. B., Sarah J. and Miss E. B. Sperry. You will find your questions fully answered.

Miss Carrie Z.—Thank you for the pretty pictures. Judging from them you are just right. I don't think your neck too large. I would leave it alone. To lengthen your waist try this exercise. Stand erect with the arms stretched out in front of you. Now bend until your finger tips touch the floor, but do not bend the knees at all. Practice this for fifteen minutes each day and you will soon have a slim long waist. You didn't give me your height so I don't know where you are too plump. For your weight you ought to be five feet and five inches in height. You look about eighteen, but pretty girls—always look young.

Miss Lora B.—As your figure is all right now the only thing you need to do is to weigh every week and when you begin to increase in weight eat less, and exercise more.

A. L. M. O.—You should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, if you were eighteen or twenty years old. A girl of fourteen is unequally developed but as you grow older you will develop in the arms and lower limbs. You should drink two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after each meal. This will plump you.

Katie R.—I think you would be delighted with the Milk Diet as it plumpens you quickly and develops the bust better than anything I know of. Take plenty of milk and eat also.

Sweet Seventeen.—To reduce your hip, try vigorous massage with aromatic vinegar.

Tanthe X.—I would not advise your trying to reduce until your baby is weaned. Write me then.

A. E. C.—You must get the prescription filled at the drug store. Do not try to reduce while in your condition. It would be dangerous to wait.

Merritt.—My article on How to Grow Thin is too lengthy to repeat. You should take hot baths, walk as much as possible and eat sparingly. If you were to drink one and one half quarts of milk each day and eat absolutely nothing, you would find your flesh disappearing without injury to yourself.

Ora S.—Stamp not received. If you follow advice given to Merritt you will soon grow thin but mustn't eat.

Miss Millie S.—To reduce your hips and abdomen, see exercise give to Miss Carrie Z.

Mrs. J. W.—To make the bust firm, try dashing cold water over bust and shoulders each night and morning. It is the best and surest thing I know of. Keep it up or the bust will become flabby again. Gentle massage with a good skin food will also firm the bust, but the cold water must not be neglected.

Roseland.—You make tea with clover top, just as you make ordinary tea. Steep the clover tops in boiling water until it is sufficiently strong. You evidently stand unevenly or one hip would not be higher than the other. Rest on the feet squarely, with no more weight on the one foot than on the other. Watch yourself closely, that is all you can do. Pad the lower hip to make it the same height as the other.

Nig.—Take two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after each meal and massage with olive oil. This will plump you. I am very sorry you cannot take at least a quart of milk each day as it would plump you much more quickly.

X. Y. L.—As your height is five feet, three inches, you should weigh about one hundred and thirty-five

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pounds. Drink four quarts of milk each day and eat one meal. If you do this you will soon have a beautiful figure. Milk is a wonderful bust developer.

Sad Heart.—To remove superfluous hair by electricity costs anywhere from ten to one hundred dollars. It would depend on the thickness of the growth. You had better take the ammonia and Peroxide. Begin right away. The peroxide will bleach the hair so it won't show in September. As soon as you are used to the ammonia use it twice in one day. The next day use the peroxide twice. The next the ammonia twice and so on. Don't be discouraged, my dear. It will come out all right.

P. Terener, Totise and others interested in the removal of superfluous hair. I am sorry but I cannot send you the Peroxide and Aqua Ammonia. You must get them at the nearest drug store. Apply the aqua ammonia to the hair place one day, dampening thoroughly. The next day dampen the place with the peroxide the next and so on. Keep this up for from four to six months. Do not use common ammonia. Get the Aqua Ammonia. The peroxide will cost fifteen cents, the ammonia the same. This is not a dangerous remedy and does not hurt the skin unless it (the skin) is exceptionally sensitive. Of course when the ammonia is first applied it smart, but that passes away.

Helen F.—Keep on with the treatment. I know the hair comes out because I have seen it done. Drop the peroxide and use aqua ammonia three times a day. Don't be discouraged. About your going on the stage, you may be sure that all actresses are not pretty and I have seen a great many of them with large feet and hands. What one needs is ability. You won't need beautiful clothes but what you have must be well made and in style. Isn't home a better place than the stage? So many fail but you never hear of them. There isn't any money in it unless you are a star. A great deal of hard trying work and generally unpleasant associations. Think twice, my dear.

M. B. W.—As you have pimples on your face, I would not advise using the ammonia as it is apt to irritate the eruptions.

Tennec.—See reply to Helen F.

R. Brown.—To reduce your double chin, try slapping it sharply with your hands. Make the blows sufficiently heavy so the pain will bring the tears to your eyes. These blows break down the fat cells and your chin becomes normal again. Use lemon juice to banish your freckles. Apply every day.

Mrs. R. S. B., Kents.—You should take two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed, when drinking your milk hold it in your mouth a moment before swallowing. This will heat your face and will be the hot water. Massage your face with lots of rich cream as this will plump it wonderfully and will also whiten the skin. If you take eight tablespoonfuls of olive oil every day it will plump you, but milk is better. Try rubbing vaseline in on your scalp to prevent the hair from falling out and to make it less dry.

Santa Cruz, Cal.—I should advise your taking my hot water cure (two glasses before each meal and before retiring) for two months, then start on a milk diet, drinking four quarts of milk per day, one glass every half hour and eating only one meal. You must hold the milk in your mouth for a minute before swallowing. I make this will restore your complexion and make you plumper. You should weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds. Drink cold water on your neck night and morning to firm it.

Laura E.—Here is a formula for Aromatic vinegar: Lorander water, one quart; rose water, five ounces; glacial acetic acid, two and one half ounces.

Sunshine.—As you are troubled with pimples and blackheads, you must be careful what you eat. Do not eat greasy rich foods, candies, puddings, gravies, etc. Eat as much fruit and fresh vegetables as you can. Take a good scrubbing bath every day. Leave the windows open at night so you can breathe fresh air. Next take my hot water cure, which purifies the blood. Now I want you to take a sulphur steam bath, which is a wonderfully prompt remedy for skin eruptions. Fill a copper vessel with bathing water, put a narrow strip of tin across the bowl on which is a hot saucer containing sulphur. Cover the head with a large towel (so the steam cannot escape) and hold your head over the basin, steaming the face thoroughly. Do this three times a week. For blackheads wash the face clean at night, and cover completely with soap jelly, letting jelly remain on for ten minutes. Wash with warm water and then massage with skin food. Do this every other night until blackheads disappear.

Anxious Girl.—As your face and hands are red see that you do not wear tight cuffs, shoes, collars, corsets or garters. Do not take cold baths and do not eat rich food. Scrub your face with a camel's-hair complexion brush, Castile soap and warm water. Do this every night. Your skin will soon be smooth.

A. S. K.—Yes, you can stop your hot water for a day or two if necessary. Exercise as much as you please.

Formula for Cold Cream

Rose water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces, spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce.

Indiana Girl.—You should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds, waist twenty-four and one half, bust thirty-eight. Yes you can make your eyes look bright and large and clear by taking the hot water cure. Take it six weeks, then start on the Milk Diet which will gain you weight and make you plumper. A week and a half is simply wonderful bust developer. Take four quarts of milk and one meal. Take it until you are plump enough. Probably two months.

Babe.—For oily complexion try dampening a cloth in alcohol and wiping the face off with it several times each day. I know this will help you.

N. C. U. Baby.—You must make up your mind to take the milk. If you hold every swallow in your mouth a minute, it cannot upset your stomach. See reply to Santa Cruz, Cal. It fits your case. Soap jelly is made of a cake of white Castile soap shaved into one quart of hot water which is then allowed to simmer on the stove until it becomes a thick jelly. To bleach the neck try equal parts of Peroxide of Hydrogen and lemon juice. Apply every day.

Rose Bud, Mass.—Use Peroxide of Hydrogen to bleach your face.

Lillie S.—No, the horseradish lotion will not remove moles. I think the formula you mention will remove moles, but it is dangerous. If you take my hot water cure and then take a lemon in a glass of cold water half an hour before breakfast, I think the brown spots will cease coming.

Frosty.—To remove tan from face and arms, try my horseradish lotion. Scrape a teaspoonful of horseradish into a cup of sour milk, let it stand for six hours before using. Apply two or three times each day.

Worried Lucy.—Yes, massage your face with almond oil every day, or it would do just as well if not better to cause the pimple scars to fade away and plumpen the face.

Anxiety and others will find information about freckles, pimples, blackheads and blotches by reading replies to girls in this column. I wish I could answer everyone personally but there isn't room, so some will have to share their replies with the unfortunate one.

Margaret Kane.—I think your sister has had all the medicine she ought to have. What she needs is to be nourished. The Milk Diet will do that. I think onions, and prunes are extremely good for her. If she were my sister, I would make her start on a half milk, half food diet. Take one meal of creamed onions, bread and butter (lots of butter) mashed or baked potatoes, never anything fried. Squeeze the juice out of beefsteak. Get round steak and broil it very slightly. Cut in small pieces and squeeze the juice out with a lemon squeezer. Add a little salt

and give her two or three tablespoonfuls. Give this to her at her evening meal. The early part of the day give her milk. Increase the quantity gradually begin with two or three cupfuls, then five cupfuls, then seven and so on. If she drinks it very slowly holding each swallow in her mouth for twenty seconds before swallowing, I know she can keep it on her stomach. If she could gradually get up to three or four quarts of milk and one meal, it would save her I know. Milk makes you sleep. Watch her bowels. Write again.

Mrs. Frank M.—You swallow your milk too rapidly. Hold each swallow in mouth for a minute or less before swallowing. Drink slowly and you won't be troubled with gas on your stomach. Milk cures indigestion.

Florence N.—The hot water is good for you. Hot milk doesn't contain much nourishment neither does toast. Try cool milk again, and eat graham crackers, fresh vegetables, chewing well.

Minnesota Rosebud.—For your stomach trouble take my Hot Water Cure. You can make yourself look better by standing perfectly straight and wearing shoes with high military heels.

Mrs. A. K.—Perhaps your water isn't hot enough. It must be very hot. If the taste makes you sick put in a few drops of lemon juice each time. Milk is good for the liver and cures constipation. Doctors don't like the Milk Diet because it cures without medicines. The question is does your doctor cure you? If not try something else.

Susie B. T.—I think your hair is pretty and advise you to leave it alone. Brush your teeth with lemon juice once a week as this will whiten them.

Neil.—If you want curly hair get the Amole root that grows in New Mexico and make a shampoo of it. It is said to make hair curly. Rinse your mouth out after each meal with diluted Listerine. Be particular about brushing your teeth. It is not good taste to perfume the breath.

Mrs. D. R. S., Texas and others.—See reply to Laura E. regarding formula for Toilet Vinegar. Have it put up by a druggist.

M. B. E. A.—I think the tonic you mention is a good one.

Mary Boyd.—I did not give you the formula you mention and never heard of it. What is your trouble?

S. S. and others interested in bust developer. You can have the Vaucelle Bust Remedy put up by any druggist. Gentle massage of the bust with skin food will also help its development.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shiffetly and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger strikes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He hoists the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Beads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twitterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wears when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and inquires Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Squire Peter. He pays the debt and costs and refuses to sell his place.

Mr. Twitterton endeavors to strengthen the opinion of the firm as to his ability. He discovers an error. Mr. Blastwood, a member of the firm, admits he made the mistake. Mr. Twitterton invites Seth Muggleton, the porter, to drink beer and questions him as to Mr. Vanderwent's wife and lost child. He is going to write a story, "Saved from the Sea." The "Gladwing" sails from Europe and is never heard from. What is the boy's name and Mr. Twitterton piles his questions until the beer overpowers the old man's head. A few hours later Mr. Twitterton and Seth go home; they receive a cool reception from Miss Muggleton. Mr. Blastwood calls to see Mr. Twitterton. The cash is short and Mr. Twitterton is watched with suspicion. Seth Muggleton dies suddenly. Mr. Twitterton is sent to Staten Island to inform Mr. Vanderwent and Mr. Lynmore of the old porter's death. He incenses both men by his manner. The next morning he receives a notice that his services are no longer required. Mr. Twitterton endeavors to convince Mr. Blastwood that he is Charles Vanderwent, Jr. He is advised to state the argument to Mr. Vanderwent. "Squire Peter" buys up Job Seagrain's old bills. Charlie Seagrain examines and finds them outlawed. Job pays the balance and will not sell the place less than thirty-five hundred, and then only for that day. Job and Charlie sail for New Brighton and going to Mr. Lynmore's are surprised to find Mr. Twitterton there. Mr. Twitterton visits Mr. Vanderwent. Pointing to a portrait he recognizes by a shawl the first Mrs. Vanderwent as his mother. Mr. Vanderwent doubts his story. Mr. Twitterton is prepared to produce the shawl and makes the monogram "O. V." as it is worked on the night-dress. He shows the shawl and night-dress to Mr. Vanderwent.

CHAPTER XIII. (CONTINUED).

"NOW, Mr. Twitterton your story," said the merchant, whose impatience had subjected him to much discomfort. "Tell it in a straightforward manner, and omit the fine phrases."

"I must tell it in my own way, or not at all, sir," replied Mr. Twitterton.

"Any way you please, then; but go on."

"The ship 'Gladwing' sailed from Liverpool in the early part of August 18—, just fifteen years ago last month," Mr. Twitterton began. "Among the passengers was a lady and a child two years old. Among the seamen was one by the name of Thomas Twitterton, and I am sorry to add, that he was very much addicted to drink. The 'Gladwing' encountered head winds, but on the twentieth of September, had passed Cape Race. A few days later she was overtaken by a tremendous tempest, and in the midnight gale, was foundered and went down. When the captain saw that there was no hope for the ship, he placed the woman and the child in a life-boat, lashing the little one to the grating in the bottom of the boat, and the mother to one of the thwart."

"Who told you this story?" asked Mr. Vanderwent, very excited.

"Tim Twitterton, the drunken sailor, wrote it out for me."

"Go on."

"A crew was placed in the boat, and it was launched in the boiling ocean. The waves rolled it over and over, and one by one, the sailors were lost overboard. In her struggles to save the child from being dashed to pieces against the iron sides of the boat, the woman detached the ropes which bound her to the thwarts, and she too, was lost. Tom Twitterton had passed the painter of the boat around his body, and though often thrown out, he as often regained his position. He held on until morning, when the storm moderated, and he was picked up by a Dutch brig bound to St. John's. The child was still safe, and was borne to the cabin of the brig. The mother, in her desperate haste, had taken it from the berth, clothed only in its night-dress, and wrapped in her shawl."

"Tom was interested in the child, and took care of it himself till the brig arrived at its destination. From St. John's he obtained a passage in a schooner to Portland, and from there went to a town in the interior, where his wife lived with her father. Tom was tired of the sea, but he could not live on shore, where liquor was his bane. He worked for the farmers, but he spent all his money for rum. His wife took to drinking also."

"Where was this?" asked the merchant.

"In Maine."

"What town?"

"I don't know; the written narrative does not inform me. Things got so bad with them that they were obliged to leave the town, which Tom did as soon as he could raise money enough to do so. They went to a place on Long Island."

"I suppose the written narrative does not inform you what place," sneered Mr. Vanderwent.

"On the contrary, it does."

"What town was it?"

"The township of Oslip."

"Oslip," exclaimed the merchant.

"Certainly, sir; it was there I spent my vacation, among the scenes of my earlier years."

"Oslip," mused Mr. Vanderwent, "I have half the shares in a new brick company, which is about to be located there; at least, I think that is the place."

"Ah," added Mr. Twitterton, "Oslip is the place. You empowered Squire Peter Shiffetly to buy the land for you, on the creek."

"I don't know about that, but it was said that the land was for sale for three or four thousand dollars, on navigable water; but I don't take an active part in the affairs of the company, and don't know the details."

"I think I could buy the twenty acres of land for four or five thousand dollars," added Mr. Twitterton, deeply interested in the subject.

"Never mind the brick company, go on with your story. Tom went to Oslip with the child."

"They lived there about two years, and both of them died in the almshouse. The child was brought up by the town, and being a bright boy he was sent to the school, and made remarkable progress in his studies. At the age of fifteen he wrote a very handsome hand, and was quick and accurate at figures. He was placed in a store in the village, but feeling that he was born to better things than a country grocery store, he left and came to New York, where providence or fortune conducted him to the great house of Messrs. Vanderwent & Lynmore."

"But who—"

"I beg your pardon; permit me to finish my story. About a year ago I heard Seth—poor fellow, he's dead and gone now—I heard him say to the cashier that your first wife and child was lost at sea. At my request he told me the whole story; and I realized then that I was the first born of Cornelius Vanderwent."

"But who gave you the shawl and the night-dress?" demanded Mr. Vanderwent.

"Tim Twitterton, of course."

"How old were you when he died?"

"I did not know my age until Seth told me how old the child was. It was nine years ago, and I was eight when he died."

"And he told you this story?"

"Fifty times, at least, till every word of it was impressed upon my memory. He may have told me the name of the town in Maine, but if he did, I have forgotten it."

"He did not give it to me, and I did not know such a paper was in existence for years after his death."

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it enclosed in the shawl. I have produced it last, because I consider it of the least value."

"Does anyone in Oslip know anything about this business?" asked the merchant.

"Not that I am aware of. I have now stated all that I know."

Mr. Vanderwent smoked his cigar in silence for half an hour, and Mr. Twitterton stood at the window, looking down the street. If the paper was unsatisfactory—as the young man confessed that it was, laying no stress at all upon it—the shawl and the night-dress seemed fully to confirm the story. The merchant could think of no possible manner in which the claimant had obtained the articles, other than that stated in the document. He had the hair, eyes and nose of the lost boy, and the scar upon the temple. The father could not escape the conclusion that the young man was his son. The case seemed to be made out, though there was room for a reasonable doubt.

"Young man," said the merchant.

Mr. Twitterton turned and faced the merchant.

"I cannot resist the conclusion forced upon me, on the one hand; I can hardly accept it on the other. It is too strange and romantic."

"I think you must do one thing or the other, sir."

"I must take time to investigate."

"Certainly, sir; in the mean time I am thrown out of employment, and have nothing to live on."

"You shall have your place again. As you were discharged by my order you shall be reinstated by my order. You will go to the store now."

In less than half an hour Mr. Twitterton was restored to his lost position, much to the astonishment and chagrin of Mr. Blastwood and the

FOUR MORE WHEEL CHAIRS GIVEN Four More Destitute Shut-ins Made Happy by COMFORT

I am pleased to announce that COMFORT has recently bestowed four more invalid's Wheel Chairs and thereby alleviated the misery of four more destitute deserving shut-ins, bringing them forth into the enlivening sunshine and fresh air to enjoy the loveliness of God's creation and to see and mingle with the busy world about them, of all which they have been hitherto deprived by sickness and indigence combined. For months past COMFORT has been giving Wheel Chairs under the auspices of Uncle Charlie aided by COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS. But hard as they have worked in this cause they have never been able to earn more than one Wheel Chair in any one month heretofore.

In May, through Uncle Charlie and its League of Cousins, COMFORT gave a Wheel Chair to Luther B. McFarland, and on another page appears his appreciative letter of thanks with a picture of him seated in the new Wheel Chair.

What a pity that such a bright young man should be so afflicted, but what a blessing this Wheel Chair must be to him? I sent out the other three Wheel Chairs in July in accordance with my personal letter in June COMFORT, in which I offered to give one invalid's Wheel Chair for each and every 250 new yearly subscriptions to COMFORT sent in by my good friends who wished to aid me in this noble work of charity. On June 15, when our July number went to press, less than 200 subscriptions had been received in response to my appeal, but I had faith that more would come, and so, without waiting for the necessary number of subscriptions to actually reach me, on the strength of my faith I ordered these other three Wheel Chairs from the factory; and sure enough the subscriptions for the Wheel Chair club kept coming in and have justified my faith.

On another page you will read the names and addresses of the worthy recipients of these four Wheel Chairs.

I had hoped that the responses to my appeal would come in faster and so enable me to give out a larger number of the Wheel Chairs early in the summer. BUT I STILL HOPE AND CONFIDENTLY EXPECT that when, by reading this number of COMFORT, you fully understand what great and holy work is actually being done for the relief of suffering humanity, you will all arise in your might, A MILLION STRONG, and with redoubled energy help me to make this the grand success that it deserves to be. I not only hope, but I HAVE FAITH also that you will do it. And so I am going to build on FAITH AGAIN and order now in advance another lot of Wheel Chairs in anticipation of what I expect you to do in August.

Let me remind you that a Wheel Chair, with the freight prepaid, is a large and costly premium for me to give for a club of 250 new subscriptions, but I am glad to do it in the interests of charity, and the more you help me to give the happier I shall be.

I cannot bear to think of the thousands of poor unhappy shut-ins housed up waiting for a Wheel Chair while the beautiful summer is slipping away, and so I am ordering these chairs and putting them out a little faster than the subscriptions which you send in justify thus far. Of course I cannot afford to keep on doing this unless you do your part too, which I feel sure you will.

On another page of this paper we print a few of the many letters which I have received in response to my June appeal. I ask you, as a favor to me, to read them all carefully and be inspired with the noble zeal which actuated these workers. These letters, showing how the VERY AGED, THE YOUNG, THE SICK, THE POOR and even THE SHUT-INS THEMSELVES are doing their part, contributing their mites to help relieve the suffering of fellow creatures

ARE ENOUGH TO LOOSEN THE PURSE-STRINGS OF A MISER OR MELT A HEART OF STONE.

"The harvest is great, but the laborers are few," was the disheartened remark of the Saviour as he looked upon a world of sin to be converted by his little band of followers. In this work which we have undertaken

THE HARVEST IS INDEED GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE MANY IF NONE SHIRK.

If you take hold with a will in August, then we can get a goodly number of these Wheel Chairs to the poor shut-ins in time for them to enjoy the warm sunshine and crisp invigorating air of early autumn. We ought to get out a dozen or more before fall, and we can if you only say the word.

IT IS ALL UP TO YOU. It all depends on you doing your part. As you see, I am doing my part promptly, even a little in advance, and I am prepared to keep it up.

I THANK YOU MOST HEARTILY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, AND MAY GOD BLESS YOU.

If any of you have more money than time for canvassing, you can do as some others have—send in your money with the names and addresses of some of your less fortunate friends to whom you may donate the subscriptions. Thus you will perform a double charity. In FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

"And he gave you the garments?"

"He did; but I had no idea of the value of them until I came to years of discretion."

"When was that?"

"Four or five years ago."

"Do the people of Oslip know anything about this story?"

"Nothing at all; everyone supposed I was the son of Tom Twitterton, and I was regarded as such."

"Haven't you told this story to anyone?"

"No, no; to do it was to be laughed at. It was useless for me to mention the subject till the time for action came."

"You spoke of a written narrative. Where is it?"

"I have it."

"Why didn't you produce it before?"

"I did not think it necessary to do so."

Mr. Twitterton took from his pocket a torn and dirty sheet of paper, which looked as though it had been taken from an account book, for it was ruled with money columns. One side was written over in a coarse and hasty legible hand.

The writing looked as though it had been done with a hard-ripe. Mr. Vanderwent put on his glasses and read the document. It was the same story, in every particular, which the young man had related. The signature of Thomas Twitterton was about two inches from the bottom of the paper. For the town in Maine, where the paper apparently purported to have been written, were frequent allusions to "this place." But the lower left hand corner of the paper was torn off, though enough was left of it to show that the document had been sworn to before a justice of the peace, for there were the words and part of words, "I do swear," "one of," "nos," "the peace," and "me," with part of a date, each broken phrase being in a line by itself.

"This seems to be conveniently mutilated," said Mr. Vanderwent, after he had carefully examined the paper. "Was the corner torn off when Tom Twitterton gave it to you?"

other working partners. The senior partner consulted his attorney, who came to the conclusion that his client wished to acknowledge the claimant as his son, and he promptly advised him to do so. In the evening he called upon Mr. Lynmore, and they discussed the matter until midnight. Neither of them could gainsay the shawl and night-dress, fortified as this evidence was by the general appearance of Mr. Twitterton.

The next day the attorney was sent to Oslip, and it was ascertained that Twitterton and his wife had died in the almshouse, and that their son had been brought up by the town. The people even volunteered the opinion that the youth was brighter and smarter than his parents. Twitterton had come from Maine; but it could not be ascertained from what town. Some thought that the man had committed a crime in his former residence, and for this reason concealed the name of the place. Mr. Vanderwent could not resist any longer, and calling the entry clerk into his private office, acknowledged him as his son; but without the embrace, and without the ejaculations.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRAVE BOY IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Vanderwent was a strong-minded man, but the shawl and night-dress were too much for him. There could be no doubt that these two garments had come from the sea that had swallowed up his wife, and the story of his son seemed to be wholly plausible in most of its details. There were convenient omissions; and death had considerably swept away all the living witnesses; but after weighing every objection to the theory, the positive evidence overbalanced the negative. After the acknowledgement of his first born, the shawl, the night-dress, and the written statement of Tom Twitterton were given up to the merchant, and were deposited in his library. They were examined by all of the friends of the family; but, with a single excep-

tion, no one protested against the decision of Mr. Vanderwent; on the contrary, most of them admitted that his conclusion was inevitable.

The single exception was the second Mrs. Vanderwent; possibly, if the first had been there, she would have sympathized with her successor. But the lady could not break down the testimony, and, doubtless, her protest was made in the interest of her son, to whom a co-heir to the name and fortune of his father, was annoying. The new heir was installed in the elegant mansion, and Mr. Vanderwent struggled to regard him with the filial affection he owed to a son; but, as nature seemed to be stronger than mere argument, he did not succeed to any considerable extent.

"Cornelius, you are my son; but I wish you to be a New York merchant, as your father and grandfather were before you," said the millionaire. "Retain your place in the store, learn your business, and leave me hope, by the time you are twenty-one, you will be qualified to represent my name in the firm."

"Father, I obey you in everything, even to your slightest wish," replied Cornelius, as we must now call him.

And he went to his desk in the central office. He was the son of the senior partner. Mr. Lynmore spoke kindly to him, and the other partners could not do less than treat him with the utmost consideration, however much they regretted the turn of events. Everything went on as before, and the cash was occasionally short by the amount of some large bill. But Cornelius was not required to attend to his duties with the same assiduity as before. If he wanted a day of recreation, it was given him. He spent his evenings and some of his days, at the house of Mr. Lynmore; for even the brilliant success of his great scheme had not modified his views in regard to Miss Fanny. She was as lovely and desirable as ever. He bowed and smirked and smiled to her by the hour and the poor girl almost regretted that he had been "saved from the sea." It was incumbent upon her to be kind and respectful to the older son of Mr. Vanderwent, and she labored to discharge her whole duty to him.

Mr. Fred Lynmore was apparently appalled at the appearance of the newcomer—for he was a formidable rival, though he was forced to confess to himself that the young oysterman was more highly favored than either of them. Both Fred and Cornelius persecuted the poor girl with their attentions and there was hardly a day or an evening which she was not beset by one or the other, and often by both at the same time. On account of this state of affairs, it unhappily happened that Fred did not like Cornelius and that Cornelius did not like Fred. As the latter had held the ground first, he considered himself entitled to the preference, and felt that it was mean for the Vanderwent to attempt to come between him and his lady love.

It was a pleasant morning, and the Lynmores were going to sail in the yacht. Their purpose had been mentioned the evening before, and Cornelius decided to stay away from the store, and put himself in the way of receiving an invitation to the party. He went to Mr. Lynmore's house after breakfast. He found Miss Fanny in the music-room where her mother soon joined her. He brought a beautiful bouquet from his father's greenhouse, and made himself as agreeable as possible. He suggested that yachting was a healthy and agreeable recreation. In his day of small things, he had lived among boats, and enjoyed sailing prodigiously. Before the invitation came, however, Job Seagrain and Charlie who had delivered a basket of oysters in the rear of the house, were ushered in the parlor. Fanny blushed when she saw Charlie, and gave her hand to him, a degree of consideration which she did not accord to the Vanderwent, who had not yet been informed in regard to the event in which the young oysterman had saved the life of the young girl.

Mr. C. Vanderwent, Jr. was greatly surprised and even dismayed by the reception accorded to old Job and his son. Especially was he disgusted by the kindness and evident favor bestowed upon "what's-his-name," for he had always studiously avoided and ignored the brave boy who lived at the oysterman's. Job saw his benefactor, as he regarded him, as soon as he exchanged greetings with the members of the family.

"How fare ye, Tim?" said he, extending his hand.

"How do you do, Job? I am glad to see you," replied the Vanderwent, taking the offered hand; but his greeting was more complimentary than truthful, for he was not glad to see the old oysterman in that place.

"How do you happen to be here, Tim?" asked the old man.

"I am a clerk at Vanderwent & Lynmore, I live down here now," replied Cornelius, evasively.

"How do you happen to be here, Job?"

In reply to this question Job told the story of the wreck of the Betsy Ann and the deed of the brave boy, of whom he was so justly proud.

"Then 'What's-his-name' saved Miss Fanny's life?" mused Mr. Vanderwent.

"Just as sure as you live, he did! She would have been drowned for certain if Charlie hadn't stuck to her. And she knows it too! She's a fine gal, Tim," added Job, glancing proudly at her. "Not a bit stuck up. She likes Charlie just as well as though they had been brought up together. I never saw a handsomer pair in my born days."

"She's a beautiful girl," said Cornelius, moodily.

"And he's a beautiful feller," said Job.

The Vanderwent did not indorse this statement.

"By the way, Job, have you sold your place yet?"

"Not yet."

"Mr. Vanderwent owns about half of the stock in that brick company. I have no doubt that you can sell your land for about five thousand dollars."

"Sho! You don't!"

"Don't you let it go for any less than that, unless you hear from me. I want you to make a good thing of that."

"Thank ye Tim. Ye have done more for me than any other living creature, not leavin' out Betsy Ann," exclaimed Job, warmly. "What you told me Squire Peter was doing saved my place. I should have sold it for five hundred dollars, if you hadn't told me about the brick company."

"I'm very glad I was able to serve you," replied Cornelius, modestly. "I always liked you, Job, after I helped you out of your trouble that winter. You were always a good fellow, if you hadn't been, I should not have troubled myself to tell you what Squire Peter was about. And I want to do the best that I can for you. If you say so, I will sell your place. I am pretty sure I can get five thousand for it, perhaps more."

"Why, sartin; I'll sell for five thousand. You have been the makin' of me, Tim."

"O, well, I haven't done anything worth mentioning yet; but I shall have a chance to serve you I know."

"I think you have done enough now, I should have been a beggar today if it hadn't been for you," said the grateful old man.

"Perhaps I may have occasion to ask you to do something for me," replied the Vanderwent.

"I hope you will, Tim. If you do, I would go around the world to help you."

In the way, Tim, you didn't mention about the old duds to anyone, did you?" asked Cornelius, carelessly.

"Sartinly not. I told you I wouldn't say nothin' to nobody, and I won't, if all creation busts up."

Mr. C. Vanderwent, Jr. need not trouble himself on this subject, for Job was too much ashamed of himself for what he had done to ever mention the sale of the garments to any person; though in justice to him, it ought to be added that he did not regard the articles of any value whatever.

"You haven't hinted it to—to 'What's-his-name'?"

"To Charlie? No; nor to Betsy Ann."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

From "The Merry Widow," the Famous Waltz Song I Love, Yes, Love You So

German Lyrics by VICTOR LEON and LEO STEIN. Trans. by GEORGE BONIFACE.

Music by FRANZ LEHAR.

Valse moderato.

pp

Glan - ces meet - ing, keep re - peat - ing: You love me! . . . Heart to heart, dear, Doth im-part, dear,
Lip - pen schwei - gen, s'flü - stern Gei - gen: Hab' mich lieb! . . . All die Schrit - te sa - gen bit - te,

You love me! . . . Ev - 'ry touch of hands con - fess - es Ec - ta - syl! . . . And so dear - ly whis - pers clear - ly,
hab' mich lieb! . . . Je - der Druck der Hän - de deut - lich mir's be - schrieb, . . . Er sagt klar, s'ist wahr, s'ist wahr, du

Valse lento

You love me! . . . And so my soul would tell the love, it knows so well, And speak with words divine to eyes that shine: Be mine! Be mine!
hast mich lieb! . . . Bei je - dem Wal - zer - schritt, tanzt auch die See - le mit, da hüpf't das Herz - chen klein es klopft und pocht: Sei mein! Sei mein!

Tho' the lips may breathe no word, Let from my heart this song be heard: I love, yes love you so! I love you so!
Und der Mund er spricht kein Wort, doch tönt es fort und im-mer fort: Ich hab' dich ja so lieb, ich hab' dich lieb! . . .

pp

p animato.

Ev - 'ry touch of hands con - fess - es Ec - ta - syl!
Je - der Druck der Hän - de deut - lich mir's be -

Allegro.

sy, And so clear - ly whis - pers dear - ly you love me!
schrieb, . . . Er sagt klar: 'sist wahr, 'sist wahr, du hast mich lieb! . . .

cres. f

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The Fiendish Villain or, Gracie's Escape

By A. W. Koenig

YOU would have sought in vain for a more handsome and graceful girl than Gracie Blair throughout the entire wild and romantic region of Valley Plains. She was just out of her teens, and although her father was the severest old miser that ever lived, he had sent his daughter to a good school, and had her educated the same as other girls.

Old Jim Blair was a character in himself, and nobody knew anything about him before the time that he came to Valley Plains, away out in Southern Kansas, bringing his daughter Gracie with him.

He was reticent and crusty, and after a while his neighbors did not question him, for the reason that out in the free, wild country of the West people make a good living by minding their own business.

Gracie had been sent out East to complete her education, and old Blair managed to take care of his thousand acre farm, and sold his cattle, and his wheat and other crops, and year after year took in a goodly sum of money, thereby accumulating a comfortable fortune. But he hoarded it all up, and continued to live in the three-roomed, log-and-mud house he had called his home from the time he came to Valley Plains, and until Gracie returned from the East he did his own cooking, and was his own washerwoman, seamstress, and in fact maid-of-all-work.

After her return, a strong, willing, half-breed woman was engaged at the house, who kept everything very trim and tidy. Old Blair complained and growled continually about the expense, but at the same time he could not bear to see Gracie's dainty white hands roughened by hard work around the house.

Of course, there was a lover in the case, or surely this story would never have been written, for romancers can never get ahead any without a hero.

Duncan Graham was the son of a neighboring ranchman, and fell in love with Gracie at his first meeting with her shortly after she came to Valley Plains. It certainly would have been very strange if he had not, for Gracie, besides being extremely beautiful, was the only girl within a radius of over five miles, and we all know that propinquity makes fully two thirds of the matches in this world.

Duncan was a fine, stalwart young fellow of about twenty-five years of age and as hardy and courageous as a Western man should be, and fully capable of taking care of himself and a family if he should ever have one. But he was not a wealthy young man, so that old Blair turned the cold shoulder on him, for it was his sole desire and wish that Gracie should marry a man whose worldly possessions equaled what some day would be hers. As for Gracie herself, she dearly loved Duncan Graham until Clyde Morse made his advent at Valley Plains, and then Duncan's poring was turned up-side-down.

Clyde Morse was a New York exquisite, or at least he professed to be one. He was handsome, and of a very insinuating address. He wore the best-fitting keds that anyone in Valley Plains had ever seen; his mustache was a "killer," his hair curled like that of a creole, his shirt front was always immaculate, and he was invariably scented to the very last point of human endurance.

He had come out to Valley Plains and its vicinity to breathe the fresh mountain air, and to hunt the game in the wilderness of the far West. But he never got any farther west, for after he saw Gracie Blair he took root in Valley Plains. Like Micawber, he was evidently waiting for something to turn up. Old Blair did not take very favorably to him, for he lacked the hardness and energy which the genuine Westerner believes in.

"Why don't you do something?" said old Blair to the young New Yorker, surveying the perfumed dandy tenderfoot from under the brim of his ragged old straw hat, and from beneath the shadow of his beetling gray eyebrows. "Why, blast it, man, you might as well go out in the pasture over there, and set down on a stone and wait for that bob-tailed, brindle cow to walk up to you to be milked, as to dawdle around here in these diggings waiting for a fortune!"

But Morse did not seem to think so, and he lingered through the entire summer, and until late in the autumn. He won Gracie's heart, but not her father's consent to the immediate marriage which he urged.

"Blast it, stranger!" said old Blair; "mebbe your stories about being a millionaire is true, and mebbe they ain't. Just quite as likely not to be! Gracie can't marry without my consent, for if she does she will never get a shilling's worth of my property! Never! What I say I tie to! In the spring of next year I am going to New York, and I'll inquire all about you, and if you're all on the square, perhaps I'll give my consent, and perhaps I won't, so put that in yer pipe and smoke it!"

Clyde was desperately angry within, but outwardly he was calm and smiling. He had cultivated self-control to some purpose. He kissed Gracie tenderly when he met her shortly afterward in the little garden, and managed to convey to her the impression that he was a very ill-treated man.

And Gracie, indignant at her father's perversity, offered to go with Clyde to the world's end, in defiance of her father and of the poverty to which he threatened to condemn her. Here was the chance for a display of Clyde Morse's magnanimity. He brought it out and aired it gloriously. He loved her—he should go on to death adoring her—but he would never suffer her to wrong her father! Never do wrong that good might come. Heaven forbid. They must wait and hope. And then he strained her to his breast, and as the high-pressure novelists term it, tore himself away.

Gracie for the first time in her life, had some angry words with her father that night, and old Blair went to bed without his good-night kiss. Ah, how many, many times, in the days which followed, did Gracie recall this fact with a wild burst of tears and lamentations.

Clyde went to his boarding house with evil in his heart. Nobody knew what he knew. These simple cattle raisers did not dream that the exquisite Mr. Clyde Morse was over seas in gambling debts which must be paid before he would dare to walk through the streets of New York again.

The next morning when Gracie Blair went to call her father to breakfast, she found him lying in a pool of his own blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had been dead for hours; moribund and rotting.

The old black leather trunk, studded with brass-headed nails, which had always been hidden beneath his bed, was gone, and with it a large sum in bank notes and gold. But this fact was not known until after the farm hands, summoned by Gracie's frantic cries, had assembled in hot haste, and the alarm had been given through the common country method of ringing the gong in hundreds of Valley Plains had come to look upon their dead neighbor with grimly set faces, and to speak in low, deep tones for vengeance upon the murderer.

But the murderer was not forthcoming, and no trace of him was discovered. Whatever he was, he managed the business with wonderful tact and skill, and it seemed very likely that he would

never be detected, the murderer never be known. Poor Gracie was distracted with grief, and for days it seemed as if her reason would yield to the severe strain upon it; but after a while she grew calmer, and set herself to work to discover the assassin.

Foremost among her helpers and comforters was Clyde Morse. There was nothing which the tenderest and most devoted love could desire that he did not do to soften her affliction; and in these days of darkness and distress, only heaven knew how she learned to bear upon her lover and to trust to his counsel and guidance.

Yet she was firm upon one point. She would not marry him until her father was dead a year, and although Clyde acquiesced in her decision, he swore inwardly at the girl's "infernal stubbornness." But at the same time she would bring him a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and she was worth waiting for.

So he furnished an office at Valley Plains, and hung out his shingle, "Attorney and Counsellor at Law," and set himself to waiting. Meantime Duncan Graham had disappeared, and there were a great many people who vaguely hinted that "Graham was a high-spirited chap, and nobody knew what he might have done—he was so disappointed about his sweetheart."

In exactly one year from the day on which old Jim Blair was murdered, his daughter Gracie was dressing to marry Clyde Morse. The last rosebud had been twined in her beautiful brown curls, the last fold of the expensive and handsome bridal robe and veil had been adjusted—for this wedding was to be a very grand affair for Valley Plains—when the summons came to the bride and her bridesmaids that the groom and the clergyman were in waiting.

The wedding ceremony was to be performed on the lawn in front of Blair's cottage, for the small house itself would not accommodate one half of those who came from far and near to witness the wedding of the beauty of Valley Plains.

Morse, happy and triumphant, received his bride, and the minister opened his book and adjusted his glasses. But the first word of the marriage service never passed his lips. He was frozen dumb by the spectacle of about two dozen mounted men, in a cloud of dust, as they thundered down the road and upon the green where the ceremony was about to be performed, and drew in their panting horses.

Foremost among them was Duncan Graham, and in his hand he bore a coil of stout hempen rope. The wedding guests turned pale at the sight of it, for in those days, in Kansas, a rope meant something.

Casting down his hat upon the ground, and tossing back his matted hair from his flushed, handsome face, Duncan Graham spoke, and the ring of his voice sounded like the clang of steel upon steel.

"My friends, a year ago tonight an old man was murdered—foully and diabolically murdered in his bed. You all know that I mean Jim Blair. No trace of the dastard who did the deed was ever discovered. Justice was foiled. From the first I had my suspicions, but there was absolutely no proof to support them. I set about obtaining proof, and I have succeeded. I have found Bert Roberts."

He paused, and although his words conveyed no intelligence to the people, they produced a startling effect on the would-be groom. He grew very pale and his form trembled; his lips twitched convulsively and he clung to Gracie's hand as if seeking support. Two of the men dismounted quietly, and came and stood directly behind Clyde Morse.

Graham proceeded: "Mr. Morse, you see, knows Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts, come forward and greet your old friend, Morse!"

Slowly, and with evident reluctance, a tall, spare-faced man came out from among the horsemen, and stood before Morse.

The people recognized him at once as a herdsman who had worked for old Jim Blair during the last summer of his life, and who in consequence of some difficulty with the old man regarding his wages, had left his employment in high dudgeon.

"Hold up your hand, Bert Roberts," commanded Graham, "and swear in the face of Heaven that what you are about to tell is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

For a moment it seemed as if Roberts would rebel, but the dark and determined eye of Graham cowed him, and he took the oath. "Now," said Graham, "the witness will tell his story, for, my friends, Bert Roberts is the man who saw old Jim Blair murdered, just a year ago today!"

A cry of horror and surprise ran through the

assemblage, and it was observed that Clyde Morse made a movement as if he wanted to flee but the two men behind him each dropped a hand on his shoulder, and he remained quiet.

"About a year and a half ago," said Roberts in a quivering voice, "me and Jim Blair—him as was murdered—had a quarrel, about two dollars! He called me a liar and a thief, and I called him a miser, and a cutthroat! There was bad blood between us, and we parted so. I swore I'd have that two dollars out of him if I ever got a chance, and I was always hanging round a watching for the chance to come."

"The night Blair was murdered I had crept up to the sheepfold at the back of the house for to steal a lamb. I suppose you call it stealing but I don't because them two dollars was honestly due me. While I was squat down behind the fold a man passed by me in the dark—a tallish man, and going mighty fast and cat-like. Thinks I, there's something a brewing. So I followed him on tiptoe. He went into the house through a window—the window of the old man's room, which was never fastened. There was an oil lamp burning on the table. It gave but precious little light, but quite enough for me to see what was done."

"The tallish man stooped over old Jim Blair, who was asleep on the bed, and drew a razor twice across his throat; then he wiped the razor, and coming to the window, flung it out, and I picked it up. Then he went back, and moved out the old man's black trunk from under the bed, and leaped through the window with it. He closed the window behind him, for he was a cool chap, and didn't want to leave no traces."

"When he had run dozen rods, I just fastened on him, and says I: 'Look here, old horse, I've seen your pursedings from fust to last, and you either shell or I'll blow!' 'I'll blow you to thunder!' says he, pressing the muzzle of a pistol against my shoulder. 'Same to you!' says I, putting my revolver against his forehead. That brought him to his senses. 'Who are you?' 'I am Bert Roberts,' says I, 'and I hated the old cuss you've sent up wuss than pizen!' But I wouldn't have butchered him, and I don't want to splice to his gal.' 'Well,' says the man, 'what'll you do?' 'I'll settle for one third of what you've got,' says I; and by the light of a half-grown moon he counted it out to me."

"I had a thousand dollars in bank notes, and about half that amount in gold—more money than I ever see before in my life! I swore to keep his secret, and I did keep it until the chap yonder—pointing to Graham—'got me drunk and wormed it out of me. He swore he'd shoot me if I didn't come here today and tell what I knowed—and he'd a done it. Now I've told my story, and nobody can't meddle with me, because I'm state's evidence, I am, and Duncan Graham has promised that I shan't be hurt."

The man stopped and wiped his forehead. The old clergyman broke the silence which fell. "Villain," he said, "you have told us about the murder, but you have failed to tell us the name of the murderer!"

"It's him!" said Roberts, slowly pointing to the cowering bridegroom with his thin, yellow finger. "Him, Clyde Morse! But his true name is Tom Burke."

A fierce yell went up from the crowd. A Kansas man, in those days, would have well understood its meaning.

"Friends," said Graham, "you have heard the statements of the witness. You all know the kind of law and justice we believe in, and I ask of you all what shall be the sentence of this murderer?"

And like the thunder of the surge upon a rocky shore when the storm rages, boomed out the cry: "DEATH!"

"Is there one dissenting voice?"

"No!" even more fiercely than before.

Gracie stood like a figure carved out of stone, as Duncan Graham approached her.

"You loved him," he said, his hard voice softening as he addressed her. "You were to have been his wife? Say but the word, and, though my heart's blood be necessary to purchase his safety, his life shall be saved!" But not a word fell from her bloodless lips.

"Nay, then, if you will have his life spared, lift your hand." She dropped it, nerveless, at her side.

See first page illustration. A wild cry of triumph, which rose to a mad cheer, rent the air. They seized the abject wretch, and bore him to the nearest tree. The rope was placed around his neck.

In the confusion, Bert Roberts escaped, and no means were ever taken to discover his whereabouts and capture him.

Two years afterward Gracie Blair sent for Duncan Graham.

"I have wronged you," she said, "in the years

that have past, and I beg your forgiveness. I know now that I never loved the miserant who murdered my poor old father. I was dazzled by his grace and seeming culture—but I did not love him."

Then Duncan Graham took her into his arms, and mentioned the terms upon which he would forgive her, and the terms surely must have been satisfactory and acceptable, for a short time afterward Gracie Blair was known by the name of Mrs. Grace Graham.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name, and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a mare, nine years old. Two years ago her eyes got weak and run water for several weeks, but they seemed to get better. Last summer they got the same way and in her right eye the eyesight appeared to disappear, leaving a white spot in the center fully as large as the eyesight. Last winter the left eye was affected but not quite so white a spot. Is there anything that I can do for her eyes? J. W. A.

REPLY.—The disease is periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) and is incurable. It will cause blindness from cataract and a mare or stallion so affected should not be used for breeding purposes as the disease is hereditary.

WARTS.—I have a cow that has something like horns in four or five places on her back and sides, caused from getting foundered on corn, some say, and for several years she seemed all right, but now she has a white spot in the center fully as large as the eyesight. Last winter the left eye was affected but not quite so white a spot. Is there anything that I can do for her eyes? J. W. A.

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HAIR SHEDDING.—I would like to know the cause of my horse shedding hair in small batches, say five or ten hairs in a bunch, also knee joints of hind legs have been swelled for two months. J. T. C.

REPLY.—Skin is unhealthy or lice may be present. Have him clipped and the trouble will cease. Exercise may keep the joints from swelling and let him have a roomy box stall when in stable. Bandage from feet to hocks each time he comes in and after rubbing the legs dry and clean. J. W. D.

LAMENESS.—I have a very valuable mule that has been lame at intervals for three years and has been hopping all the time for the last six months. When she is on the road it's worse on her. She plows very well. She favors her right forefoot. When standing sets foot out in front of her, and is continually moving it. I am sure the trouble is in her foot. The hoof on that foot doesn't seem to grow as fast as the other one. In driving her on the road she is all the time hunting for the soft places. J. W. D.

REPLY.—The trouble is in the foot but we are unable to say just what is the cause as an examination would be necessary in order to make sure. On general principles clip the hair from the hoof head and blister thoroughly every three or four weeks with a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury and two ounces of cerate of cantharides. Rub the blister in for fifteen minutes; wash it off in forty-eight hours; then apply lard daily. E. G.

WORMS.—I have a cat that has worms and is thin and has no appetite. She can hardly be persuaded to eat anything, and often refuses raw meat and rich cream. She seldom seems hungry. She has been this way for about two months. E. G.

REPLY.—Give cat in milk, if full grown, fifteen to twenty grains of castor oil, and two to four grains of atonia and in two hours follow with a physic of castor oil. It would be best to have the exact doses prescribed by a local veterinarian who can best judge after examining the cat. D. F.

COLLAR SORES.—I have a twelve-year-old mare that has sores on her shoulders where the shoulder blades work. The sores are not raw but swell to the size of a small hen's egg. She eats heartily, but is in thin order. Her food does not seem to do her any good. D. F.

REPLY.—The "bunches" should be cut out; then treat the wounds by wetting them two or three times daily with a lotion composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Shake well; label bottle "poison". We take it that the sores are where the collar presses on each side of the shoulder where the tugs fasten to the collar, thereabout. Have her teeth put in order. Feed a quart of molasses twice a day with her feed. First dilute the molasses with three times the quantity of warm water and then stir among cut hay, bran and corn meal. Feed whole oats at noon and long hay at night. Mas. W. H. J.

FUNGUS HEMATOMAS.—I have a milk cow that has some kind of a growth in the lower corner of her left eye. It started about four months ago, it now covers about one third of her eyeball. It is pink in color, sometimes it gives off a clear substance, sometimes a thick yellowish matter. Mas. W. H. J.

REPLY.—The disease is cancerous and incurable. If the growth has been cut out and the wound cauterized at the start there would have been some slight chance of recovery. Better sell her to the dealer in "cancer" cows. The meat will be fit for use if the cow is in good order. Later on the trouble will cause her to emaciate fast. The disease is not contagious (catching). Mas. W. H. J.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse fourteen years old that is lame in his front foot. Neighbors say he has strained cords. Is very lame and stiff when led out of the barn in the mornings, cords are swollen, gets worse when I work him hard, and when resting will throw his foot under him. W. W. D.

REPLY.—Clip the hair from his hoof-heads and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides until lameness subsides. If he has "dropped soles" from founder he will continue lame. In that case the sole will be found convex and sensitive at the point of the frog. If the tendons really have to do with the lameness, then include them in the blisterings. W. W. D.

WEAK KNEES.—I have a horse badly knee sprung, caused by fast driving down hill. Can anything be done for him? E. J. B.

REPLY.—If the knees have long been affected the condition is incurable. If the horse is young some good may come from feeding him all of his food off the floor and shoeing with thick-toed shoes. Also rub the back tendons twice daily with druggist's soap liniment. J. D. C.

SWOLLEN LEG.—My mare had the distemper about a year ago. It went to one of the front legs. The leg swelled up till it was about three times as big as it was before, matter broke out in a few places. I put on flaxseed, and kept the leg clean, washed it with liniment three or four times a day. The leg is all right, but has gone down but little in thickness. I would like to know what can be done. A. G. J.

REPLY.—Put a soft hay or straw rope on as a bandage from foot to body and keep it saturated with cold water. Once daily remove it and rub the leg thoroughly with alcohol. Night and morning for four successive days give a dram of iodide of potash in water and keep this up for two or three weeks. J. D. C.

NASAL GLEET.—I have a span of mules in bad condition. I don't get any flesh on them as they have not been in this state one year; they were raised in the West, they don't have any appetite to eat, they run at the nose. They have good life and I work them every day. The hair looks dead on them and the hide seems loose. At times they eat very well but they keep running at the nose all the time. J. D. C.

REPLY.—As to the nose, it is to be suspected in such a case have the mules examined by a qualified veterinarian. If they prove free from that disease it is nasal gleet (chronic catarrh) and should be treated by giving twice daily in the feed, alternately, for periods of ten days a dram of one of the following medicines: dried sulphate of iron, powdered sulphate of copper and iodide of potash. When one medicine has been given for ten days then switch to the next and go on using each in this way until the trouble is cured. J. D. C.

DROPPICAL SWELLING.—I have a cow that is swollen under her throat. She is not doing any good. I think she will die if I can't get a remedy. I would like to have a name for the disease, and if there is any cure for it. E. J. B.

REPLY.—The swelling merely indicates bloodlessness due to some wasting disease such as tuberculosis and by the time this reaches you the cow will be beyond help. The cattle should be tested with tuberculin which will do no harm but tell with certainty inside of twenty-four hours if the animals have tuberculosis. Starvation or any wasting disease may also cause the dropsy described. J. D. C.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare that is lame in the right front foot. The hoof is dry and crumbly. She is lame at times than others. W. H.

REPLY.—Soak the feet in cold water for an hour twice daily and continue for a month. Each time on taking from the tub smear the hoof with any simple greasy hoof dressing. At end of month clip the hair from the hoof-head and blister with cerate of cantharides. Repeat the blister once a month. W. H.

CRIBBING AND WIND SUCKING.—I have a two-year-old colt which has a habit of cribbing, as some term it. It puts two upper teeth on something and bears down, making a guttural noise. B. W.

REPLY.—The trouble is incurable but may be lessened by keeping the colt in a box stall from which everything has been removed upon which the teeth could be rested or fastened to perform the habit. Also buckle a strap around the neck back of throatlatch, but not tight enough to cause choking, etc. B. W.

LAMENESS.—I have an eleven-year-old mare and she is lame in the right hind leg in the pastern joint. It is puffed on each side of the leader. When she steps she knuckles. She has been on pasture all winter and hasn't been driven any, only about town since bringing her in and she stands on a dirt floor. E. R.

REPLY.—Clip off the hair and blister the parts and joint once a month using a mixture of one dram of biniodide of mercury in two ounces of cerate of cantharides. It would be even better to have the parts fire-dried and blistered by a veterinarian. If ringbone happens to be associated with the trouble the firing is absolutely necessary. E. R.

QUITTER.—My mare is lame in the front foot in the hoof; the hoof is hard and dry and it will gather and break just above the hoof. She will get a little better and then she will get worse again. A. REARDEN.

REPLY.—Pus comes from stumps (pin) and we do not think it possible for you to successfully treat such a case. The pinps should be scraped out and injected with a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate; then blister hoof head every ten days or so with cerate of cantharides and repeat the injections until a week. A. REARDEN.

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NOTICE—This house is perfectly reliable.

NAME TOWN STATE

REPLY.—Such cows are not worth fussing with and she should be fattened off on grass and sold for slaughter.

LOCKJAW.—We have a mare that is a good, high-spirited animal in good flesh (not over fat) and has been working all the spring; she is now very nervous and her muscles are drawn and tense; she stands and walks with her hind legs wide apart, and the white skin at corner of eyes is constantly covering her eyes, that is when she is the least bit disturbed. Our home veterinarian says it is lockjaw. She has no scratch or wound whatever. She eats and drinks with as much relish as when she was well. She is eight years old and weighs about one thousand five hundred pounds. G. V. S.

REPLY.—Your veterinarian is right and you should have faith in his diagnosis and treat the case as he directs. Lockjaw (tetanus) does not always lock the jaws but it always causes the membranes, nictitas (haw) of the eye to protrude over the eyeball when the head is raised, etc. The veterinarian should use the antitoxin of tetanus, if you can afford the expense. Otherwise the best method of treatment is to seclude the horse in a box stall and feed on soft, easily digested food. Absolute quiet is necessary. Medicine does little if any good.

Shut-In for 18 Years Thanks Us for Wheel Chair

73 Fourth St., Lowell, Mass., June 26, 1906.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

How can I thank you for the beautiful wheel chair? It came today, in fine shape. I have long prayed for this chair, and the Lord answers in unexpected ways. It seems wonderful to get it, as I did not in the least expect it. It is a lovely and blessed work, helping the sick to enjoy out-door life again, which only the Lord who is shut in can understand.

Every time I use it, I shall think of you dear Comforters. How can I ever repay you for your kindness? God bless you all in your labor of love. May every blessing be yours.

Gratefully,

MRS. ANNIE INGLER.

The foregoing beautiful and touching letter gracefully expresses the gratitude of one of the three destitute worthy shut-ins to whom I have shipped invalids' wheel chairs in accordance with my offer in June COMFORT to give one wheel chair for each and every 250 new yearly subscriptions to COMFORT sent in to be credited to the Shut-Ins Club.

I ordered this chair shipped to this lady just as soon as the first 250 Shut-Ins Club subscriptions were in sight, and since then I have ordered two more wheel chairs shipped from the factory direct, one to Edward E. Cole, West Pierpont, N. Y., and the other to Miss Ronella Lee, Dunn, N. Carolina, although even now, July 15, when this paper goes to press, I have received some less than the 750 Shut-Ins Club subscriptions which I should have for these three chairs. These last two chairs are on the way, but as they go by freight it takes some time and they have not yet reached the parties, so we have no returns from them as yet. You will see their acknowledgments in September COMFORT, and I hope some more too. But I cannot order any more chairs until you send in a good lot of new subscriptions. Does it not seem a shame that from COMFORT'S millions of readers less than 750 new yearly subscriptions at 20 cents each should have been sent in during the six weeks since the first of June to the credit of the Shut-Ins Wheel Chair Club?

Please read my letter on this subject on page 14, and see if you can't give this good work a lift, and do it quick too.

W. H. GANNETT, PUBLISHER OF COMFORT.

P. S. See letter and picture of Luther T. McFarland, recipient of fourth wheel chair, announced in this August number on page 7.

CONTAGIOUS OPHTHALMIA.—I write you for information about a disease on cattle, mostly yearling calves. This disease starts in their eyes, they swell and run water, get very red and seem to be very painful. In a few weeks it seems to draw to a head in the center of eyeball and bursts, then eye gets white. Some few seem to see while I have one wholly blind, and affects one eye at a time. D. O. S.

REPLY.—Farmers call this trouble "pink eye" and the title of this answer shows the right name. It is contagious and so the affected animals should be isolated. Treat by once daily sponging the eyes with a saturated solution of boric acid and each other with a fine powdered calomel and boric acid. Wash eyes of the unaffected, exposed cattle with the boric acid solution two or three times a week. Keep cattle off low, wet, malarial ground. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash stables where affected cattle have been kept.

MEAN COW.—We have a cow that has been fresh but a short time. She is a kicker and we have had to build a pen just large enough for her to stand in, and reach through and milk her. She will not give her milk down, either to let the calf nurse before she is milked, or let it nurse at the same time, and she will give her milk down no better out of the pen than in. L. H.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department with our April number. Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 20-cent subscriptions, or one 3-year 50-cent subscription, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 20-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 20-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

Sarah Foster, nee Sproule last heard in Cairo, Ill., also Henry Sproule last heard of in Morehouse, Ill. Write to Mrs. Lillie Lindsey, Ford, La. Richard Rhodes, or information regarding his whereabouts would be gratefully received by his sister, Mrs. K. M. Gribble, Keytesville, Mo.

Will Jackson, last known of thirty-five years ago at Coon Creek, Ill., write to his brother, Charles Lorain, Strang, Neb.

Mattie Jenkins or her children, Harrison or Eva, last heard of in 1889 in Collin Co., Texas, write nephew, W. A. Davis, Pilot Point, E. D. 2, Texas.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

COUGH.—I have a horse that is thirteen years old and she has had a cough for about three years. She coughs a little all the time and when we have her out in the rain it makes it worse. Sometimes her head seems stopped up and it rattles. She is worse when she is eating grain or hay. W. G.

CHRONIC COUGH.—I have a horse that has had a cough for some time, sometimes when coughing he strains like a child with croup. He also gets his breath very hard and sometimes rattles. What is the remedy? E. K.

REPLY.—Without an examination it seems likely that the horse has "hoarseness," but there may be a throat trouble or a polypus in the nostril. Give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning and wet all food. If cough persists give half to one ounce of glyco-heroin two or three times a day in addition to the other medicine.

STOPPAGE OF TEAR DUCTS.—I have a lively mare, she has good appetite and healthy, but something is the matter with her eyes. Water issues from them, just a little, all the time; it is hardly perceptible. That water takes off all the hair from the skin under each eye, leaving the skin bare. J. A. J.

REPLY.—The lacrimal ducts are blocked up and should be operated upon by a veterinarian. Meanwhile sponge the eyes night and morning with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid and then apply olive oil to the skin below the eyes.

Get up a club of subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents a year and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many exchanges in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We will send an assortment of twelve cards for clubs of three, or twenty-five for a club of five. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Frank W. Davis, 1419 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Paul Shelton, Mayfield, R. D. 6, Ky. Vernon Mawf, Gen. Del'y, Los Angeles, Cal. Clarence Crabtree, Box 149, Jewett, Texas. Anna Hedberg, Box 47, Lenexa, K. D. 2, Kans. No comics. George Crump, Jr., Frank, Pa. Mrs. E. H. Hardie, Bridal Veil, Oregon. Mrs. John Virrutt, 528, Mulberry St., Beaumont, Texas. Alden F. Keyes, Jr., Box 141, Wareham, Mass. Nellie Keary, 302 P. St., Eureka, Cal. Miss Florence Barnes, Westover, R. D. 1, Md.

Don't Delay Any Longer

If you suffer from any ailment, you should not allow it to get a day older before you send for Vitam-Ore. Give it a trial and a chance to cure you, as it has thousands. Read the offer on last page.

"CIQS" for Chronic Malaria

50c. postpaid, Belser Co., 433 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS

35 cases needles \$1.35 express paid, 115 needles in case; sample 8c. worth 25c. Diehl Co., Dept. D, Allentown, Pa.

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Learn Something About The GREAT SOUTHWEST.

Write for Interesting Facts Concerning Arizona's Chief Industry. O. H. SATY, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

POSTALS with your name in Gold, 5 for 15 cents. LESLIE & Co., Denver, Colo.

3000 receipts 50c. silver. No cook book. J. F. WADE, QUINCY, ILL.

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AGENTS—\$75 Monthly. Combination Rolling Pin. NINE ARTICLES COMBINED. Lightning seller. Sample Free. Forshee Mfg. Co., C27, Dayton, O.

We Pay \$10 per 1000, cash, for names and addresses. Send 10c for blank books and instructions. Woods & Co., Dept. 1, Windsor, Mo.

LADIES make Sanitary Belts \$14.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. MODERN SUPPLY CO., Box 3784, Kansas, Ill.

25 HIGHEST GRADE POST CARDS 10c. Pleasant colored Views, Forest, Pretty Cities, etc. No postage. Send prepaid to receive. SOUVENIR CO., 1245 Lake St., CHICAGO.

25 Flower Postcards 10c. Roses, Daisies, Apple-Blossoms, Forget Me Not, Violets, etc. JAMES LEE, 72 B CANAL ST., CHICAGO.

HANDIHOOK EVER READY HANGER push into wood or plaster wall with thumb to hold up ten pounds. Everybody needs them. Three samples 10c. sell for 30c. USEFUL APPLIANCE CO., Waterbury, Conn.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, cousins dear, how are you enjoying the sweet summer time? It is awfully hot, isn't it? Still everybody is warm and you girls who live in the country away from the hot streets of the town ought to be glad you are not as warm as some other people. But it isn't sweltering all the time, and when the fresh cool days come in between they make us feel so good we can afford to suffer a little for our enjoyment. And work, if it isn't too hard and close, makes us forget a lot of other troubles. So here we go to work, as cheerful as may be.

The first inquirer into our mysteries is Blue Eyes of Nashville, Tenn., a beautiful city full of educational institutions, who wants to know if I can give her any information on the "XX love sign." I never heard of it. In slang talk there is something about "putting the double cross" on anything that is unsuccessful. Maybe somebody has put the double cross on her love. Wouldn't that be awful?

E. L. R., Parkersburg, W. Va.—You love him as you never loved anyone else; he has proposed to you, and you ask me what you should do? Dear me, cousin, can't you guess? Still, as you are only seventeen and he twenty, I won't tell you what to do, for at least three years. Wait and ask me again.

Two Readers, Nodaway, Mo.—Ask the young man who wrote the letter what "S. W. S. O." stands for. I think he is the only person who knows. (2) Sign either name or initials to post card.

Country Lassie, Indianapolis, Neb.—The first duty a fourteen-year-old girl owes to her mother is obedience. If she is a good mother she will object seriously to your going to dances until you are out of school.

Broncho Girl, Monument, N. M.—The man who takes advantage of a girl's position, either in an office, store, factory or school, to force his acquaintance upon her should be turned out with the cattle. He is a beast. You write a very good letter and if your surroundings are not congenial why not go to a larger and more refined community? You can make your own way, I am quite sure. Intelligent girls of good character are in demand.

Dakota Girl, St. Mark, N. Dak.—Can't you meet the boy some other way than by speaking to him without introduction? That is not the way ladies meet gentlemen.

Sorrowful Bettie, Orion, Okla.—No, my dear, just asking you to be his sweetheart is not a real proposal. When he asks you to be his wife, that will be. (2) The young man isn't very anxious to come to see you and is making excuses. I think I wouldn't let that kind come to see me at all.

Annie Dear, La Crosse, Va.—An engagement had better be too long than too short. A long acquaintance and a short engagement is the best plan. Friendship of the right kind is better than love of the usual kind young people marry on. (2) The man's wife probably knows he does not love her—that cannot be wholly hid—but he has no right to be making love to girls and they have no respect for themselves who will permit. (3) Ask your mother. If she thinks it right, I have nothing to say.

Loving Niece, Green City, Mo.—Forget the smart Yankee and choose the green Swede. You can teach him our ways very quickly if he loves you. The Yankee is too smart to be reliable.

Irish Blonde, Springfield, Mo.—Brothers who neglect their sisters will never make good husbands. They are sure to treat their wives as they treat their sisters after they become used to them. There is something wrong about young men of that kind which they should correct. Show this to your brother. No kind of a man can respect any girl who does not respect herself. They may tell that kind of girls that they do, but they do not. (3) It is quite the custom for young men and young women to call each other up on the telephone. But girls should not be too free with the phone.

Pauline, Little Rock, Ark.—He does not love you and he does not want to marry you, or he would have mentioned it. If you are looking for love and marriage, drop him.

Blue-eyed Cecil, Hanford, Cal.—Don't worry about having to leave school. If you want to learn, you have plenty of education to enable you to read all the good books and know more than the majority of girls who graduate at the best schools. (2) You have tested the young man once and found that he was lacking. Why do you want to try him again? Still, if you want to, it is none of my business. Go ahead and get fooled again.

Two Bugs, Lemonville, Mo.—Unless you are engaged, you can write to as many young men and go with as many, as you please, at the same time. (2) Of course if the young man is well recommended you may go with him though you have never met him before.

N. P., Columbus, Tenn.—It is only a lovers' quarrel, and you'll make up and marry after awhile, and maybe you won't ever quarrel again and maybe you will. I really can't tell what will happen. You'll have to find out for yourself. I'm an old maid and don't have such woes. Being an old maid isn't so awfully bad, sometimes.

Sweet Marie, Fairfield, Ia.—Tell the teacher you were only joking and ask her forgiveness. Also don't do it again. Do you find pleasure in making others suffer? (2) You acted in a very unkindly way and insulted your girl friends. Apologize to them. You need a good old-fashioned spanking.

Brown-eyed Bessie, Piper City, Ill.—Don't make matters worse by worrying over what is no fault of yours. Wait a while and it will come out all right. Let the young man know you are his friend.

Betty Blue-eyes, Waukegan, Ia.—Girls of from fourteen to sixteen should put their thoughts on schoolbooks, not schoolboys. Keep on pleasant terms with them and have the usual boy-and-girl affairs, but don't let them interfere with your studies. Tell your mothers everything that you do, and get their advice, not mine.

Lonely, Richmond, Va.—Oh me, oh my, I wish I could be right sorry for you, cousin, but I can't. You have made a love storm out of a little breeze and are battling with the elements while the young man doesn't even know there are any clouds in the sky—anyway, in his sky. Why didn't you drop him a line and ask him what was the matter? Calm yourself, and meet him, if you ever meet him again, exactly as if he didn't care a snap of his finger for you. Of course, he doesn't, or he never would have let you suffer all these agonies. I can tell me of. How could he know you were suffering so when you never told him?

Thinking, Ashland, Wis.—He is only "jolly" you as he "jollies" the other girls. It is a "jolt" all around, I think. Stop thinking about it except as a trivial incident. Let him do the rest.

Penna.—Citizen, Somerset, Pa.—You cannot well ignore the young men, now that you are out of school. We need the association of men and women and each sex should pay proper deference and attention to the other. Be gracious and pleasant to the young men and they will respond agreeably to you.

There, dears, we have had a very nice little chat, haven't we, and I haven't scolded at all, have I? It is easy to be sunny in summer isn't it? Now, by by, till we meet again, and may the good Lord hold you in His hand.

Cousin Marion.

Charlie's Fortune

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

"You seem to be already acquainted," said Mr. Lynnmore, approaching the old man. "Bless you! I have known Tim since he was a child," laughed Job. "He is one of the best boys that we ever raised in Osip."

The rest of the party in the parlor joined the merchant, apparently attracted by the hearty remark of the old man.

"How do you do, Tim?" said Charlie, offering his hand to the Vanderwent.

Cornelius took the hand, and bowed haughtily to the brave boy. "Of course Mr. Vanderwent has told you of the wonderful change in his fortunes," continued Mr. Lynnmore, when the party were all grouped together, near one of the windows.

"Who?" asked Job, glancing at his benefactor, because the merchant nodded in that direction, and not because he supposed Tim was the gentleman alluded to.

"Mr. Vanderwent. Hasn't he told you about it?" "He hasn't told me nothin'!" replied the old man. "Do ye mean Tim Twitterton?"

"That is not his name now; permit me to introduce Mr. Cornelius Vanderwent, Jr. He is the son of my old partner in business."

"What—he?" exclaimed Job, looking at Tim in amazement. "Yes, sir; he has fully proved himself to be the son of Mr. Vanderwent."

"Sho! Tim?" "Yes, there can be no doubt of the facts," and Mr. Lynnmore gave a brief statement of the narrative.

"Then Tim Twitterton that died in the almshouse, wasn't his father after all?" said Job. "Well, I allus thought Tim was too smart a boy to be the son of such a good-for-nothin' feller as Tom. And you say that Tim has proved it all?"

"Proved it beyond doubt. Why, he produced the little night-dress he wore on the night of the shipwreck, and the shawl in which he was wrapped when committed to the life-boat."

Job Seagrain turned as pale as his bronzed face could turn, and staggered forward from the place where he stood in the center of the group.

"What's the matter, governor?" demanded Charlie, springing forward to his aid. "Nothin'," muttered Job; "I felt kinder dizzy. We must be goin', Charlie, or we shall lose the market."

The sudden change that had come over the old man, was observed by all in the room; but his explanation of the reason of it was deemed satisfactory. Contrary to the expectation of the merchant, Job did not congratulate the young man upon his sudden accession to a name and fortune. The oysterman was now anxious to retire, and the members of the family were afraid that he was ill. He was silent, and looked troubled. Charlie would gladly have stayed longer, for, strange as it may seem, he had come to realize a strange, keen sense of enjoyment in the presence of Miss Fanny. He liked to be in her presence, and her smile was a joy he could not describe, or even fathom. Reluctantly he followed Job from the house, too busy with his own thoughts of the fair girl to notice the manner of the old man.

The Vanderwent had by this time determined not to accept an invitation to go with the Lynnmores in the yacht, even if it was extended to him. On the contrary, he had concluded to invite himself to take a trip to the city in the "Belle of the Bay," and he left the house with Job and Charlie.

Job understood now why Tim Twitterton had been so anxious to obtain the old shawl and the little night-dress.

"I'm going up to the city Job, and I will sail up with you, if you have no objection," said Cornelius, when they reached the landing place. "Sartin; git into the boat," replied the old man, soberly.

Charlie pulled them off to the "Belle of the Bay," and in a few moments she was under way, headed up the bay. Job took the wheel, and Charlie took his place in the fore-cabin, where he usually staid to attend to the jib sheet, though on this occasion because he preferred his own thoughts to the conversation of the "swell" in the standing-room. Job was silent and sober, and Cornelius did not disturb his meditations for some time. The Vanderwent was somewhat alarmed at the conduct of the old man.

His sudden start and his altered demeanor, were ominous of trouble, and threatened to drop the curtain before the last scene of the spectacle had been exhibited.

"Job, you will soon be a rich man," said he, at last.

"I dunno," replied the old man, coldly. "Riches ain't everything."

"They are a good deal, at any rate," added Tim. "You will get five or six thousand for your place, and I shall add as much more to your fortune."

"You?" "I shall; for I mean to remember all my old friends when I come into possession; or as soon as I am of age. I told you that Squire Peter was about."

"I know you did, Tim; and you saved a poor old man from misery and beggary; but—?" "Well, what?" asked Cornelius when Job paused, and seemed much affected.

"But I gin you did 'em things?" "Ce. ain't you did but they were not the least use to you, or to anyone else; and not much use to me."

"They made out the case for you?" "Not at all; by no means. I am really the son of Mr. Vanderwent. Tim Twitterton was saved from the ship, and took me ashore. It was the written statement of Tom, signed by himself and sworn to before a justice, that made out the case," protested Cornelius.

"Is that so?" asked Job, brightening up a little. "Certainly, it is."

"I dunno," mused the old man. "Do you see that boy for'ard?" "I see him."

"Who's he? Can you tell me?" "I don't know; probably the son of some emigrant."

"If them things proved that you were the son of Mr. Vanderwent, what on earth is Charlie?" "That's all nonsense Job. What ship was it that was lost on Pyre Island Beach?"

"The Albatross." "It has been proved that Mrs. Vanderwent and her son sailed in the 'Gladwing.'"

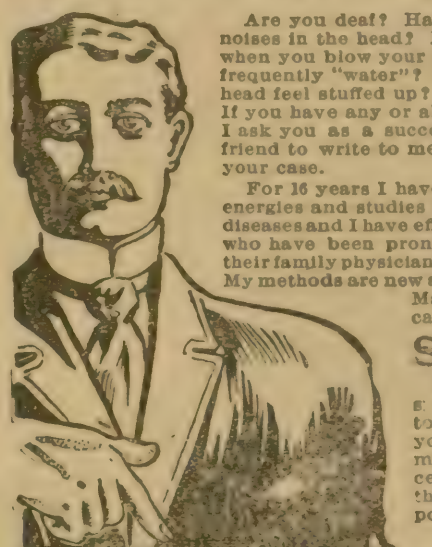
"Truly?" "Didn't Mr. Lynnmore tell you so?" "I believe he did."

Even Job could not see how, if the lady and child had sailed in the "Gladwing," they could have been wrecked in the "Albatross." He tried to satisfy himself that it was all right; but if the shawl and night-dress had proved that Tim Twitterton was the son of Mr. Vanderwent, to whom they did belong. But the son of his father asserted that these articles did not prove anything, and wishing to believe that he had done his boy no great wrong, Job allowed himself to be partially convinced, and promised to still keep the secret. The Vanderwent was satisfied, for he saw that Job must be silent for his own sake; and when the "Belle of the Bay" reached the city, he hastened to the store.

Job sold his oysters and carried back another pile of money; but this was Charlie's last trip, for the next week he took his place in the store, of Vanderwent & Lynnmore, and the old man hired a stout boy from the almshouse to help him on the vessel and about the place. He was homesome and discontented without Charlie, though the latter came home every Saturday night and stayed until Monday morning. The brick company, finding that Squire Peter failed to procure the land, acted through its agent, Possibly Mr. C. Vanderwent, Jr. influenced his

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Are you deaf? Have you sharp buzzing noises in the head? Do your ears tingle when you blow your nose? Do your eyes frequently "water"? Does your nose and head feel stuffed up? Have you Catarrh? If you have any or all the above diseases, I ask you as a successful Specialist and friend to write to me at once describing your case.

For 16 years I have devoted my entire energies and studies to the cure of these diseases and I have effected cures in people who have been pronounced incurable by their family physicians and good specialists. My methods are new and original; Electro-Magnetism removes the cause, therefore cures.



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I have proof that will astonish you. I cured I ask you in all frankness to lay your troubles before me. I know of nothing more sad—nothing that calls for our deepest sympathy—than the sight of a deaf man, woman or child. And here I am ready and willing as an ardent, conscientious Specialist to uplift and relieve suffering humanity. Write me at once—today—describing your case, and I will send you positive proofs and my Valuable Book FREE. Grasp this opportunity now—you have everything to gain—you can't lose a cent. No incurable cases accepted, no experimenting.

father, but Job sold his place for six thousand dollars. He bought another lot in Great Cove, and immediately built quite a handsome house which appeared like a palace to Betsy Ann. Charlie was a very fair scholar. He wrote a plain hand, which he had labored to improve when it was arranged that he was to go in the store. He was heartily welcomed by all in the central office, except the son of his father, and he concealed his dislike to "What's-his-name." Charlie was to be an entry clerk at first, in which position he could the soonest learn the name and prices of the vast varieties of goods. He was permitted to "look on" for a few days before he was required to perform any active

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

your grandmother was so proud and fond of them. One morning when we were feeding them she told me how General Maurice had laughed over the cunning of one of the negroes whose duty it was to attend to the fowl yards. The general had promised a setting of eggs to a friend in a neighboring county, and ordered the man to bring him one dozen perfectly fresh. The negro protested against a violation of the rule that no one else should own the white games, so that if stolen they could be traced. His master insisted, and when the eggs were handed to him he packed them very carefully in cotton, to prevent jostling, and sent them to his friend. Some time afterward, a letter reached your grandfather, informing him none of the eggs had hatched, and he called the man and read the letter to him.

"Narry aigg hatched? Well, I made sure they couldn't, for I am 'sponsible for keeping dem chickens safe at home and I 'tends to my business. You see, master, I knowed you was in a mighty tight fix, 'cause natchelly you hated to say no when Dr. Glenn axed for 'em, and most natchelly you didn't want our yellor-breasted, brass-winged white games crawing in other folks' yards, and so I jist p'intedly shuck 'em and shuck 'em like thunder, till they was foamy enough for Colie's omet skillet!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for renewal or next chapter when Noel Herriett tells Father Temple "you have balanced your books with the past."

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER. Wise Words to Sufferers From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



Will mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS: I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Stitches and Disordered or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you a doctor and expense and assure your daughters the best means of expelling her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be made again.

Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

CANCER CURABLE by New Non-operative Treatment. 27 years' experience. Book free. Names of afflicted wanted. Dr. C. Weber, 17 W. 8th st., CINCINNATI, O.

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for particulars. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.

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A Pretty Hat.

The transfer embroidery design illustrated here may be adapted to almost any style of hat, made of linen, duck, lawn, pailin, silk or batiste. The blossoms have the outline padded, and then worked in solid buttonhole stitch, the inside being done in eyelet design. The center of the crown shows one of these blossoms, the scroll being worked in solid outline stitch. In fact almost any kind of embroidery may be employed once the design has been transferred to the material. Some of the hats this summer have the embroidery done in the natural color of the blossoms and their foliage, though many women prefer the all-white embroidery. This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two six months, 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

W. P. K. Milford, Mass.—Make a trip to Boston and inquire at the big stores there for pillow covers. If you can't go, get the Sunday papers and write to the big advertisers.

Z. M. M., Great Capon, W. Va.—They are all right as far as we know, but don't give up money till you know what you are to get for it. (2) The only way to know if a patent medicine will do you good is to try it. It might act well on one person, and be bad for another.

J. C., Payne, S. C.—Write to Ella Bernard, No. 83 Nassau street, or to Wm. Schenck, No. 10 John Street, New York, N. Y.

F. R., Waverly, O.—We don't find any "Universalist" in our list, but the Universalist Leader is published at Boston, Mass.

M. P. P., Rossville, Kans.—Prices vary from twenty-five cents up. Write to any bookseller, or department store in Kansas City, or to John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

G. P., Downs, Kans.—Write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Jessie B., Pensacola, Okla.—Perfume making is an art and a business. You cannot acquire it at home by any kind of written directions or instructions. (2) You can't preserve a flower permanently by waxing the cut stem. It might last a few days, but not longer.

D. R. X., Olivet, Mich.—Try Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit.

Subscriber, Merriell, Mich.—You might get it by writing to Editor, Guntton's Magazine, New York, N. Y., enclosing postage for reply if he can't supply it.

Miss M. R., Advance, Mo.—You can only sell your story by submitting it to editors of periodicals printing such stories. Begin with any periodical you wish and keep it going. Enclose postage for return if not available. That's the way most writers do—all in fact, except the very first-class, who write on order.

W. J. C., Chrisman, Ill.—Write to Editor, The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

D. J. J., Beresford, S. D.—We believe there would be no sale for it at a price to justify, unless there is something about it other than its age. Write to Thompson Book Co., No. 374 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

E. W., Warsaw, Ill.—There is no "pure drug law" that we know of. The pure food law, includes drugs, and calls for the publication of the formula on all proprietary and patent medicines. Any Warsaw drugist will tell you all about it.

M. C., West Grove, Ia.—If no such firm advertises in COMFORT, we don't know of it.

H. S., Louisa, Ky.—We have discontinued that department. You will have to put the case in the hands of one of your town lawyers. He can get it for you if anybody can. Our advice is that, unless you are sure, it is best not to spend thought and money on it.

A. L. R., Grenada, Ala.—You may make and sell all the pictures, songs and stories in your power and pay no license. It is a free show for all.

J. A. G., Sedgewick, Cal.—Your pearl is too small to be of any value. All pearls of value are found in oyster shells.

Evangeline, Marshall, Mo.—We think the letters have no value. Still you might write to Mrs. Gov. Swanson, Richmond, Va., and she could tell you.

Mrs. V. A., North Creek, O.—The battleship Maine still lies in the harbor of Havana. A bill was introduced in Congress last winter to investigate the matter and raise the wreck, but no action was taken. Something is wrong somewhere and somebody doesn't want it known.

H. C. M., Cleveland, O.—You will have to submit your book manuscript to publishers until you find one who wants to buy it. There is no other way to know what they want. Any Cleveland publisher will give you a list, or some Cleveland publisher might take it. Have you tried there? The book is too local for outside publishers.

M. T., Leigh, Okla.—You cannot be told how to write a story. If you don't know how naturally, don't try to write.

C. M. B., Port Gamble, Wash.—We haven't a copy of the law. Write to Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

E. E. P., Readsville, Pa.—Learn the language which will be of most use to you in your community. You can learn to read a language through correspondence schools, but not to speak it. You will have to hear it spoken and speak it yourself—ear and tongue must be cultivated.

N. G., Little Rock, Ark.—Look among the advertisements in COMFORT, or in the classified ads in the magazines and you will find what you are looking for.

E. C., Eugene, Ore.—Write to Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., for full particulars.

J. E. C., Coble, Tenn.—They are only worth the price of old paper, less freight, and won't pay to ship unless you have at least a car load. Don't you have any junk dealers and peddlers coming your way?

E. E., Lusko, Ky.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. (2) Puck, Judge and Life are published in New York city. (3) Just who is our greatest American poet is not safe to answer until he dies. James Whitcomb Riley is about as near the top as anybody else.

F. A., Blount, Ala.—The U. S. Army comprises 15 regiments of cavalry, 750 officers, and 13,196 enlisted men; 6 regiment field artillery, 199 officers and 5,245 men; coast artillery, 569 officers and 19,321 men; 30 regiments of infantry, 1,500 officers and 25,640 men; engineers, scouts, recruits, etc., about 6,500 men; one regiment in Porto Rico, 31 officers and 574 native enlisted men; 50 companies of native scouts in Philippines, 116 officers and about 5,000 men. The Navy comprises 1,785 commissioned, and 453 warrant officers in the active list. The enlisted strength is 38,500 men. The Marine Corps consists of 311 officers and 6,000 men.

C. F. M., Springfield, Neb.—It has no value to a dealer.

P. M. L., Cleveland, O.—There are no magazine editors who want to buy amateur short stories.

W. S. W., Shillburg, Wis.—You are counting your chickens before the eggs are laid. Get out your model, make your machine, and if it will plant corn the way you think it will, you won't have any trouble selling it. We can't answer questions so far ahead.

O. M., Richmond, Va.—If a compass will not work on the hills, there must be iron in them. Why don't you prospect and find out?

R. M. W., Eldora, Ia.—Write to L. Conway, No. 4 West 18th St., or to E. Hazen, No. 63, West 14th St., New York, N. Y. (2) Copper cent of 1863 is worth only its face.

J. B. C., Salem, Idaho.—Coins so worn as not to be distinguishable are not of value. However, write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

C. M., Marksville, La.—We don't know who has cancelled postage stamps. If anybody does he should advertise in COMFORT.

G. F. D., Junction City, Texas.—There isn't any Mexican language, unless it is Mexican Indian. Spanish is what you want to learn, and you can get a Spanish Lesson Book from any book man in San Antonio, or from Weinmann Bros., Publishers, New York, or Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Prices vary from twenty-five cents up.

C. V., Passaic, N. J.—Go to any newsstand in your town and buy a copy of the New York World Almanac (1908) in which you will find answers to all the questions you ask, and which we haven't space for. The price is twenty-five cents. It is very cheap education and you need it.

L. B., Paulding, O.—Never heard of it before. John Church & Co., Cincinnati, can probably tell you about it, if you write enclosing postage for reply.

B. F. M., Trimble, Ky.—Your nearest market is the best, and that is Cincinnati, or Louisville. Write to leading dry-goods firms there stating what you have to offer and ask if they will buy. Much better to go in person and submit samples. You might be able to place all you can make, if you started in right.

J. S. G., Mexico, Mo.—No general license is required to advertise and sell your goods, unless they are tobacco or whiskey. If there is a local license your town officials can tell you.

A. F. S., Nelson, Ga.—Alchemy being the immature chemistry of the Middle Ages, when chemists were chiefly employed in trying to transmute gold from base metals, to find the elixir of life and other such impossible things, there is no definitely authentic event which could be called the first. (2) Hocus-pocus is gibberish, used by so-called magicians in doing their stunts, and its origin is in do-do. Like Topsy, it "just growed," probably, as much of modern colloquial slang does. (3) Give us more data on "The Ladies Elward."

M. L. D., Comanche, Texas.—The formula will do no good unless you are an expert on silvering mirrors. It is a trade that must be learned.

W. S., O'Neill, Neb.—The letter adds no value to the coin. It is worth ten cents.

F. G., Carthage, Ill.—We have no means of getting the Paris address of the man you are looking for. As you know his business write to him, naming his business in the address and if he is there the letter will reach him. Put your own name and address in the left hand corner of the envelope and it will be returned to you, if he is not found. P. S. Don't spell it "Artitecture" but "Architecture," so the post-office Frenchmen will understand your English better.

E. R., Cleveland, Texas.—We haven't the address. Can't you find it again in a back number of COMFORT? Write to Thomas Garner & Co., No. 22 Spruce St., New York, N. Y., who may be able to tell you. Inclose postage.

S. J. W., Meadows of Dan, Va.—If you wish to study art for the money that is in it, we advise you not to do so. Artists are born, not manufactured to order. (2) Montgomery Ward, or Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, can supply your wants.

M. S., Colville, Wash.—Write to A. Jacobs, No. 81 Eldridge St., or S. Rothman, No. 72 Eldridge St., New York, N. Y. We think, though, that it will save you heavy freight or express charges to deal with Seattle, or other coast city firms. See their advertisements in coast papers.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

up at the window from which a bright face had just disappeared, he said good by again, and was driven to the depot.

Contrary to Lawrence's expectation, his father seemed neither surprised nor offended when told what he had done.

"Miss Howell was a nice girl," he said, "and he had more than once been on the point of confessing to his son how he had influenced her decision.

The will had wrought a great change in Mr. Thornton's opinion, and even the beggar who was to claim Milly as her daughter some day, did not seem very formidable when viewed through a golden setting. Geraldine, on the contrary, was terribly disappointed, while Lillian abandoned herself again to tears and hysterics. Not long, however, did Geraldine give way. She knew that Lawrence did not suspect her of having anything to do with Milly's refusal, further than to ask for Lillian's sake to give him up, and as it was for her interest to keep him wholly blinded, she affected to congratulate him a second time, saying, laughingly, "The Fates have decreed that you should marry Milly, so I may as well give it up and act like a sensible woman."

But when alone with Mr. Thornton she assumed a new phase of character, fiercely demanding of him if he intended to sit quietly down and see Lawrence throw himself away. Mr. Thornton had never told her of the will, neither did he do so now, but he answered her that it was useless further to oppose Lawrence—that he was sorry for Lillian, but hoped her disappointment would in time wear off. "Lawrence will marry Miss Howell, of course," he said, in conclusion, "and won't it be better for us to make the best of it and treat her with a show of friendship at least."

"Perhaps it will," returned Geraldine, whose thoughts no one could fathom. "I was indignant at first that he should treat Lillian so shamefully, but I will try and feel kindly toward this girl who is to be my cousin, and by way of making a compensation, I will write her a letter of congratulation."

Mr. Thornton was deceived, so was Lawrence, and, so, indeed was Milly, when two days after Lawrence's departure, she received a letter from Geraldine Veille, couched in the kindest of terms, and written, apparently, in all sincerity.

"I was much vexed with you once, I'll confess," the wily woman wrote, "for I had so set my heart upon Lawrence marrying Lillian that it was hard to give it up. But I have considered the matter soberly, and concluded that, whether I am willing or not, Lawrence will do as he pleases, so pray forgive me, dear cousin that is to be, for anything you may have heretofore disliked in my conduct towards you. We shall, I know, be the best of friends, and I anticipate much pleasure in having you with me. I shall coax Lawrence to let me offer my services in selecting any part of your bridal trousseau. Don't be afraid to trouble me, for, do what I may, I shall consider it merely as atoning for the ill-natured feelings I have cherished toward you. If you like, I will go out to Beechwood a few weeks before the wedding. I have given quite a number of large parties and may be of some use to you. In short, call upon me as much as you please, and, whatever you may have thought of me before, please consider me now as "Your sincere friend,"

"She is a good woman after all," thought Milly, as she carried the letter to the Judge, who read it over twice, and then handed it back, saying, "There's devilment behind all that. Mark my words. I don't like those Veilles. I knew their father—as sneaky a dog as ever drew breath."

But Milly thought he was prejudiced, and, after answering Lawrence's letter of twelve pages, she wrote a note to Geraldine, thanking her for her kind offers, and saying that very likely she might wish for her services in the matter of selecting dresses, as Boston furnished so much greater variety than Mayfield.

Swimmingly now the matters progressed. Every week found Lawrence at Mayfield, while there seemed no end to the thick letters which passed between himself and Milly when he was not with her. Lillian, by some most unaccountable means had been converted, and was all amiability, and, having been deputed to select the bridal dress, and having failed to find anything in Boston worth looking at, went all the way alone to New York, returning home at last perfectly elated with her success. Such a splendid piece of satin as she had found at ———— such a lace of a veil and wreath as she had purchased elsewhere and such an exquisite perfume as she had bought for herself at cost, having obtained in her behalf one of the firm of Blank & Co., who had written for her notes of introduction to clerks of department houses, and had sometimes gone with her home; to see that she wasn't cheated!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 30 cents for one year's subscription, and read the next chapter, when the mystery of Milly's parentage is solved.

FREE MEDICINE FOR CATARRH

IF YOU SUFFER FROM THIS LOATHSOME AND DANGEROUS DISEASE, YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WILL BRING TO YOU OUR CATARRH MEDICINE FREE.

We are specialists in the treatment and cure of Catarrh. We know that we have a treatment that will cure Catarrh and we are going to prove it. We want to prove it in the quickest possible way; therefore we make this offer of one month's Catarrh medicine FREE. After reading carefully the symptoms enumerated below mark those you feel in your case, cut out this advertisement, mail it to us with your name and address, and we will send you one full month's medicine without cost.

Now we will tell you why we can afford to do this free. Ours is not a patent medicine put up in bulk and dealt out to all alike, independent of age, temperament or condition, but instead is a scientific course of medicine prescribed by a true specialist to meet the individual requirements of each case and compounded by an up-to-date pharmacist from pure, fresh drugs. It has cured hundreds who have tried many so-called Catarrh cures with little or no benefit, AND IT WILL CURE YOU. It is cheaper for us to give a month's medicine free, knowing that thousands will take advantage of this generous offer, and thereby quickly spread to their friends and relatives the efficacy of our treatment, than it would be to wait patiently for years in the old way to have this grand discovery become famous; therefore our seeming generosity is really economy.

LOSS OF SIGHT, DEAFNESS,

and many other afflictions find their origin in Catarrhal poison lurking in the blood and cannot be cured until this primary

cause is removed. Read carefully the following symptoms:

EYE Do your eyes water, do they itch or burn; does matter accumulate in the corners of eyes during sleep; is vision impaired; are the eyelids inflamed or granulated? If so, you need our treatment.

EAR Catarrh extends from the throat along the Eustachian Tubes into the ears, frequently causing partial or complete deafness. Is your hearing failing; do your ears discharge; do you hear better some days than others; do you have roaring or cracking or other noises in your head? You need prompt treatment.

NOSE AND THROAT This form of Catarrh is most common, resulting from neglected colds. Is your nose tender or stopped up; does your nose discharge; is there pain in the front of head; do you hawk to clear the throat; is your throat dry in the morning; do you sleep with your mouth open? You can easily be cured now—do not delay, thus allowing it to become complicated.

BRONCHIAL TUBES When Catarrh of the head or throat is neglected or improperly treated, it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes and in a short time attacks the lungs. Have you a cough; do you take cold easily; have you pain in the side; do you raise frothy matter or spit up little cheesy lumps; are you growing weaker? It is dangerous to neglect these warnings. Stop the disease before it reaches the lungs.

STOMACH Catarrh of the stomach is due to swallowing mucus which drops from the head and throat during sleep. Do you suffer from nausea; or belch up gas; is your tongue coated; do you bloat after eating; is there a constant bad taste in the mouth; have you a foul, disagreeable breath; do you vomit or spit up your food? If you neglect these symptoms you will surely regret it.

LIVER DISEASES The liver is frequently affected by Catarrhal poisons carried from the stomach through the ducts into the liver. Do you get dizzy; see specks before the eyes; have you cold feet; feel generally miserable; get tired easy; have bad flashes; easily discouraged; rumbling in the bowels; constipated; sallow skin? If you have any of these symptoms, prompt treatment is necessary.

KIDNEY DISEASES result in two ways; by taking cold, and by overworking the kidneys in separating the Catarrhal poison which affects all organs. Do your hands and feet swell; do you notice it more at night; is there a pain in the small of back; has the perspiration a bad odor; is there puffiness under the eyes; do you have to get up during the night? Watch out for Bright's Disease and Diabetes.

NERVOUS DISEASES The majority of nervous diseases are caused by poisons in the blood. Is your mind dull; are you easily excited; does your heart flutter; do your muscles twitch; are you irritable; suffer from sleeplessness; do you get up as tired as when you went to bed; do you suffer from Neuralgia; do you have bad dreams; have you gloomy forebodings and always a feeling that something is going to happen? To delay treatment is dangerous.

REMEMBER, send only your name and address. **NO MONEY**, and without cost or delay, you will receive **ONE MONTH'S MEDICINE FREE** for your particular case, also a large illustrated book which contains much valuable information as to how to get well and keep well, and should be in every home. Address

GERMAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE 941 Walnut Street, KANSAS CITY, MO.

ECZEMA Free Trial

of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure for Eczema. You do not have to risk one penny on my treatment as it actually stops the itching and cures you to stay cured. A free trial will prove this. I want you to write me today sure. Address
DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 460 PARK SQUARE, SEDALIA, MO.

\$3.75 GUARANTEED 20 YEARS
High grade genuine American full seven ruby jeweled watch, quick train lever movement, a perfect beauty, guaranteed to keep accurate time for 20 years. Priced at \$10.00, now only \$3.75. A handsome gold plated watch, with a beautiful gemstone set in the face of the watch. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express—this address will be returned to you. Express charges and insurance are paid. Address
E. CHALMERS CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO
Please mention COMFORT when you write.

AGENTS WANTED
Sell our Big \$1.00 bottle Sarsaparilla for 50 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms. F. R. GREENE, 39 Lake St., Chicago.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, neck, arms, etc., FOREVER. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information, I send it FREE. Address HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St., New York

LADIES— A Guaranteed Cure for Female Diseases. The Best, the Cheapest, and the Speediest Treatment on the Market. Our method is simple, soothing and convenient and does its work while you attend to your regular duties. Write for free trial today and be convinced.
DR. RAINIER'S CROWN DISPENSARY CO., Agents Wanted. Dept. C. Walkerton, Ind.

DON'T ACCEPT AN AGENCY until you get my simple and particular. Regardless of hard times agents are doubling sales. Address
RAYMAN, 2205 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no surgery, no pain, no suppuration. Ready relief. Address
J. H. REEVES, Box 624, New York, N.Y.

15 Beautiful Flower Post Cards 10c
Home, Garden, Street Scene and other Flowers. All colors. Most beautiful lot you ever saw. MARTIN UTILITY CO., Dept. 4, CHICAGO.

EVERY WOMAN needs our Ladies' Toilet Specimen and Rubbing Needles. Send 2 stamp for catalog. NORMAN DORR Co 560 Calumet Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oil. Send for Free Treatise. Add A. J. Miller, M.D., St. Louis, Mo.

LADIES to make Health Shields. Material furnished, \$15 per hundred. Particulars Dept. A, HEALTH BELT CO., CHICAGO.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLER ALIVE, WITH READ GUARANTEE. ANTERIOR POSTAL FREE. FREDERICK FIELD & CO., 18 N. 7th St., CHICAGO.

Electric Goods. Big Cat 3 cts. Fortune for agents. Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

\$10 Cash Paid FOR CANCELLED SUBSCRIPTIONS. E. COTT, CHICAGO, N. Y.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

A SUMMER HAT FREE
No. 1
Here is a new idea in folding Hats that will furnish fun in quantities for all men or women, boys or girls. A new idea in headgear, practical and useful. If you are troubled with headaches during extremely hot weather, this light weight and comfortable Hat is a suitable protection from the sun's hot rays, and serves nearly all purposes of the usual straw hat. This is a useful and practical Hat for any purpose or occasion, except in Alaska, being made of thousands of feet of paper, woven and folded in the most ingenious manner. It is extremely light in weight and appears to conform readily to its perfectly. When not in use the Hat folds flat, as shown in the upper illustration, and can be carried in the pocket without danger of injury. The flexible paper these hats are made of is strong and durable, one Hat will wear a long time. They are made in a variety of colors, finished perfectly with colored band, just like a regular straw hat, the upper one being more for men and boys' wear, and No. 2, 3 and 4 for women or girls. People who are outdoors in the summer-time, for labor or leisure, at the seashore or in the field, will find this unique Hat a perfect comfort and convenience. Each hat fitted with a strong chin elastic. We have imported a whole quantity for our exclusive use; doubtful if you can find them elsewhere, so you should send to us now, as we have them ready to ship by mail. Hat No. 2 with wide drooping brim; sunshade like, overhanging the face, with round sloping crown giving a "Merry Widow" effect. A feather or a hawk added will give a stunning effect and you might as well wear a Merry Widow as any one.

No. 2

No. 3

No. 4

No. 5

No. 6

No. 7

No. 8

No. 9

No. 10

No. 11

No. 12

No. 13

No. 14

No. 15



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

G. F. R. Manistique, Mich.—Don't bother about yourself. Let your mind on something else—something cheerful and bright and out of doors. There is nothing the matter with you if you will eat good digestible food, take plenty of exercise in the open, keep in good company and trust the rest to Providence. Kind and a good-natured, laughing sort of a sweetheart and marry her and work for her. Men of your kind make doctors tired.

H. C. C. Knox, Ind.—The less malaria in the climate, of course, the better for the child, but scrofulous trouble lies deeper than malaria and you must put the case in the hands of a physician who can see the patient and prescribe from personal knowledge, as to treatment and diet.

Anxious Girl, Chapel Hill, N. C.—Your local druggists or doctors should be able to tell you where the nearest hair specialist is. We certainly don't know, away off here in Maine. We think you had better wait for some time though before seeing a hair specialist. Your hair will grow in again if you can find a physician who will diagnose your case properly, and treat you accordingly.

V. C. Pearl, Mo.—Unless you are on the shady side of fifty, the best thing for you to do is to marry, unless you have already tried it. That is the normal condition for a man. Have a little marriage talk with your home doctor.

Mrs. E. E. Cheyenne, Wyo.—The appendix cannot be removed without the use of a knife. In some instances it may be treated so that the knife is not necessary. (2) For excessive perspiration of the feet, mix seven ounces carbonate of magnesia, two ounces powdered calomel, seven ounces orris root and half a dram powdered cloves. Rub on the feet and put some in your stockings. (3) Yes, it is almost as bad in its general ill effects as indigestion. Salt Lake City climate is not as good for catarrh as the Cheyenne climate. As we understand there is not much of it in either place.

P. P. Meadville, Pa.—Freckles, that is the deep-seated kind, are practically small moles, and if you have been unable to remove them, you will do well to let them alone or you will have your skin in a much worse condition. Don't imperil your health for vanity's sake.

A. B. C. Mason, Ind.—Avoid all situations where your head is affected and keep in the open air as much as possible. What the real trouble is can only be determined by a physician who can make a personal examination of you. Have you tried that?

B. E. L. Vermont, Ill.—The remedy lies entirely within your own will. If you haven't the strength of mind to hang up, when you know that that is your only salvation, you don't deserve to get right, and probably the sooner you throw up your hands and quit, the better for all concerned. That may sound brutal, and it is, but mild talk will do you no good.

J. K. A., Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia is said to be the center of medical skill in this country. Take your case to one of the hospitals there and let the experts examine you and give you treatment. It won't cost you anything if you are not able to pay. Your case is too serious not to have the best treatment.

Mrs. E. B. Cheney, Wash.—Have you ever tried kerosene oil for your chilblains? The external use of fluid concentrated chloride of iron is also recommended. Any druggist will prepare it for you, if you tell him what you want it for. There are numerous remedies, and the druggist may suggest one that will be of benefit.

E. F. C., Kerkhonkon, N. Y.—Brown spots and thinness are due to many causes. You mention none to us. Consult a physician and get his opinion after seeing and questioning you.

Subscriber, Fennimore, Wis.—Neuritis is a very painful and stubborn affection of the nerves, sometimes attacking the legs and feet and sometimes the hands and arms and spine. Like other nervous troubles its cause is not always determinable, nor is it easy to find a remedy. It may begin suddenly with no warning to speak of and continue for years, although after the first sharp attack it becomes less violent. Alcoholic neuritis is brought on by excessive use of alcohol for a long period, though the drinker may never be drunk.

F. E. R., Long Beach, Cal.—Electric or mechanical vibrators should not cause the loss of flesh. Vibrator treatment is especially good in nervous troubles. Indeed a good vibrator is handy to have in the house for a great many aches and pains commonly treated with liniments and internal remedies.

C. H. L., Vienna X Roads, Ohio.—Persons having heart trouble are not permitted to go under the influence of chloroform or other anesthetic. Chloroform in very small quantities is used in compounds for internal troubles. It is only to be taken, however, under a physician's direction. (2) Head noises, so called, may be relieved in some instances. It depends upon causes. (3) You can get as good remedy for falling hair or dandruff at the drug store as we can give you.

Sam F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are within half an hour of some of the finest free hospitals in the world, five cents to reach them. Go there instead of trusting to newspaper treatment.

W. M., New Wilmington, Pa.—Ask your barber. He can probably give you better advice than a physician. Vaseline rubbed in thoroughly at the roots should relieve the itching as it will remove the dryness.

O. S., Raymond, Minn.—Arch props are good for flat feet. Any druggist will sell you a cheaper and better hair cure than we can prescribe. For malodorous and sweaty feet bathe them in a weak solution of permanganate of potash, one scruple of salt to eight ounces of water. A simpler, but not so effective a bath is ordinary ammonia, say teaspoonful to a bowl of water. Use this twice a day.

J. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.—As you do not designate whether you are boy or girl, we can't pass any opinion upon your voice.

O. S. E. C., Big Pool, Md.—We believe the air of Arizona is guaranteed to cure catarrh, unless the case is incurable. Most of the work there is of the agricultural, or mining kind. If you have daughters who will do housework they can get all they want at good wages, but no factory work, except in rare cases. Write to Hon. Mark Smith, House Representatives, Washington, D. C. for information in detail.

M. L., Peoria, Ill.—Only a personal examination can decide the matter. You will have to consult a physician who can see and talk to you.

M. E. S., Novecity, Mo.—You have delayed too long to prove anything new by examination of the dead person. We advise you not to make any charges that you cannot substantiate or you will be sure to get into more trouble than you can imagine.

M. A. E., Sonora, Ill.—The swelling along the tendon in the neck may be reduced by frequent massage. Knead the swelling as you would dough, very carefully and thoroughly, for say five minutes, night and morning. Rubbing vasoline into it at the same time will be of benefit to the skin. Have you ever had a physician look at it?

H. A. B., Jefferson City, Mo.—Try Christian Science. Ordinary treatment of no benefit for you.

Lucy, Hot Springs, Ark.—Better not take any unknown medicine unless you get a physician's endorsement of it. It is quite proper to go without a physician.

Subscriber, Boston, Mass.—Yours is nervous mental trouble which medicine will not satisfactorily reach, though time may overcome it. We advise you to try Christian Science which is so convenient to you in your town. That will probably do you more good than anything else, and won't cost much to try.

Mrs. J. H. S., Hawley, Pa., tells us that she cured boils which afflicted her for twenty years, by taking

red clover tea and keeping at it for a whole year. Since taking it she has not had a boil in twenty-five years. Extracts of red clover may now be bought in drug stores and Mrs. S. insists that it will cure it continued. In the mean time The Family Doctor wishes to say in confidence to COMFORT readers that he has been fighting boils for three months and has yet to find a remedy that is quick in action.

J. M. R., DeKalb, Miss.—You may promote the growth of your eyelashes by applying with a fine brush a preparation composed as follows: Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Apply night and morning. Wild hairs are to be removed by someone with a steady hand who can examine the eyes. For weak eyes you must consult an oculist, or physician, to discover what makes them weak.

R. K., Saldora, Ill.—A lotion for liver spots is compounded as follows: Bichloride of mercury, four grams; sulphate of zinc, eight grams; spirit of camphor, ten grams; distilled water, three hundred grams. Apply twice a day with a piece of linen and stop when skin begins to peel. If the skin looks dry apply cold cream until peeling begins. If this does not remedy the trouble, you should consult a physician.

Virgie's Inheritance

CHAPTER XLII. (CONTINUED.)

"BUT that will be dreadful," Virgie said, greatly troubled; "just think of the shame that such a proceeding would bring upon those who are innocent of wrong; they are not to blame for the evil that my father has done, and it does not seem right that they should be deprived of their inheritance; think of their poor mother and all her hopes for her children."

"Does it count for nothing, Virgie, that my hopes were crushed; that I was abandoned when you were a helpless little one; that I was left to depend upon myself and to provide for you?" cried her mother, sternly; though there was a note of keenest agony in her tones. "Does it count for nothing that the happiness of my whole life has been wrecked; that I was repudiated, scorned, mocked; that you have never been acknowledged by your own name, never allowed to occupy your true position in life?"

"I know it has all been wrong, cruel, wicked," Virgie returned, sadly and with trembling lips; "but I have been very happy, with you, mamma; you have never allowed me to realize anything of this trouble; we have had everything we needed and your fortune is ample without striving for that which you affirm should be mine; I cannot help but think that anyone must be made to suffer just to secure a little more wealth, or a higher position in life, for me."

"And are you willing to sacrifice all your rights to those who have supplanted you—who have lived all their lives upon your heritage?" demanded Mrs. Alexander, excitedly.

"Mamma," Virgie answered, sitting up and meeting her mother's flashing eye with a proud look, "leaving the innocent out of the question entirely, I scorn to accept anything from the man who has supplanted me; I would not be recognized as his child; I would not be known by his name, were he allied to royalty itself."

"Ah, my darling, you are not lacking in spirit, in spite of your forgiving nature," she said; "but justice demands that he shall make you restitution; that must be part of his punishment."

Then turning to Rupert she continued: "You are a man, just and true, Mr. Hamilton; you have heard my story as a disinterested witness, and are therefore capable of judging with an unprejudiced mind; I ask you, is it right that I should demand for my child the position and inheritance that belong to her?"

And Rupert Hamilton replied, gravely, decidedly. "It is right; a great wrong has been done both you and Virgie, and it is but just that it should be atoned for as far as may be—if not willingly, then by compulsion."

The young man little realized that he was passing sentence upon his well-loved guardian; but he had been greatly shocked by the story to which he had listened, and he deemed no punishment too severe for him who had been guilty of such wrong.

Virgie sighed at his verdict. She never could bear the thought of giving pain to others, and she shrank almost with loathing from meeting one who had caused her mother so much unhappiness.

"Mamma, who is my father?" she asked, after a thoughtful pause.

"My dear, I do not wish to tell you just yet, for you are liable to meet him or some member of his family in society, and you will be happier not to know it, at least until my plans are matured and I have decided when and how to act. I have simply related this story to you now because I thought that Rupert ought to know something of our history, and to prepare you for what must soon occur."

"Very well; I will wait your time," the young girl returned; but she felt a shiver of dread creep over her; she felt that she could not forgive her own man who had so ill-treated her beautiful mother.

"And one thing more," continued Mrs. Alexander, turning to Rupert. "I should prefer that your engagement remain unannounced for a little while, until this business is settled. My lawyer hopes to be able to arrange matters in the course of two or three weeks."

"It shall be just as you wish," the young man responded, adding, with a fond smile, as he turned to Virgie: "So long as I am assured of the love that I crave it matters little to me whether the world knows it or not for the present. I would, however, like to make one exception. I should like to inform my guardian of the fact."

"That is but right," returned Mrs. Alexander; and she was again about to ask the name of his guardian, but a ring of their bell just then arrested her, and Miss Huntington had arrived, and as she entered Rupert took his leave, wondering to himself who this man was, who evidently stood so high in London society, and who had so ruthlessly ruined the life of a beautiful and trusting woman and discarded his own child.

A few evenings after this Virgie, accompanied by her mother for the first time, attended the reception and ball given by Lord and Lady Dunforth.

Lady Dunforth had herself been a beautiful American girl—Brownie Douglas by name—and she was always eager to entertain her countrywomen when they visited London.

She had met Virgie at the Huntingtons, and had at once been attracted toward her, and had taken pains to secure her presence on her next evening at home, arranging for extra attractions for her sake.

Mrs. Alexander was feeling unusually well on this night, and had taken a great deal of pains with her own and her daughter's toilet.

Virgie's costume was exquisite, consisting of pale-blue satin, with an overdress of misty lace, wrought with tiny crystals, and draped with clusters of bluish roses, while she wore strings of rare pearls on her neck and arms and in her hair.

Mrs. Alexander wore simple black, but of richest material and finest texture, while her lace were exceptionally rare and her diamonds of the purest water.

She was a strikingly beautiful woman. Her face possessed a peculiar delicacy of beauty, and her complexion was as faultless as of old. She had gained much in ease and self-possession; her bearing was regal, her manner charming.

Lady Dunforth was even more delighted with her than she had been with Virgie, and took especial pains to present her to her most honored guests.

It happened that Lady Linton and Lillian were also present that evening. Both were accomplished society women, and were much sought after because of their tact and brilliancy. Lady Linton could entertain charmingly, and Lillian was always the center of a brilliant circle.

But for once Lady Linton's accomplishment in this direction failed her.

Old People Must Give the Bowels Help

The muscles of the bowels become less active with age. They must have help.

That help should be regular. Don't wait till you need something violent. It should be gentle and natural. One can't take harsh physic persistently without infinite harm.

People who must take laxatives regularly should take nothing but Cascarets.

Salts and pill cathartics irritate the bowels until the lining grows calloused. Then one needs larger doses. They irritate the stomach, too. Their constant use always leads to dyspepsia.

Cascarets are gentle. Their regular use is never injurious.

As Lady Dunforth was presenting Mrs. Alexander to some of her guests, she suddenly came face to face with Sir William Heath's sister, "Ah! Lady Linton," said her hostess, in her genial way, "I have a friend here to whom I would like to introduce you; Mrs. Alexander—Lady Linton."

Her ladyship gave one glance into the beautiful face before her, and recognized it.

She knew her instantly for the woman who had saved her life at the time of that frightful railroad disaster eight years previously; who had nursed her so faithfully during the illness that followed, and who had afterward told her, "I am the woman whom your brother loved—whom he wooed and won."

A deadly pallor overspread her countenance, while her customary elegant self-possession was utterly routed. Instinctively Lady Linton knew why Mrs. Alexander was there in London. She had come to fulfill the threat that she had uttered so long ago, and a terrible despair settled down upon the finished woman of the world, rendering her speechless, constrained, embarrassed.

Mrs. Alexander, however, was entirely at her ease. She had expected to meet this woman in society at some time or other, and was prepared for the encounter.

She bowed with exceeding grace, but with a suspicion of ironical politeness, while she remarked in cool, placid tones:

"I have had the pleasure of meeting Lady Linton before."

The sound of her voice broke the spell that held her ladyship entranced; then Lady Dunforth passed on with her guest, wondering if Lady Linton was ill that she should appear so unlike herself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MORE INTRODUCTIONS.

Meanwhile another spirited episode was transpiring in a different portion of Lady Dunforth's drawing-room.

Lillian Linton was entertaining a group of young people, while merry jest and sparkling repartee ran from lip to lip when, chancing to glance toward the door, she saw Rupert Hamilton coming forward with a girl of bewildering loveliness leaning on his arm.

Her heart gave a great startled bound as she looked, for something in the glance which the young man bent upon his fair companion—some—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

IN WOMAN'S BREAST A LUMP IS CANCER

Any Tumor, Lump or Sore on the Lip, Face or Body six months is nearly always Cancer. They never pain until almost past cure.

THREE PHYSICIANS OFFER \$1000

If They Fail to Cure Any Cancer

Without KNIFE or PAIN AT HALF PRICE for 30 days. Not a dollar need be paid until cured. Only infallible cure ever discovered. ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE.

Best book on Cancer ever printed, sent FREE with testimonials of thousands cured without failure. A Pacific island plant makes the cures. Most wonderful discovery on earth. Small cancers cured at your home. No X-Ray or other swindle. Write today for our 130-page book, sent free.

Address, DR. & MRS. DR. CHANLEE & CO. Most Successful Cancer Specialists Living. Dept. AB, 201 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Kindly Send To Someone With Cancer.

ICE CREAM IN SEVEN MINUTES



FREE

With this special new all-metal, quick action, gearless, Polar Star Freezer. Delicious, healthful, cooling, refreshing Ice Creams and Sherbets made in seven minutes. You will observe from the illustration just how simple and practical is this special Freezer. Being made wholly of metal, there is immediate action, once packed with ice and salt according to special directions sent with each Freezer. Metal tub freezers accept the air quicker than wood, causing instant action on the ice and salt, creating instantly a very low temperature. From this is at once taken up by the contents of the inner can and freezing begins at once. The crank on top turns the can around the dash, which is stationary inside; the result is a smooth, velvety cream. Five to seven minutes are required to get results, then remove dash, repack with more ice and salt and let set thirty minutes to harden. In less than ten minutes you have accomplished with this Freezer what thirty minutes require with a wood tub freezer.

We send each freezer thoroughly packed, including a booklet of directions just how to operate the Freezer, including recipes for 25 delicious frozen dainties including Vanilla and all other flavors for regular Ice Cream; Milk and Orange Sherbets, Frozen Fig Pudding, Ice Cream, Peach Cream, Banana Frappe, and others, showing proportions for either one or two quarts.

Physicians allow patients Ice Cream when other nourishing foods are denied. Well-made, clean and healthful Ice Cream or Sherbets are, alike to the sick or the well, a cool, refreshing, palatable food, summer or winter. There is always a demand for a good freezer in every home, but owing to the great expense of the old style wood bucket Freezers, it prevented many from owning one. This splendid all-metal, simple freezer, which can be successfully used by a child, is just what you have long needed. 35,000 have been sold in six weeks, which speaks well for its merits. Try one and be convinced. We can supply this freezer in one and two quart sizes at following special offers:

Club Offer. For a club of only seven yearly subscribers to trial 10-cent subscriptions, we will send by express at our expense a one quart freezer. For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to Comfort at 20 cents each, or twenty 10-cent trial six months' subscriptions, amounting to \$2.00, we send a two quart freezer by express at our expense.

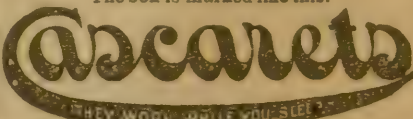
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Take one tablet as often as necessary to insure one free movement daily. Learn how much help you need.

Then be persistent and regular. Never give the poison a chance to accumulate. Keep yourself well.

You would wreck the bowels if you did that with harsh cathartics.

Cascarets are candy tablets. They are sold by all druggists, but never in bulk. Be sure to get the genuine, with CCC on every tablet. The box is marked like this:



The vest-pocket box is 10 cents. The month-treatment box 50 cents. 12,000,000 boxes sold annually.

COINS, STAMPS, ETC.

\$5.75 Paid for Rare date 1893 Quarters. Keep all money coined before 1875, and send 10 cents at once for set of 2 Coin and Stamp value Books, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. C. F. Clarke & Co., Dept. 10, LeRoy, N. Y.

GOLD TEETH

THE LATEST FAD fill your own teeth with gold. Gold plated teeth that fit any tooth. Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Write two million sets. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 60 cents. C. Y. FARGO, FREEDTOWN, N. J.

OLD SORES CURED

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure. By mail 60c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 15 St. Paul, Minn.

YOUR BUST Developed FREE

The Secret FREE for a Beautiful Bust and a Perfect Figure. Full information how to develop the bust six inches will be sent you free in plain sealed package. Also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Write today enclosing stamp. AURUM CO. Dept. A6, 79 Dearborn St. Chicago.

New and Beautiful Highly Colored Birthday Post Cards Free.



Someone's Birthday comes every day in the year, and Birthday Post Cards are very nice to send to an absent friend, either on their Birthday or during the month of their Birthday. We have a series of twelve new Birthday Cards from original designs of our own, as shown in this illustration, and which we own and control by copyright, so you are at once assured exclusive cards that have not been seen elsewhere, and which cannot be equalled or excelled. They are beautifully printed in many bright lithographic colors. Our subjects cover the twelve months of the year, each card treating a different month in the following complete manner: January is represented by the snowdrop as the flower of the month, Garnet the Birthstones and Aquarius, the sign of the Zodiac, a verse and "Birthday Greetings." April is represented by the Violet as the flower of the month, the Birthstones, Garnet, the Sign of the Zodiac, and a suitable four-line verse. The June card is very attractive. A bunch of beautiful Roses represent the flower of the month, the Birthstones, Garnet, the Sign of the Zodiac, and this pretty verse: "Who comes with Summer to this earth, and one to June their hour of birth, with ring of Agate on the hand, can health, wealth and long life command." And so on through the different months, and each card has "Birthday Greetings," or "Many Happy Returns of the Day" printed with appropriate decorations. Souvenir collectors are getting these cards in sets to keep, they are so very pretty, and all should have at least one set to show to their friends and get others free to send to absent ones. We will send a set of Twelve Birthday Post Cards free for a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each. Get up a club of four yearly subscribers at 20 cents each, and we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Discovered Her Hero

By Ona Anice Eastman

"HOW much do you love me?"
"How much, eh, Benda?"
"Exactly Sol, how much?"
"How often are you going to ask that, may I ask?"
"Until you prove how much you really do love me."
"You are so kind. I'm to prove that I tell the truth am I? Well I just won't do it."
Benda lowered her eyes, pursed up her lips, but said nothing, while Sol Peters stamped to the gate and back. Sol always came back no matter how often he went to the gate in anger.
Benda provokingly threaded another needle, and Sol looked at her out of the corner of his eyes as he came back. He was always afraid of losing her, but she did tease him so. She knew there was no danger of his turning from her as long as she kept to her engagement, and she had no intention of breaking it, for she really loved Sol, although she could not help teasing him.
"I keep telling you that I love you," he stormed, "and you just laugh and won't believe me."
"Want me to cry?" Benda asked with a bewitching smile.
"Don't talk that way, Benda. I love you just as much as a man can love anyone, but I can't prove it. The days of doing brave things are past," and he looked sulky. "You have been reading too many novels, that's all."
Benda tossed her pretty brown head and laughed, that mocking little laugh as she replied: "If you read a few more you would be more entertaining," continuing her embroidery, puckering up her lovely face as she matched her shades as though her whole mind was concentrated upon her work. Later she wondered how it happened she had mixed her colors so badly.
Sol grunted, then brushing back his hair from his heated brow, he said angrily:
"I suppose you think I ought to save your life or run away with you or do something silly like that. There isn't anything heroic for me to do and that's all there is to it. I might take you out in my buggy, make Knight run away, smash the buggy, kill us both, but I ain't such a fool," and he looked fierce, and Benda laughed merrily.
"Oh, my! but you are a joke!" she scoffed.
He had never looked more engaging or manly to her than at that moment, although she did laugh at him, and when she saw how hurt he looked, she put out her hand to draw his face down to hers as she sat there under the old apple tree in the mellow spring sunshine, but so indignant was he, that he did not look at her, but continued:
"I know what I can do as you don't seem extra glad to see me. I can go and see Merle."
Merle Sanderson was the only girl who had ever caused Benda a single pang, and she and Merle had been rivals from infancy.
Benda drew back her hand, resumed her embroidery saying coldly:
"I'm sure she'd be glad to see you."
"She won't nag me all the time about foolishness," Sol retorted.
"She's charming," Benda said with icy sweetness.
The two looked at each other, loving, and yet

both now so angry that it seemed as though all softer feelings must die. The whole world divided them.
"I'm glad you are going over there," Benda said in that new voice, "for I have an engagement I must keep."
"What engagement have you?" Sol asked angrily. Manlike he resented her having any secrets.
Benda's face flushed. Sol wondered if he had heard disease there was such a pain in the region of his left-hand breast pocket.
"That's my secret," Benda said coldly.
"Do you mean it, Benda?"
"Mean what?" Benda asked lightly, but if he had been keensighted he could have seen that her face was very white.
"That you want me to go to Merle's so you can keep an engagement with someone else?"
"Why of course," and her laugh was mocking.
"If I go there, I won't come back," he threatened.
"All right, if you find her pleasanter than I better so," and with a sudden gesture Benda drew off her engagement ring and held it out to him. Both were almost besides themselves with disappointment and anger, but before Sol could take it, there was a clatter of hoofs on the road, and into their terrified vision came a horse tearing along, entirely beyond the control of a white-faced woman, clinging to the seat with one hand, and to the reins with the other.
How it all happened Benda never knew, but before she had grasped the fact that a human life was in danger, Sol was in the road right under the horse's rearing feet. His strong right hand thrust in the foaming mouth. With all his weight the young man clung to the horse's mouth, and although he was dragged a few yards, he brought the horse to a standstill.
Mechanically Benda had flown after Sol, slipping her ring back on her finger, and with tears streaming down her face, she followed him down the road, arriving in time to help him with the frightened woman. When she and her horse were safely at home, Sol returned to Benda, who was sitting in her old place, but no longer mocking. Her eyes were red with crying, and her voice was broken as she cried:
"Oh, Sol my hero, my darling!" and she threw herself in his arms.
"Why precious girl," he said softly, stroking her hair and wondering at her emotion, for he did not think anything of his brave action.
"You are so brave and true," the girl sobbed.
"Nonsense," he said hastily, kissing her very tenderly.
"Oh, Sol but I love you!" she whispered, clinging to him, all the coldness and anger forgotten.
"Not a bit more than I do you," he declared.
"I know it," she confessed. "I have known you loved me just as hard as you could, but I have been so mean," and she kissed him of her own accord.
"Bother," he returned, paying heavy interest on that kiss.
"But Sol, how about Merle?" she asked, half laughing, half crying.
"Merle! Who cares for her?" Sol declared,

wondering if there could be a girl any lovelier than his Benda.
"Sure. How about your engagement?"
"I'm keeping it. I never had an engagement with anyone else," she confessed.
"I say don't let's quarrel any more," Sol pleaded, and Benda safe in his arms said earnestly:
"We never will again."

Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

thing in the happy, trustful eyes which Virgie raised to meet her lover's, told her that her own dream of love in connection with her uncle's ward could never be realized.
Rupert had appeared very different to her since his return from America. While he always treated her with every mark of politeness and friendliness, there was at the same time an unusual reserve—a constraint in his manner which seemed like a brazen wall between them.
At first she had told herself that it was because he had been absent so long; that when he was once more thoroughly settled at home matters would resume their usual course and she would be able to win him by the witchery of her charms. But he had been restless and absent-minded; he was anxious to get back to London, and could hardly control his impatience until the family completed their arrangements to go for a while to their town house.
Now she could understand it all. Why his eyes beamed with that tender, unaccustomed light that called the soft color to the young girl's cheeks and wreathed her red lips with happy smiles—he loved and was beloved.
Her proud, passionate heart instantly arose in rebellion against the cruel fate which decreed that the sweetest hopes of her life must be blighted; that the love of which she had dreamed all her life, must be denied her, just as she had begun to feel so sure of winning it.
That the girl was peerlessly beautiful, and of a more delicate and refined type than herself, she realized with a pang of jealousy, and she was conscious, too, that Rupert was bringing her, doubtless with the intention of introducing her.
Unlike her mother, she had a moment in which to compose and brace herself before meeting her rival; and, calling all her pride to her aid, she looked the picture of brilliant, happy maidenhood when Rupert reached her side.
"Lillian," he said, "I wish to introduce you to a friend: Miss Alexander—Miss Linton."
Lillian put forth her daintily gloved hand, and, with a dazzling smile, expressed her pleasure at making her acquaintance.
"Miss Alexander is an American," Rupert explained, and Lillian's heart sank; a sudden faintness seemed to come over her at his words.
Her brother Percy's prophecy had been verified: he had fallen in love with this girl while on his tour in the United States.
But she would rather have died than betrayed anything of her dismay, and looking straight into Virgie's clear eyes, she said, brightly:
"Ah! then I suppose you have recently come abroad, as I have not met you before."
"Yes, we were passengers on the same steamer with Mr. Hamilton," Virgie answered, "and we owe him a great deal, for he was very kind to us—mamma and me."
"And how do you like England and English people?"
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

"Very much," Virgie replied, smiling, while her eyes turned instinctively to Rupert.

Lillian saw the look and Rupert's answering smile, and she wondered what her mother would say when she learned that her uncle's ward had bestowed his heart upon a hated American.

"Have you ever been in the United States, Miss Linton?" Virgie asked, wholly unconscious of the disturbance which her presence was creating.

"Yes, I traveled considerably there one summer several years ago."

"And were you pleased with my country?"

"Well, of course America is very different from England, and I like my own best, although America has some grand scenery," Lillian responded.

"But mamma came near losing her life there in a terrible railway accident, and I was too glad to get safely home again."

"Oh!" said Virgie, with a quick indrawn breath. "I remember; we were on that very train."

"Yes, how strange that you should have been in that accident, too?" returned Lillian, greatly surprised.

"Were you injured?"

"No; mamma and I both escaped unhurt, though my maid had one arm badly broken."

"I can just remember Lady Linton; mamma took me to see her just before we left the place; I was sure I had heard the name before, when Mr. Hamilton mentioned her to me one day last week, but I could not place it."

"I wonder—" began Lillian, excitedly, and then she suddenly checked herself.

"She was just upon the point of saying, 'I wonder if your mother was the lady who was so kind to mamma while she was so ill.'"

Lillian had been obliged to confirm her physician's statements to her son when he arrived, that a brave woman had saved her life at the time of the accident and then carefully and faithfully nursed her through a critical crisis afterward; but she pretended not to know her name and never mentioned her again, though Percy and his sister often spoke of the circumstance with considerable curiosity and interest.

Virgie raised questioning eyes, as Lillian cut herself short, and she felt compelled to complete her sentence in some way, so she said:

"I wonder there were not more lives lost at that time; it must have been a shocking accident. But have you seen Lady Dunforth's Japanese curiosities, Miss Alexander?"

"No, I have not," Virgie answered, thinking her new acquaintance had changed the subject rather abruptly.

"Then let me take you to examine them, Virgie," Miss Alexander, Rupert interposed, eagerly, glad of an excuse to get her again to himself, and Virgie, bowing a graceful adieu to Lillian, took his arm and allowed him to lead her from the room.

Lillian watched them with an angry, aching heart, but she was obliged to conceal her feelings, for she knew that others were observing her, and not for the world would she have her jealous fears suspected; so it was not long before she was again the life and center of an admiring circle.

Rupert led Virgie to a small room opposite the drawing-room, which had been fitted up in Japanese style, and where many curiosities and choice bric-a-brac from that country had been collected and tastefully arranged.

It was a lovely room, and Virgie was delighted with its unique treasures.

The lovers spent some time examining the different objects and in the enjoyment of each other's society, and they had nearly made the round of the room when someone put aside the curtains of the doorway and entered.

Rupert glanced up, and then started forward, his face lighting with a smile of pleasure.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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FREE FOR CLUBS OF FIFTEEN

For only fifteen trial six-months' 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

Six Silver Plated Knives and Six Silver Plated Forks, for general family use. Enough for the average family.

A Genuine Teddy Bear, real fuzzy and cute, made of bearskin cloth, with voice. Most popular child's toy ever made. Millions sold annually.

A Swiss Clock, made entirely of wood, except the movement, works with a weight, no springs, very odd and rustic appearing, splendid timekeeper and ornament.

Six Large Huckabuck Towels, with red borders.

A King All Steel Single-Shot Air Rifle.

A Post Card Album that will hold two hundred cards.

FREE FOR CLUBS OF TEN

For only ten trial six-months' 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

Your Choice, a copy of either St. Elmo, Vashti, Infelice, Speckled Bird, or At the Mercy of Tiberius, all by Augusta Evans Wilson, and well worth reading; send for one at a time until you have the whole collection for your library.

Cathedral Angel Chimes. A new Turbine, Musical Decorative Novelty. Never before advertised in this country by anyone. A rare novelty and a decided innovation, different from anything you ever saw before. See one and be charmed.

Birthday Ring. Engraved floral band, with stone set in each month of the year. Mention size and birth month when ordering.

A Pair Lace Curtains, nine feet long, one yard wide, suitable size for any window in your home, and especially dressy and pretty.

Money-making Post Card Outfit. For tinelling names and the names of cities and towns on post cards for profit. Big outfit will net two hundred per cent. profit.

A 20-inch tinted Art Cloth Centerpiece, 13 skeins pure silk with needlework instruction book. One of our choicest premiums.

Opal, Emerald and Ruby Rings set with tiny rose diamonds. Stylish, pretty.

A copy of our 450-page book by Jacob Rills, "Roosevelt, the Citizen." A story every American should read with interest.

Square Deal Jackknife, for Men or Boys. Has two large steel blades, of extra good quality material; will take and keep a sharp edge. A big, strong knife for practical uses.

A King All Steel Air Rifle, for small birds and game. Every boy has his heart set on an Air Rifle.

A Gent's Watch, warranted for one year. A full size watch and suitable for father or brother.

A Shaving Set of seven first-class articles. This set will please the most fastidious.

A Practical Typewriter.

A Silver Plated Meat Fork of a generous size, handsomely engraved and sent in a neat case.

A Swedish Razor-Steel Knife with folding blade. Suitable for all kinds of rough and heavy work.

One Dozen Table Napkins, red or blue border with deep fringed edges.

FREE FOR CLUBS OF TWELVE

For only twelve trial six-months' 10-cent subscribers to COMFORT you may have any article mentioned below and it will be sent post-paid.

A Sleeping and Moving Eye. Dressed Doll, 15 inches high. A great big baby doll for the little ones.

A Gold Band Wedding Ring of superior quality. Be sure and send finger measurement.

Three mammoth stamping outfits, the Perfect, Princess and Swastika, over twenty large sheets, with a tremendous assortment of patterns, all different.

A Complete Household Cabinet of Sewing Silk, Buttons, Needles, Trimmers and two dozen other handy articles for the housewife or seamstress.

An Assorted Hundred Beautiful Post Cards, all different and in great profusion of color and variety.

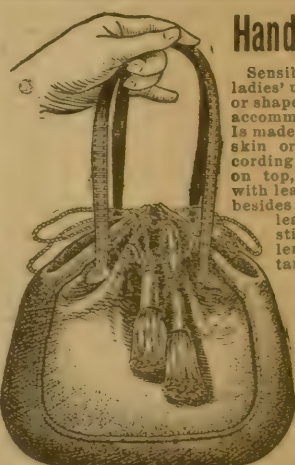
A Set of Six Teaspoons and Six Forks, durable silver-plated ware for general family use.

Shirt-waist Pattern.



Adaptable to any style of shirt-waist is this transfer pattern of a charming conventional flower and leaf design. It may be worked in solid stitch, the inner portions being done in eyelet design, or by transferring the pattern to the wrong side of the material if it be lawn or organdie, or any transparent material the design may be developed in shadow embroidery. In fact it may be worked in any stitch that suits the wearer's fancy. If worked on washable material mercerized cotton in white or any preferred color may be used. If however the design is transferred to silk, mercerized silk should be used for the working.

This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two six-months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all. Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handy Hand Bag

Sensible, practical bag for ladies' use, a splendid style or shape, has large opening to accommodate many articles. Is made of calf-faced Sheepskin ornamented by fancy cording with pinked edging on top, has two leather handles having two strong leather handles double stitched the entire length. The special tanning of the leather for these Bags produces a soft pliable finish, making the Bag nearly as soft and light as a kid glove, yet thicker and more durable.

The Bag is seven inches wide and eight inches deep, ample accommodation for change purse, keys, handkerchief and small bundles. Is a woman's best shopping companion, always ready, always handy. The silk draw-string feature is a constant pleasure and convenience, the Bag is so easily opened or closed. We have these Bags in black only, the most serviceable color.

Club Offer. Send us only five yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each and receive a Bag, post-paid, at once. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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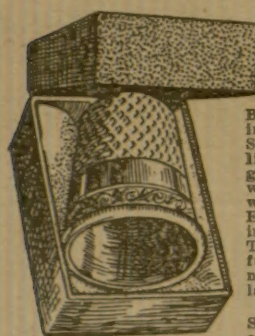
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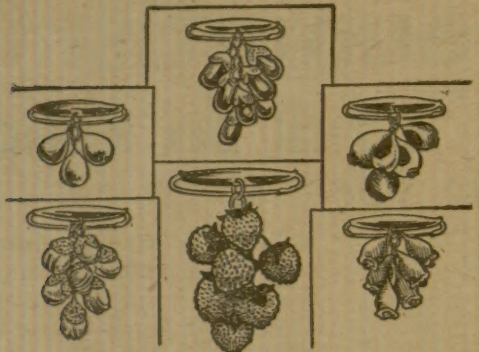
STERLING SILVER THIMBLE

Beautiful engraved pattern, in all sizes, made of genuine Silver and Stamped Sterling; 925-1000 fine is a guarantee of purity. Will wear practically forever with best of satisfaction. Each Thimble is sent you in a neat plush-lined Thimble Box, and the usefulness of the article need not be mentioned to any lady, young or old.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send us only 6 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, for one Thimble and send size required. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Collar, Neck and Dress Pins

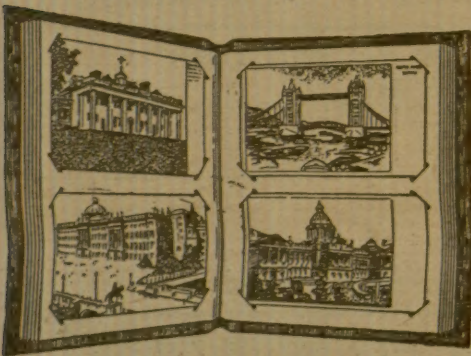
New imported novelty, just the thing to wear with thin or summer dresses, or at the neck of any waist. Suited to the use of either old or young. Comes in six patterns.



Clusters of pretty berries made in natural colors of a peculiar hard substance they are suspended in the attractive bunches shown in our illustration only they all come in beautiful and exquisite colorings. Each cluster is attached by a ring to the bar or pin, and are thus readily fastened to the garment. The larger illustration in center represents a bunch of Strawberries, seven in number, and they are extremely natural in appearance, almost deceptive. The other selections represent various buds from flowers and fruits and are very true to nature in shape, formation and beautiful coloring. We imported a quantity of these for our own special distribution and are anxious for our patrons to all have one or more.

Club Offer. We will send you three of these beautiful and useful Pins free for a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



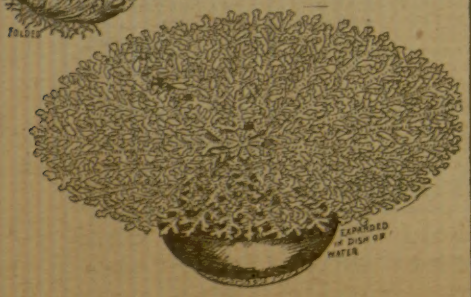
Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Post Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 4 ten-cent six months', or 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 20 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of six Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

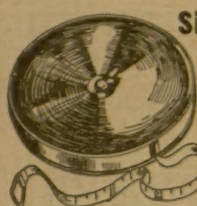
THE RESURRECTION PLANT

"Always Life." "The Rose of Jericho." A MOST WONDERFUL PLANT.

It was discovered in the Holy Land and called Crucifixion Plant, and is now found in the interior of Mexico. When immersed in water it unfolds outward, very slowly at first, then faster as the moisture permeates the plant. In a short time, in fact, while you are looking at it, from a dry and withered ball, seemingly dead, as shown in the



small cut, the whole plant has resurrected, come to life, flattened out into a plate-like shape and transformed into a lovely, sweet, fragrant rosette of beautiful green, velvety moss, as you will see in the larger picture. It is a nice gift to lovers, will grow anywhere if it is planted in a moist place in the shade, but being nearly or fully matured when gathered, it need not be planted at all, as it will keep anywhere, in a box, or trunk, or any dry place in the house, as they simply dry up and go to sleep. This plant is one of the greatest wonders of the plant kingdom; a rare and beautiful curiosity in the house or conservatory, in the garden, in the store or parlor, in the heat of summer, in the cold of winter, a most interesting and wonderful curiosity at all times. Makes a lasting and appropriate decoration for the graves of your departed loved ones, excellent for window boxes, etc., etc. You will want several of them and we have arranged a very liberal CLUB OFFER for our friends. We will send one of these plants for each club of 2 ten-cent six months' trial subscriptions to COMFORT, or will send a plant for one new yearly subscriber at 20 cents if 5 cents additional is sent, 25 cents in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Sixty-Inch Tape Measure in a bright nickel metal case with automatic spring wind. You pull out the tape and use it; when through using touch button in center, and the tape rapidly winds up. The tape itself is specially treated linen, the graduated scale is distinctly printed in inches in large clear black figures. It would be most impossible to wear out such a durable tape as this, and its usefulness is apparent to everyone.

Send only two trial six-months' ten-cent subscriptions to COMFORT for one of these tapes which will be sent post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Useful Little Knife

Is designed for LADIES, CHILDREN and SCHOOL USES. Splendid for a Lady's Work Basket, for ripping or removing basting, especially good for Children at home or at school, and is useful as a desk knife, for paper cutter or eraser it will be an acceptable substitute. Our illustration represents the knife in its exact size, the shape of the handle and the size of the blade. It is a brass lined and brass riveted knife, thoroughly finished and polished, and will last indefinitely, with always satisfying results.

Club Offer. Send us only 2 yearly 20-cent subscribers to COMFORT, or 4 trial six months' 10-cent subscribers for one of these knives. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dresser, Bureau and Table Scarf

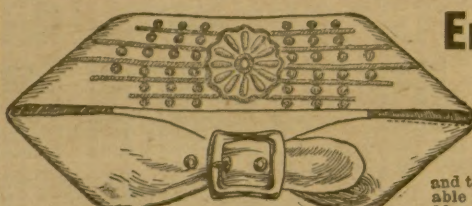
45 INCHES LONG, 15 INCHES WIDE.

A Beautiful Lace Ornament for the Home.



This especially attractive new premium will at once interest our lady readers who seek the beautiful and ornamental for their home, and so very many uses we suggest themselves, we know you will want one or more just as soon as you see this illustration and read the description. Made of white linen thread in a beautiful Nottingham pattern, it will not only give splendid satisfaction as an ornament, but is extremely durable, as you well know from your experience with Nottingham Curtains. This pattern we have selected as most attractive, and the size is so much larger than you are usually offered, we know this special pattern will appeal to you. You can fix up several rooms with these Lace Pieces by using one as a centerpiece for Table, another as a Bureau Scarf, and another as a Lambrequin, being pulled on to the center of rod between the two Curtains you now have hanging; this is a new idea and extremely stylish. We expect to quickly dispose of a quantity of these LACE PIECES.

Club Offer. Send only 20-cent trial subscriptions for COMFORT and receive one of these Laces Free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Embroidered Linen Belt.

A Handsome, Stylish, Ladies' Embroidered Wash Belt with Buckle.

The illustration represents the embroidered pattern, also conveys an idea of the width and style of the Belt. To wear with thin Summer dresses or indoors the Linen Belt is correct. They are light, cool and very stylish, are extremely serviceable, can be laundered time and time again, are made in all sizes and each size is adjustable to one inch longer or shorter than its measurement. You could not purchase the material, procure the stamped pattern, and have the Belt made at much less than one dollar, yet we are enabled to present you free of cost for a small subscription club because we purchase all our premiums in the New York Import Market at the very lowest prices.

CLUB OFFER. Send us only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each for one Embroidered Belt. State waist measure when ordering. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Cathedral Angel Chimes

Three Sweet Musical Bells

A New and Striking Musical Novelty, Suitable Both for Ornament and Amusement.

Cathedral Angel Chimes consists of 6 beautiful Angels, 3 candlesticks with 6 beautiful colored wax candles, 3 tuned bells and a turbine motor. Above all shines the Star of Bethlehem, the entire machine being ten inches high and six inches broad. It is made of fine bright silver nickel-plated metal and is so constructed that when the candles are lighted the Turbine revolves, the rising hot air from the candles giving the power that causes the Turbine Motor to revolve, the pendants strike gently on the Bells in succession, and as the Bells differ in size, sweet musical tones are produced. The effect is wonderful and unusually pleasing; not only is the soft tinkle of the bells a delight to the ear, but the brilliancy of the reflection of the candle flames on the highly polished silver-like metal angels and other parts lends delight to the occasion and entrances the old and the young. A set of Cathedral Angel Chimes should be in every home, to be used at all times or for decorative purposes at Christmas or any other time, especially suitable for table decoration in sitting- or dining-room, making a splendid centerpiece decoration, and one never tires of the sweet chimes tinkling to the candles' rays. Being entirely of metal, they are absolutely unbreakable, can be used indefinitely by renewing candles from time to time, as used for Birthdays, Parties, Balls, Christmas, or other festivities. Each is packed in a separate box with full instructions how to put together and operating. Anyone can do it and we warrant everyone to work to perfection.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 5 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or 2 three-year 50-cent subscriptions, we will send you a complete set of Cathedral Angel Chimes, post-paid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tinselling Post Cards

The New Profit-Paying Business that Can Be Started at Home. The Golden Way for Money-Making.

Equip yourself with one of our Tinselling Outfits for lettering Post Cards with gold, silver or variegated tinsel. Easy, profitable employment that pays a handsome reward for small effort and no cash outlay. With one of our outfits you can take orders for cards with any greetings to be written on them, or you can get up cards with "Greetings from Salem," "Greetings to Mary," "Anna," "Edith," or whatever the name may be of the person, or of the town or city you live in. We send everything to work with and explain fully just how to do it. A person who can write can do this splendid Personal Post Card business. Send for our outfit and see for yourself.



own name that you will immediately have all the business you can attend to, with the orders that you will solicit, and those who will come to you for special cards just as soon as it is known you can supply them.

Look over our illustration and be sure you fully understand that we are to send you a suitable Pencil or Glue Pen, a supply of Tinsel in three different colors, a quantity of selected attractive floral and colored post cards with our complete and easy rules and suggestions for doing tinselling and how to make a big cash profit every day. Several hundred cards can be tinselled in a few hours; selling at a profit of \$3.00 a hundred. Do not let this great opportunity go unheeded. Send for an outfit and be convinced that we really show you a golden way to money-making.

OUTFIT NO. 1 consists of a Liquid Pencil, a quantity of Variegated Tinsel Powder or Crystal Sparklets, One Dozen Pretty Post Cards suitable for the work, also one dozen transparent mailing envelopes, with instructions in full how to proceed, and is given for a club of only 2 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

OUTFIT NO. 2 consists of a Liquid Pencil, a Tube of Glue, a quantity of Silver and Variegated Tinsel, Crystals, Two Dozen Floral Post Cards, selected for your greetings, and the set of directions including 24 transparent mailing envelopes. This outfit we give for 3 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

OUTFIT NO. 3 consists of a Pencil, a Tube of Glue, One Dozen each of Gold, Silver and Variegated Tinsel Crystals, and Fifty selected assorted Post Cards with instructions and fifty transparent mailing envelopes, all of which are free for a club of but 5 yearly 20-cent subscriptions to COMFORT.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Five Special Lithographed Color Bargains



This "Home, Sweet Home" design is quite as good as an oil painting to hang on the wall, the colors are so bright. You should see it.

POPULAR DESIGNS IN PILLOW TOPS.

We show in a small way five very Popular Pillow Tops which we are giving as Premiums to COMFORT Club Workers. You can in no way judge of the beautiful coloring or get an idea of the exquisite designs of these Pillow Tops from the small pictures we print. Some of the designs are shown only in part but each Pillow Top is nearly two feet square and comes in strong, heavy material that will wear for years of constant use. One cannot have too many pillows about the house, and you can get several of these pretty tops free for doing a slight service. We give one Top for every two yearly subscribers you secure at 20 cents each. The Girl from the Golden West design is a special bright-colored, happy picture showing the full-length cowboy girl on the prairie with the long mountain range in the background. We cannot show all of the beautiful picture here but you see the girl is dressed right up smart and has a very pretty face and figure. Hiawatha, the Indian Maiden, shown above in the center is another very taking subject for a Pillow Top, and the colors in this Top are bright, and either the Girl or the Maiden are very appropriate to hang on the wall as a picture or to fill and use for a pillow. Cupid's autograph collection of about thirty friends, each card on coloring and natural in effect. The Post Card Pillow is something nearly everyone wants and the many bright Post Card reproductions of the most popular comic and sentimental cards makes it very attractive and interesting for a Pillow Top.

CLUB OFFER. We will give any one of these Pillow Tops for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or club of 2 subscribers you send in we give you a Pillow Top. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Any Book in this List Free For a Club of Two Ten Cent Six Months' Subscribers.

Read COMFORT'S Gigantic Plan to Distribute Thousands of These Books Now to Those Who Will Do Us a Little Kindness, Requiring Hardly a Moment of Your Time.

SERIES D

[Give Number Series Letter and Author's Name when ordering.]

Horatio Alger, Jr.

- 314 Andy Gordon.
298 Andy Grant's Pluck.
330 Bob Burton.
78 Both Sides of the Continent.
187 Bound to Rise.
181 Brave and Bold.
228 The Cash Boy.
306 Chester Rand.
338 A Cousin's Conspiracy.
50 Dean Dunham.
268 Do and Dare.
280 Driven from Home.
61 The Erie Train Boy.
272 Facing the World.
87 The Five Hundred Dollar Check.
130 From Canal Boy to President.
52 From Farm Boy to Senator.
366 Grit, the Young Boatman of Pine Point.
264 Hector's Inheritance.
322 Helping Himself.
282 Herbert Carter's Legacy.
277 In a New World.
286 Jack's Ward.
318 Jed, the Poorhouse Boy.
350 Joe's Luck.
212 Julius, the Street Boy.
252 Luke Walton.
310 Making His Way.
118 Ned Newton; or, The Adventures of a New York Bootblack.

Nicholas Carter

- 53 An Accidental Passover.
468 Accident or Murder?
7 The American Marquis.
43 Among the Nihilists.
49 At Odds with Scotland Yard.
56 At Thompson's Ranch.
8 An Australian Klondike.
396 A Badged Oath.
254 Behind a Mask.
438 Behind a Throne.
334 Beyond Pursuit.
284 A Blackmailer's Bluff.
294 The Blood-red Badge.
300 A Blow for Vengeance.
362 A Broken Trail.
168 Brought to Bay.
326 A Bundle of Clues.
346 The Cab-driver's Secret.
476 A Case Without a Clue.
318 The Cashier's Secret.
14 Caught in the Tolls.
272 The Chain of Evidence.
19 A Chance Discovery.
276 A Checkmated Scoundrel.
46 Check No. 777.
384 A Cigarette Clue.
316 Circumstantial Evidence.
75 A Clever Celestial.
320 The Cloak of Guilt.
288 The Council of Death.
5 The Crime of a Countess.
425 The Crime of the Camera.
310 The Crown Diamond.
85 A Dead Man's Grip.
226 A Deal in Diamonds.
21 A Deposit-vault Puzzle.
186 A Desperate Chance.
328 A Detective's Theory.
71 The Diamond-nine Case.
250 A Double-handed Game.
68 The Double-shuffle Club.
338 Driven from Cover.
444 Dr. Quartz Magician.
450 Dr. Quartz's Quick Move.
23 Evidence by Telephone.
62 A Fair Criminal.
364 Following a Chance Clue.
65 Found on the Beach.
159 Framework of Fate.
442 From a Prison Cell.
18 The Gambler's Syndicate.
126 A Game of Craft.
292 Great Conspiracy.
2 The Great Enigma.
296 The Guilty Governor.
93 Harrison Keith Detective.
312 Head in the Dark.
117 Herald Personal and Other Stories.
268 Hounded to Death.
458 In the Lap of Danger.
314 An Ingenious Stratagem.
211 In Letters of Fire.
415 The Key-ring Clue.
150 Lady Velvet.
432 The Limited Hold-up.
450 The Living Mask.
50 The Man from India.
189 The Man of Mystery.
129 Man Who Stole Millions, and Other Stories.
114 Man Who Vanished.
403 The Marked Hand.
430 Marked for Death.
59 A Millionaire Partner.
213 Millions at Stake, and Other Stories.
860 A Missing Man.
236 A Move in the Dark.
358 A Mysterious Foe.
376 A Mysterious Graft.
13 The Mysterious Mail Robbery.
348 The Mystic Diagram.
141 Nick Carter Down East.
464 Nick Carter's Fall.
147 Nick Carter's Retainer.
462 Out of Death's Shadow.
308 The Photographer's Evidence.

- 12 Playing a Bold Game.
264 Playing for a Fortune.
456 Plot Within a Plot.
407 The Pretty Stenographer Mystery.
Bertha M. Clay
49 Addie's Husband.
78 Another Man's Wife.
63 Another Woman's Husband.
49 Arnold's Promise.
273 An Ardent Wooing.
215 An Artful Plotter.
245 Baffled by Fate.
185 Between Love and Ambition.
72 Between Two Hearts.
264 Beyond All Dreams.

- 287 Beyond Atonement.
75 A Bitter Bondage.
152 A Bitter Courtship.
251 A Blighted Blossom.
131 A Bride From the Sea and Other Stories.
266 Bride of the Manor.
147 The Broken Trust.
141 The Burden of a Secret.
169 A Captive Heart.
181 The Chains of Jealousy.
192 A Coquette's Victim.
283 A Crown of Faith.
247 A Cruel Revenge.
232 The Dawn of Love.
170 A Deceptive Lover.
6 Diana's Discipline.
133 A Dream of Love.
293 An Elusive Lover.
155 Every Inch a Queen.
162 An Evil Heart.
239 An Exacting Love.
200 Fair As a Lily.
69 Fair But Faithless.
64 Fair, But False.
280 Faithful and True.
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248 The Flower of Love.
51 For a Woman's Honor.
195 For Her Heart's Sake.
242 For Lack of Gold.
135 For Love of Her.
282 For Love or Wealth.
253 For old Love's Sake.
167 From Hate to Love.
54 The Gipsy's Daughter.
175 The Girl of His Heart.
288 A Girl's Awakening.
66 Gladys Grey.
163 Gladys' Wedding Day.
76 A Guiding Star.
144 Hand Without a Wedding-Ring.
284 The Harvest of Sin.
198 A Heart Forlorn.
137 A Heart of Gold.
70 A Heart's Bitterness.
60 A Heart's Idol.
183 A Heart's Worship.
196 Her Beautiful Foe.
205 Her Bitter Sorrow.
166 Her Boundless Love.
217 Her Faith Rewarded.
108 Her First Love.
308 Her Heart's Hero.
255 Her Heart's Victory.
191 Her Honored Name.
289 The Hero of Her Dreams.
210 The Hesters' Husband.
99 More Bitter Than Death.
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190 The Old Love or the New.
50 One False Step.
142 One Woman's Sin.
291 Only a Flirt.
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189 Paying the Penalty.
174 A Pilgrim of Love.
187 A Poisoned Heart.
178 The Price of a Bride.
177 The Price of Love.
172 A Purchased Love.
173 The Queen of His Soul.
184 A Queen of Triumph.
130 The Rival Heiressess.
34 The Romance of a Young Girl.

- 220 The Secret of a Heart.
235 A Secret Sorrow.
269 A Shattered Romance.
145 A Sinful Secret.
134 The Sins of the Father.
197 A Soul Ensnared.
154 A Stolen Heart.
199 Strong in Her Love.
262 Suffered in Silence.
281 Sunshine and Shadow.
158 The Sunshine of His Life.
179 A Supreme Sacrifice.
194 Sweeter Than Life.
256 Tender and True.
150 The Tragedy of Lime Hall.
183 The Tragedy of Love and Hate.
186 True Love's Reward.
261 True to His First Love.
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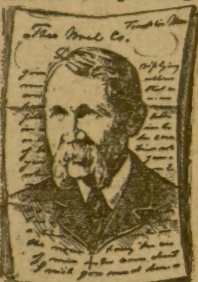
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Her Arms Seemed Paralyzed From Rheumatism.

Her Health Was All Run-Down and She Had Given Up All Hopes of Ever Getting Cured.

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He Was In a Terrible Condition and Did Not Expect to Live. He Has Reason to Call It a "Grand Medicine."

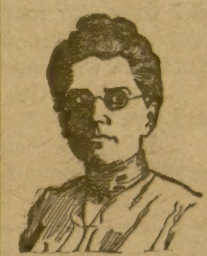
POPE, VA.—Vitae-Ore is a grand medicine. Two dollars' worth did me more good than all the doctors in five years. I suffered with Stomach and Bowel Trouble and tried several good doctors, but received no benefit. They called my trouble Wet Consumption, or Bowel Consumption. Everything I ate soured on my Stomach and would run right off. This kept up for two or three months. Then I began to pass white mucus, which was said to be the lining from my Stomach and Bowels. I had been given up to die. I began to improve after I had taken but half the trial package of Vitae-Ore, the flow of mucus stopping the first week of its use. This mucus had been passing for about four months and I would have thirty or forty actions a day. After taking two packages of Vitae-Ore I was able to do a full day's work on the farm and have been at work ever since. Vitae-Ore did the work and I am in better health now than for five years past. CHAS. SIMMONS.



A Wonderful Restoration.

Doctor Had Exhausted His Medical Skill and Could Do Her No Good. Now Enjoys Life From the Use of Vitae-Ore.

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IF YOU SUFFER FROM Rheumatism, Lumbago, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Piles, Running Sores and Ulcers, Constipation or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Run-Down and Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. Do not delay, but send for it today. ADDRESS US AS FOLLOWS.

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